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THE

CELEBRATED COALHEAVER,

REV. WM. HUNTINGTON, S.S.

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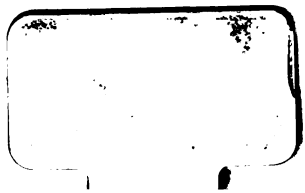

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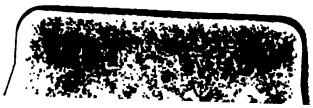

The Celebrated Coalheaver;

OR

REMINISCENCES

OF THE

REV. WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, S.S.

CONSISTING OF NUMEROUS

Original Anecdotes, Letters, & Interesting Facts,

CHIEFLY OF HIS LATTER YEARS & DEATH,

COLLECTED FROM MOST AUTHENTIC SOURCES, AND

NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED;

WITH CRITICISMS ON HIS CHARACTER, WRITINGS AND MINISTRY,
BY EMINENT AUTHORS.

BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA

ARRANGED AND EDITED BY

EBENEZER HOOPER,

(Grandson of three of his most intimate Friends and Correspondents).

"God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise."
I. Cor. i. 27.

"By the word of truth,—by the power of God * * * By honor and dishonor,—by evil report and good report,—as deceivers and yet true."
II. Cor. vi. 7, 8.

LONDON:

GADSBY, 18, BOUVERIE STREET, FLEET STREET, E.C.

(Post free, of the Author, Chelmsford).

1871.

210. k. 70

"There stands the messenger of truth! There stands
The legate of the skies! his theme divine,—
His office sacred,—his *credentials clear.*
* * * *
Would I describe a preacher?——
I would express him simple, *grave*, sincere;
In doctrine *uncorrupt*, in language *plain;*
And *plain in manner*. Decent, *solemn*, chaste,
And natural in gesture. Much impress'd
Himself as conscious of his awful charge,
And anxious mainly that the flock he feeds,
May *feel it too*, Affectionate in look,
And tender in address, as well becomes
A messenger of GRACE to guilty men.
Behold this picture!—It is like——"

COWPER.

The following Abbreviations have been used throughout this Memoir:—

Mr. H.	Mr. Huntington.	G. V.	"The Gleanings of the Vintage."
B. F.	"The Bank of Faith."	P. L.	"Posthumous Letters."
K. H.	"Kingdom of Heaven, &c."	Mr. S.	Mr. W. Stevens.

CHELMSFORD:
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Preface.

IT is somewhat surprising, while Biographies have abounded, even of persons of little note, that (with the exception of one small tract), not any "Memoir of WILLIAM HUNTINGTON" has appeared, during the fifty-eight years since his death. His life was eventful beyond many, and one of striking vicissitude. Born in the lowest ranks of society, he grew up to be an outcast and a beggar, yet rose to affluence and honor. His name and ministry had great influence in his day, not only over a large body of zealous adherents, but a larger number of violent opponents of various opinions,—and in some measure, has to this time. His extraordinary conversion from a degraded and sinful life, was a marvellous instance of the power of God's Grace watching over his path. By true and deep repentance and severe spiritual exercises, without the usual means of hearing the Gospel, he learned the only way of salvation, and was made truly wise thereunto; and by the power and sufficiency of the Holy Spirit, also richly endued with spiritual, joined to surprising natural gifts he was fully qualified with a clear knowledge and experience of Divine Truth, to go forth and proclaim the Way of Life; first around his country home, attached to no party, upheld by no earthly patron; and soon after to thousands of all ranks in the Metropolis, occupying there for thirty years a prominent position as a true and successful Gospel Minister. In his pastorate, and in various places in this land, did he detect and single-handed with unflinching vigor combat, the prevailing errors of those troublous times, while he insisted on the necessity of vital religion,—exposed the deception and emptiness of mere external profession,—and set forth the rights and privileges of that Kingdom which "stands not in word only," or in the judgment or wisdom of men, but in the power of the Spirit's operations in the heart. In spite of various natural failings and eccentricities of disposition (which have been used to tarnish his character, but which his ignorance and uncultured origin may partly excuse), his great qualifications as a servant of God were displayed in numberless conversions,—honored seals to his ministry,—and a long continued testimony in the hearts of a multitude of hearers. Though hated and despised, both by professors and profane (and it must be admitted that his own conduct, ready pen, and severe attacks on others, tended to provoke *some* of the persecution which he endured), yet throughout, God was evidently with him according to His promise, Matt. xxviii. 20. so that, "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

An equally eminent religious leader, and of a similar name, "The Christian Countess" left an injunction against the publication of *her* life till a long interval after her death, in order that her actions might be rightly judged, and her character more fairly treated: this was obeyed for *nearly fifty years*. No such prohibition has hindered for a *longer* period any complete Memoir of "THE IMMORTAL COALHEAVER;" there have been other causes for

so unusual a gap in Religious Biography. Having himself written and published full and circumstantial details of his earlier days, some persons deemed *them* sufficient; but as no proper judgment can be formed of an unfinished work of art, so neither till a life is complete and *ended*, can a correct estimate be made of any individual, whatever sphere he occupied. One chief reason was, that as it has scarcely fallen to the lot of any man, both during his life-time and since his death, to be more highly venerated by friends and more severely reviled by enemies,—there have been but few that *could* accord to his character a true and impartial judgment; so that between those that exalted him in blind idolatry, and those that despised him through prejudice or ignorance, none were willing or able to undertake a record of his Life. One party could see *no faults* and were so favorable that they even regarded his errors as virtues;—the other was so malignant, that against fact and evidence they would acknowledge neither *excellencies*, nor abilities, and thus withheld the tribute they both so well deserved. But we believe the time has arrived in which this sensible remark of Addison's may prove true, that "WHEN A MAN HAS BEEN LONG DEAD HE HAS A DUE PROPORTION OF PRAISE ALLOTTED TO HIM, IN WHICH WHILE HE LIVED, HIS FRIENDS WERE TOO PROFUSE AND HIS ENEMIES WERE TOO SPARING:" to attempt to rectify these mistakes is one object of this little work. His grace and gifts will be freely owned and *proved* by many testimonies, which should remove this unmerited injustice on the one hand; and his failings (to which all men, more or less, are in some way subject) will be honestly shown, to restrain undue veneration on the other. His character was so sterling that whatever may be said, it will bear *all the truth:* the best of men are "compassed with infirmity;" if they were perfect and free therefrom (as some would have us represent their heroes) our faith might stand in *their excellency*, and not in the power of God; but discovering that they, like ourselves, are weak and fallible, may we follow them only so far as they followed Christ, and learn that neither great grace nor splendid gifts can uphold either the possessors or their admirers, without the mercy, love, and power of God. The proofs of zealous devotion to his holy calling ought to silence undeserved condemnation and contempt. It is therefore sincerely hoped that should a fair representation offend either partial friends or prejudiced enemies, there may be many just and generous enough to appreciate this humble attempt at an IMPARTIAL NARRATIVE, willing to judge righteously and in the light of Divine Truth. Evil is from the heart of man; his faults were his own, not arising from the truths he so ably maintained: they being of God were sanctifying and pure.

Were it not deemed undesirable, this work might have been an Anonymous one, but as neither gain nor literary honor is sought, we are not ashamed of our Author, of *his name*, or of *our own;* and relying on the simple statement of FACTS throughout, we have no cause to fear any honest criticism or just censure. The parents of both the father and mother of the writer are well known to have been among the most intimate friends of this remarkable man. One was "Philomela," perhaps his chief correspondent, who with her husband, has long rested in the *same tomb*, "Where Lies the Coalheaver";—another was Mr. Morris, to whom nearly fifty of the *P. L.* were addressed. *From them and many* other of his personal friends, he has all his life had *unusual opportunities of gathering* many unpublished incidents. This circle

has been yearly narrowing, and is now, (after the lapse of two generations) a very small one; but *few indeed* of those thinned ranks remain, to tell their reminiscences; he therefore, gleaned while it was day;—soon, very soon it will be too late. The regard to his memory of those he loved and honored, created early predilections for, and an interest in the life of this good servant of Christ, and a frequent perusal of some of his writings caused a high esteem and admiration of his character, grace, and zeal; he therefore noted down many particulars which he thought at some future time might *assist* a Biographer. These materials he often offered to various ministers and publishers for the use of such an one, when found; all without exception admitted the necessity and value of such a work, but who was to do it was not shown; one said that, "it was almost impossible." With other of his friends, they agreed that his collection of facts was too important to be lost, and could not fail to interest many, by whom Mr. Huntington was highly esteemed in love for his work's sake, and also to gratify others who would like to know something *more than he said of himself*, of one whose whole career was so remarkable, diligent and useful, and exhibited so bright a trophy of Sovereign and Distinguishing Grace.

Believing that too many *new* books are now published, tending to the neglect of "*far better old*" ones, he would not have added even this small *one* to the profusion, were he not, with many, well assured, that some attempt to pourtray, vindicate and honor, one whom in his day God had so eminently upheld and honored was really imperative, and that there was not only room, but a loud *demand* for such a publication. A Biographer therefore, having for many years been sought in vain, often did the present compiler reject from a sense of utter incompetence, the request to *do himself*, what he felt sure that others, if they would, could more creditably accomplish. However, with the greatest reluctance, he at last yielded, devoting all the time at his disposal for eight months past, to this attempt to carry out his earnest wish, with all the energy and such ability as he possessed. He entered upon, and has gone through a labor, long and difficult, but very profitable and pleasant, endeavoring to compensate his want of talent by diligent and prayerful application and research,—with dependence on His help by whom he unhesitatingly felt *called* to the undertaking, and can most heartily adopt as his own sentiments in reference thereto, these lines of Doddridge:—

"Then if a messenger Thou ask,
A laborer for the hardest task,
Through all *my weakness and my fear*,
Love shall reply—'Thy servant's here!'
Nor shall my willing soul complain,
Should all its *efforts* prove in vain;
Its ample recompence shall be,
But to have *wrought*, O Lord, for Thee!"

He therefore here presents a number of facts and documents (which together were in no other hands) and thus accomplishes his own long desire and that of many besides. So that, as when a youth of twelve years of age, he saved from destruction a number of Mr. Huntington's L.S. letters, which had been inadvertently cast aside and partly destroyed as waste paper (many of which letters, with such fragments he does still possess); so now, after the lapse of nearly forty years, he by this volume rescues from loss or

oblivion, much information that is deemed to be, and will be found, not only valuable and interesting, but profitable and admonitory. His Life furnishes much encouragement, instruction and warning, to which (from the want of reliable published facts respecting his latter years) attention has not hitherto been sufficiently drawn. It will, therefore be a source of happiness and reward if this labor, *to him* arduous and anxious, shall by God's blessing which he has sought, and to which he now most earnestly commends it, prove of any real and essential, though a small service to the Church of Christ, leading any to value vital religion and spiritual teaching, and to avoid the evils that may be apparent. Having also long wished to see a just vindication of his character,—yet aware of his own inability to deal with so difficult and tender a subject, he has under *that* head given the expressed judgment of various eminent religious authors, which will claim respect and confidence.

Two other points have been aimed at,—ORIGINALTY and CORRECTNESS; therefore but little is quoted from his own narratives. Many brilliant passages, have been taken chiefly from his letters, but for the purpose of illustration only; these will be met with throughout these pages, the reference for which has often refreshed the spirit when faint during this enterprise. Neither is there any repetition of Mr. Stevens's recent "Recollections," who kindly furnished some particulars from his memory and personal acquaintance with our Author: the greater part therefore will be found entirely NEW AND AUTHENTIC. Most of the facts have been sought out and verified, and where practicable, *all dates are given*. Not possessing his complete works or having here access to them, has been some difficulty and denial. Aware of many imperfections and some slight errors, there are no intentional ones; still others *may* be discovered, information whereof will be thankfully received, and the best means shall be taken in future to correct them.

The sketch of Rev. W. J. Brook is ample,—but as so little is known of a minister so remarkable from his former position, his conversion and godliness, the insertion of such interesting facts respecting one whose honored, but painful career was so intimately connected with the latter days of Mr. Huntington, cannot be out of place, or need any apology.

This compilation has yielded much pain,—pleasure,—and profit;—most probably its perusal may afford the same;—we sincerely hope that each may be of a godly sort, and the Lord's name be glorified for all the benefits formerly received, and still imparted through the instrumentality of him who is the subject of these pages, and who has so long since received the Heavenly Welcome "WELL DONE, GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANT!"

EBENEZER HOOPER.

DUKE STREET,
CHELMSFORD,
September 8th, 1871.

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The Celebrated Coalheaver;

OR

REMINISCENCES

OF

William Huntington, S.S.

CHAPTER I.

Chronological Sketch.

"He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill; that he may set him with princes, even with the princes of his people."—*Psa.* oxiii. 7. 8.

MR. HUNTINGTON related the various events of *a part* of his remarkable life in those four personal narratives which form, as it were, an autobiography to a certain period. They describe in clear and vigorous language his severe temporal trials and deliverances: the exercises and longings of his soul to know the truth of God, not in word only, but in power: and the violent persecutions he had to endure, when he first went forth to preach it. From the fullness of his heart and a retentive memory he wrote with singular faithfulness and vivacity, and a humble acknowledgement throughout of the hand of God. As interesting narrations of *providential* and *spiritual* experience, they have never been excelled, if equalled, by numerous subsequent imitations. Taught of God "to declare what He had done for his soul," they have been made, in numberless instances an abundant blessing, and will ever be esteemed as a precious legacy to the Church of Christ. They are marked with originality and honesty, almost to a fault in some circumstantial details, but his object was to disarm his accusers, while he testified of the grace of God. Readers must have noticed one singular omission, viz.: *that there is not a single date in either from beginning to end*, nor much regard to arrangement. As we desire to publish *information that has never yet appeared*,—to endeavour to supply this deficiency the following chronological sketch has been searched out and prepared with considerable pains and care, which may be acceptable to many, as exhibiting in one view the story of his life, with *the dates* as correctly as could be ascertained, and the facts placed *in order*.

First is the authentic record of his birth and baptism, a notice of which events we have never seen in print.

From the Register of Cranbrook Church, Kent.

1750, Nov. 14th, BAPTIZED, WILLIAM, SON OF WILLIAM AND ELIZABETH HUNT. BORN 2nd FEBRUARY, 1745. This shows that he was over five years of age when he was christened. As is well known, his real father's name was Russel, a large farmer, the employer of his reputed father, who was a poor agricultural laborer, but a good man. The addition of his birth-day is an unusual appendage to a registration, and was noticed in giving this certificate; however it is a valuable piece of evidence which might otherwise have been lost. Dr. Southey with his extensive knowledge commits *the great blunder of* 29 *years* by actually stating in his extraordinary Review in the Quarterly, p. 462 (of which more hereafter) that "The S. S. was born in the year 1774"—whereas his *ministry commenced in that year*, or as he himself so plainly declared "At Ewell I first began to speak for God." It was in such terms that he detailed the facts of his life, "Six months after I had been at Kingston, &c." Many of his letters commence thus, "Cricklewood, Thursday," but few have the more essential *month and year*, which is supplied from Post Marks often defective. This neglect creates a perplexity none can tell but such as have had to deal with written evidence of the past, and the value and assistance sometimes, of *only one reliable date*. This chronicle of his chequered life shows that he was elevated from poverty to affluence, and from ignorance and vice to a high position in the Church of Christ, as an "Ambassador of Heaven." In reference to this Divine and unlikely choice this was written in 1850—

"Raised from the lowest grade of society, the greatest poverty, and the most extreme ignorance, the Lord made manifest his grace and power by setting him as a pillar in defence of His Truth. He showed thereby that He can work without human aid, and that however despised the instrument, yet by that He brings to pass His own mighty purposes. When He has a message to deliver, and requires a work to be performed, He passes by all those who appear the fittest to human apprehension and acts by those who to all appearance are the most unqualified."—J. T.

Chronological List of Events in his Life.

1745. Feb. 2.—WILLIAM HUNT, born at the Four Wents, near Cranbrook.
1750. Nov. 14.—Christened at Cranbrook Church.

1753.—Errand boy to Squire Cook.
1759.—Worked at Battle Abbey.
1762.—Servant to a Clergyman, at Frittenden, 1½ year.
1764.—Learnt Gunmaking with his brother-in-law.
—Pitman to a Sawyer.
1765.—Fell into sin.
—To Rolvenden, Coachman to a Naval gentleman, 11 months.
1766.—Seriously ill—convictions.
—Magistrates summons to Cranbrook.
1767.—Coachman to — Pool, Esq., Charing.
—Ill for several months.
—Left Cranbrook.
—Drove for an Undertaker, Tunbridge Wells.
—Worked at Arundel and Chichester.
—On tramp towards London.
—Worked at Epsom some months.
— „ near Riverhead, Kent.
1768.—Christmas. At Stratford, Essex.
—Lodged under a hay rick at Low Leyton, during a frosty night.
—Without food, three days and nights.
1769.—Digging potatoes for a Farmer.
—Worked for — Fitch, Esq., Danbury.
1769.—Dangerously ill, at "The Bell."
—To Maldon, and back to Danbury.
—Begging through Chelmsford, Horndon, Billericay, Tilbury, crossed over to Gravesend.
—Gardening for — Calcraft, Esq., Greenhithe.
—Altered his name to HUNTINGTON.
—Married to MARY SHORT.
—Gardener to Hon. Messrs. Clive, Mortlake
1770.—Death of their first child.
1771.—His daughter Ruth born.
—Convinced of sin, forsook sinful companions.
—*His Conversion.*
—Left Mortlake, At Kingston, 8 months.
—Worked for Mr. Low, Nurseryman, Hampton Wick.
1772. July.—In soul trouble for 1½ year.
—Gardener at Sunbury, 14 months.
1773.—Near Christmas, *Joyful Deliverance.*
—*The day of Jubilee.*
1774.—First heard the Gospel, by Rev. T. Jess.
—Attended Kingston Chapel.
—Great peace in believing.
Midr.—Removed to Ewell Marsh.
—Gardener to a Gunpowder maker.

1774.—Lived on barley bread.
—*Began to preach at Ewell.*
—Learnt to make children's shoes.
—His daughter Naomi born.
1775. Dec.—Removed to Thames Ditton.
—Carried coals, 14 months.
—Persecuted by his Mistress.
—Wrote his first book, "Spiritual Sea Voyage."
1776.—Ordained a Minister, at Woking.
1777.—Worked for a Shoemaker, 10 months.
—Riotous opposition to his preaching.
—His son Gad born.
—Cobbling on his own account.
1778.—Summoned before the Magistrates for preaching.
1779.—His second son, Ebenezer born.
July, &c.—Continued persecution and disturbances.
—Preached occasionally in London.
1780.—Moved to another house in Ditton.
1781.—His second book, "The Arminian Skeleton."
1782.—Left Thames Ditton.
—Removed to Winchester Row, London.
—Preached regularly at Margaret Street Chapel.
1783.—Providence Chapel built.
June 10.—"Last Will and Testament."
1785.—Published "Bank of Faith," 1st Part.
—Wrote "Life and Kingdom of Heaven."
1786. Oct.—Conversion of Miss Morton, a Papist.
Nov. Dec.—Six weeks at Bristol, Bath, &c.; crowded audiences.
—Took Monkwell Street Chapel, for Tuesday Evening City Lecture.
1787.—To Gainsborough, Lincolnshire.
1788. Nov. 7.—Preached at Birmingham.
—Published "Satan's Lawsuit," by subscription.
1789.—Removed to Church Street, Paddington.
1790. May.—"History of Little Faith."
1792. Aug.—At Northampton, Birmingham and Bath.
1793. June.—Fall from his horse.
1796.—At Plymouth Dock.
1798.—Took a farm and house, at Hendon.
1799.—Lawsuit about the Appraisement.
Mar.—Removed to Cricklewood House.
Oct.—Present of a Coach and Horses.
1802.—Wrote "Bank of Faith," 2nd Part.
July.—Acquaintance with Lady E. Sanderson began.
1803.—D. Pelligrini painted his portrait.
Dec.—Mrs. Huntington went to Dorsetshire.
—Death of her brother, Benjamin.
1804. Jan. 26.—Visit to Bolney, with lady S.
Nov. 5.—Death of Richard Hatton, his assistant.
Dec. 10.—Death of William Blaker.
1805. Jan. —Rev. W. J. Brook, heard him at Bolney.
Aug. —To Grantham, Helmsley, &c. with Lady S.
Sept. 16.—To Reading.
Oct. 16.—Opened Chapel, Brighton.
1806. May 25.—Ditto at Newark.
Aug. —To Ely, &c., with Lady S.
Dec. 9.—*Mrs. Huntington died, aged* 63.
15.— „ Buried at Petersham.
1807. May —At Portsmouth.
Aug. 16-30—Mr. Brook preached at Providence Chapel.
—Mr. Huntington at Ely, &c.
Sept. 1.—Breach with Brook.
Oct. 18.—Sunday night. Visit to Mr. Morris, at Lewes.
Nov. 4-24—At Grantham, Leicester &c.
1808. Jan. 1.—Removed City Lecture to Grub Street Chapel.
June 26-29—Opened three New Chapels, Leicester, Grantham, and Sleaford.
Aug. 15.—*Married to Lady Sanderson.*
21.—Preached at Littleport, Downham (with Lady S.)
1809. Jan. 11.—Serious Accident, returning from Cranbrook.
Sept. 6.—Opened Chapel, at Chichester.
—Interview with Brook.
Oct. 4.—Preached at Rotherfield
8.—Preached at Cranbrook, the Sermon "Penny-a-day."
1810. Jan. —Ill all this month.
Feb. —Death of James Baker.
April 1.—Opened Chapel, at Bristol.
July 13.—*Providence Chapel burnt down.*
15.—Sunday; At Richmond.
20.—To Lakenheath, Downham, &c. for five weeks.
Aug. 26.—Opened City Chapel, Grub Street, for Sunday services.
Sept. 2.—Death of Jenkins, aged 59.
23.—Sunday: Preached his Funeral Sermon, at Lewes.
Nov. 14.—Took the Ground in Grays Inn Lane
—Chapel foundation began.
1811. Feb. —Wrote Fragments and Sermon on Jenkins.
March 25—Removed to Hermes Hill House, Pentonville.
May —To Bolney, Lewes, &c.
June 20.—Thursday: *Opened New Providence Chapel.*
23.—First Sabbath services there.
Aug. —Ill at Home, wrote opening Sermon.
Sept. 21.—Death of Brook, aged 36.
1812. July —Confined at Home, by accident to his leg.
—Published, "Lamentations."
1813. June 2.—Taken ill.
6.—His last Sabbath, Ordinance.
9.—Wednesday: His last Sermon on Rev. iii. 3.
10.—His son Gad visited him.
18.—Friday: Left London.
19.—Saturday: Arrived at Tunbridge Wells.
29.—Tuesday: Miss Sanderson and Miss Falkland sent for.
30.—Wednesday: Messrs. Bensley and Over, visited him.
—Afternoon: his daughters, Mrs. Blake, and Burrell and Mr. Blake saw him.
30.—Conversation at supper time.
July 1.—Thursday: His Death, at 8.40. p.m., aged 68 yrs., 5 ms.
8.—Thursday: Buried at Lewes.

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CHAPTER II.

Original Anecdotes.

"Some said He is a good man: others said, Nay; but he deceiveth the people."—*John* vii. 12.

THIS Chapter consists of Anecdotes, illustrative and characteristic of this eminent man, collected during many years, chiefly from the conversation of friends who knew him well, and some from magazines (as named) which, it was deemed desirable to preserve. They are, therefore, it is believed, authentic: a few that were doubtful, or merely exhibited personal peculiarities, have been omitted. Many others, equally original and interesting, will be found in connection with the respective subjects of succeeding chapters.

1. Poor, but Happy.

He was known to say in his old age, when reviewing the strange incidents of his eventful career, from the depths of poverty to honor and affluence, "After all, they were *the happiest days of my life*, when I had to eat barley bread." Such severe temporal privations as he suffered at Ewell, were more than compensated by the soul enjoyment, with which he was favored. He soon after freely gave the bread of life to others, so was, "As poor, yet making many rich."

2. Reply to Lord Macaulay's Libel.

This brilliant, but not always truthful historian, took an opportunity in his "Essay on Lord Clive," p. 82, of giving Huntington a passing lash with his well braided whip, which is one specimen of the unfair manner in which it has been his lot to be treated by some public writers. He has been styled "half knave—half fanatic," by men who could not produce the slightest ground for such a charge, nor for the epithets, even professors of religion maliciously applied to him of "Hypocrite, Impostor, &c.," for no man could be more free from such a character. The same glowing pen, which glosses over the crimes of Lord Clive, the miserable suicide, has by a couple of sentences, deeply engraven the name of Huntington on the minds of thousands, as a knave and an impostor. Macaulay referred to him no less than five times in his writings. In the "Kingdom of Heaven," Mr. H. thus casually refers to a trifling incident, while in trouble of soul:—

"I labored much at this time to harden myself against fear; but, do what I would, I could not accomplish it. However, on the Lord's day following, I had appointed to walk with a person to see Lord Clive's new house, then building at Esher. When I came there, I asked the reason why they built the walls so remarkably thick. The person said that several had asked that question as well as myself, and had received an astonishing answer *from the owner*, namely, that their substance was intended to keep the devil out! I replied, that the possession of Satan was the man, not the building, and that the walls would not answer the end. Hearing somewhat more of the state of the owner's mind, it re-kindled all my old fire."

Now see what Macaulay's glowing pen makes of this, and let any reader judge of his veracity, and the calumny diffused by his widely-read and universally-admired writings.

"The peasantry of Surrey looked with mysterious horror on the stately house which was rising at Claremont, and whispered that the great wicked lord had ordered the walls to be so thick to keep out the devil, who would one day carry him away bodily. Among the gaping clowns who drank in this frightful story, was a worthless, ugly lad of the name of Hunt, since widely known as William Huntington, S.S. ; and the superstition which was strangely mingled with the knavery of that remarkable impostor seems to have derived no small nutriment from the tales which he heard of the life and character of Clive."

The following perversions of fact are obvious here.

First, The reason of the thickness of the walls was *not* "whispered about by the peasantry," as an imagination of their own, but was given by Lord Clive himself, either in jest, or what is more probable, under one of those deep clouds of mental horror, which eventually ended in suicide. Secondly, Huntington was *not* at this time, "an ugly lad," but a man grown up, and married, with two children: nor Thirdly, was he "worthless," for when he heard the story of Lord Clive, he was suffering persecution from his fellow workmen, and loss of employment from his master for refusing to work on the Lord's day: nor Fourthly, was he "a gaping clown," but, a solid, weighty, sober man, under deep distress of soul: nor Fifthly, was he at any time after he made a profession of godliness, "a knave," for no man lived more honestly, or paid his debts more honorably, almost starving himself in the days of his poverty, that he might "owe no man anything:" nor Sixthly, was he ever "an impostor," for he knew in whom he believed, and had, both a testimony in his own conscience, and the consciences of those who knew and loved the Truth, that he was an upright, highly-favored servant of the Lord: nor Seventhly, was there the least reason to believe, that this mere passing incident made any deep impression on his mind, still less, that "the tales which he heard of the life and character of Clive," permanently "fed" what the Essayist calls his "superstition," but what rightly interpreted means, his believing that there is a God above, who holds the reins of government in providence and grace. How true it is, that "One sinner destroyeth much good." Eccl. ix. 18. J. C. PHILPOT, M.A.,

Compiled from two Reviews by him in Gospel Standard, 1856—69.

As to "ugliness," in after life, he was by no means an ill-looking man, but of a pleasant, gentlemanly bearing. This mansion was afterwards bought by Government, for the residence of Prince Leopold, and the Princess Charlotte, who died there, as did also Louis Philippe, the exiled King of France, and is still known as Claremont House.

3. Ewell and Eitton.

In these places he first preached, amidst the violent persecutions, described so feelingly in his "Naked Bow." Wounded at their opposition to, and rejection of, what he knew and wished to declare to them of the Truth of God, he left with a solemn prediction, and, as it were, "shook off the dust of his feet against them." It has been remarked, that the Gospel was not again preached in those places for a period of 70 or 80 years after.

His enemies could not endure, that a poor illiterate neighbour should assert that he was sent to preach by a heavenly command, and go forth boldly on that authority alone. He wrote, "Indeed, I had been so marvellously delivered, and was blessed with such a sense of everlasting love in Christ

Jesus, that I was constrained to preach it; "and to a relative;" "If any man would give me £1000, *I could not leave off preaching*, God holds me with a high hand."—G. V. 5. Thus in privation, hunger, and weariness did he carry the message of mercy to poor sinners, from Ditton to the surrounding villages, often as far as to Horsham and Petworth, a distance of 25 and 30 miles, chiefly on foot. The record of one week's work, among many, seems almost incredible, and shows how love and zeal must have inspired him to such labor, as not to count his life dear, so that sinners might hear and live. "From Ditton to Woking, on Lord's day morning; to Worpelsdon, in the afternoon; to Farnham, in the evening; to Petworth, Sussex, Monday evening; to Horsham, Tuesday; to Margaret Street Chapel, London, Wednesday; and at Ditton, on Thursday evening."—B. F. No wonder his bodily strength was spent in walking, and could not hold out. His clothing was ragged, and had to be tied up, and food insufficient, yet he sought not the reward or praise of men to urge him on, neither could their rage or contempt stop him, for God was with him of a truth. Indeed, when former enemies were found to approve of his preaching, he says, "They had so battered me about, that neither their applause nor disapprobation had any weight with me."

4. George III. F. D. (Defender of the Faith.)

His Majesty, happening one day to pass in his carriage, through a place near one of the royal palaces, where a rabble had gathered together, to interrupt the worship at a dissenting meeting-house, the King stopped to know the cause of the tumult; and being answered that it was only some affair between the town's people and the Methodists, he replied, loud enough to be heard by many, "The Methodists are a quiet, good kind of people, and will disturb nobody; and if I can learn that any persons in my employment disturb *them*, they shall be immediately dismissed." The King's sentiments soon spread through the town, and checked the persecution.—*Percy Anecdotes, Geo. III.*

This pleasing incident, is no doubt *true*, as it rests on other evidence, and is highly honorable to the king's principles of toleration and liberty. Mr. S. asserts, that it occurred *at Ditton*, and, that it was Mr. Huntington, who was then preaching there, assailed by an ignorant mob, as he relates in his "Naked Bow," though he does not mention it; also, that this word, in his behalf, led to his excessive loyalty and attachment to "the good old King," as he generally called him. He once preached a fast day sermon, from the text, "God save the King! God save the King!!"

5. The Rev. W. Romaine.

This eminent scholar and divine, perceived the grace and power of Mr. Huntington's ministry, although in so different a line to his own, and not disdaining his want of education, sincerely owned and honored him as a fellow servant of Christ. Mr. H. used to hear him on Tuesday mornings, and found in him a personal friend. When asked to reply to Winchester, Romaine said, "There is no occasion, it is already well done by Huntington." He died in 1795, aged 81. He owned Mr. H.'s remarkable call, even in his beginning, and is reported to have said, "*That God raised up such men as John Bunyan and William Huntington, but once in a century.* He did not, however, approve of the egotism in some parts of his narratives, and when asked his opinion of "The Bank of Faith," replied with a significant shake of the head, "Self must be abased! Self must be abased!!"

6. Visit to Bristol, Nov., 1786.

Soon after his settlement in London, he was invited to Bristol, and for six weeks supplied the Tabernacle, and Somerset Street Chapel, Bath. He usually preached seven sermons a week, and so eager were the people to hear him, that those large places of worship were crowded to excess with earnest listeners, so long before the time of service, that he said, "he could have begun an hour before, even on week days. The Tabernacle held 2000, and if 3000 could get in, it would be full." At first, he felt diffident to address so many, but God was evidently with him, and the word spoken with power. They hung on the windows inside and outside, and got anywhere, to hear even the sound of his voice. This visit was much blest to many, and is still referred to by some, who heard their ancestors speak of it, as an extraordinary revival. Several letters allude to it, especially G. V. Nos. 19 and 40. He preached also to his brethren in the coal trade, the colliers of Kingswood, and says that his swarthy congregation were very fond of their brother Coal-heaver. He went down in a post chaise, hired from Mark's, of Regent Street, the journey alone cost £20, and he lodged at the Tabernacle House.

7. The Preacher's Bible.

This was lately in the possession of Mr. Beeman, of Blackfriar's Road, and contained these lines, by Mr. H. in his own handwriting.

WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, S. S., Given him, by Mr. DAVIDSON, of TOWER HILL. As a present more valuable than gold, or all the joys of mortals.

NOVEMBER, 1787.

"The soul that deigns in this to look,
If he regards and loves the Book,
Must never yield to 'reason's plea,
The Saviour keeps the Master key.

'Tis vain with Truth to dare to strive,
No rebel mind can ever thrive;
Can Truth divine submit to man?
God's counsel shall for ever stand."

8. Earnest Expectation realized.

(The Editor had this from the person's own lips, in 1834.)

Mr. Eedes, of Ramsgate, was in much distress of soul, under conviction of sin, and had found relief in reading some of Mr. H's. books, which had fallen into his hands. He there saw his case entered into, and felt a strong persuasion that, if ever he could hear the writer preach, it would be the means, by God's blessing, of his deliverance from trouble. In those days, travelling was difficult and tedious, and not easy for him to leave home. However, at length he was able, with this object in view, to undertake the journey. He arrived at Providence Chapel as soon as the doors were opened, one Lord's day morning, when he went in and took a front seat in the gallery, near the pulpit. A pew opener informed him that the seat belonged to a family who usually attended, and therefore he must not remain, and they would find him another; but he positively refused to move, and told her that, "For many years he had longed for the opportunity of hearing Mr. H., and had at last come over 70 miles for the purpose, and being there, he would not be *turned out, either by Men or Devils!*" The pew opener astonished at his earnestness and determination, explained to the family on their arrival, and he was not disturbed. He heard that morning with deep feeling, having indeed, "an ear to hear" what God had to speak to him, by his servant; and to the joy of his heart found his expectations granted, his prayers answered, and his soul set at liberty, so that he went home rejoicing

in God his Saviour. The change was as manifest to his family; depression was turned to peace and gladness, that they also could testify to the mercy he had found. He lived a consistent christian life for many years, a firm adherent to the Truth of God's distinguishing grace, and as might be expected, an attached disciple of Mr. H. This happy result was not more than a fulfilment of the promise in Jer. xxix. 13, "Ye shall seek me and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart." Mr. Eedes's name appears on the title pages of some of the early editions of Mr. H's. books, as one of whom they could be purchased, for his friends in that way, aided their circulation, since the publishers refused them.

9. Encouragement.

There is an old saying, "You may talk of the Devil till you become as black," and there is much truth in it. When his gardener called upon him in great distress of soul, and told him he had been reading Macgowan's "Dialogues of Devils," Mr. H. said, "Dont read that book now, read John Bunyan's 'Come and Welcome to Jesus Christ,' that will suit you best."

Gospel Mag. June, 1843.

His favorite Hymn was that of Dr. Watts's.

"Alas! And did my Saviour bleed?
And did my Sovereign die? &c."

10. A young Poet, James Montgomery.

The Hieroglyphic Print and Key were published in 1791, by Harrison, Paternoster Row; Mr. H. mentions in a letter, calling there about it. This Mr. Harrison, kindly took into his employ when in need, and seeking some opening for his literary talent in London, a young country lad, who was afterwards the Christian Poet and Hymn writer, James Montgomery, of Sheffield; who, in *his* memoirs, alludes to the visits to his Master's shop, among other Authors, of a celebrated character, "a Coalheaver Parson, named Huntington."

11. Early Rising and Abstinence.

He was a diligent laborer in the work he loved so well, to accomplish which, he was through life, an early riser; his letters are sometimes dated at 4 a.m. In the country, he would get up at two o'clock in the summer and walk in the woods alone, to enjoy the stillness, and melody of the birds at the break of day, and then retire to rest again. Being fond of gardening, and well skilled in it, from early practice, he liked to prune his own vines and fruit trees. In eating, he was very abstemious; one, that was his footman, states that often when called out of his study to dinner, he has seen him, come down, ask a blessing, and without partaking of any, return to his occupation of writing or meditation. He was very averse to strong drink, especially in his later years, and at no time cared for any thing much beyond a little good ale; he often mentions in his letters, his preference for a glass of "Adams home-brewed," or milk, to any thing his friends provided, (see P. L. 311.) One remembers calling on him with a gentleman, at Pentonville, and he asked them what they would take; he said, "Well Doctor, I have heard your Black Currant wine highly spoken of, we should like to taste it." "So you shall," said he, and rang for the footman to bring some up; he opened a cupboard, and brought out a large jug of toast and water, and said, "That suits me best." He did not smoke, but was a great snuff taker, consuming, or perhaps *wasting* as much as a pound a week, and, even in this useless habit, some of his people foolishly imitated him.

12. Good Singing.

The old Clerk gave out the hymns distinctly, and the tunes, though slow, were well joined in by the congregation. He had his son taught singing, and one evening some new tunes were introduced, which the Clerk considered an improvement. After the services, he asked Mr. H., with great confidence, "How did you like the singing this evening, Sir?" "Not at all! Not at all!" said the Minister, who, it is well known, had no ear for music, and only seemed to value the hymns as giving him a little rest. "Why, how so, Sir, it was good, and my son led, who is reckoned a first-rate singer." "That may be," replied Mr. H. to his disconcerted Clerk, "*but second-rate suits us best.*" However, the son succeeded to the office, on his father's death.

13. Unwise Generosity.

It is well known, how injudicious he was in the spending of his money, and by careless and profuse liberality, was often sadly imposed upon, to his great vexation afterwards. He was foolishly generous to coachmen, and servants, as is stated, paying half-a-crown for a coach, when the fare was but a shilling; and often, when travelling, gave half-a-sovereign to the post boys. There was no charity in this, when real poor had need, and might only encourage bad habits. On going to Woolwich, to look over a ship, the boatman that took him and his party, waited and brought them ashore; on leaving, Mr. H. slipped a guinea into his hand, the fare being two or three shillings, to the great surprise of the waterman, who was unaccustomed to such patronage. No wonder that he ran after Dr. Butler and said, "Oh Sir, when your friend comes again, you will please to let me know, I should be so *happy* to wait upon him." Admirable as was his kindness of heart, it must be admitted that his benevolence was often prodigal and impulsive, than systematic or discreet; his natural disposition seemed averse to act by rule of any kind.

14. Cricklewood.

His third residence in London, was a farm-house with 52 acres of land, in the parish of Hendon, three miles from the end of Oxford Street, along the Edgeware Road, on the coach road to St. Albans. It was rather a strange choice for a minister, and so far from his chapel and people, but the occupation of his time in so much pulpit and literary labor, would leave but little for pastoral duties. He sought and obtained here quietness and freedom from interruption; also fresh air which he much desired, as from asthmatical affections, he could not bear the London smoke. He had expressed in passing, his approval of such a residence, so his friends bought the lease: but from this remark in a letter, he seems to have been persuaded to go there against his wish and better judgment.

"I have no small share of inward work on account of my present undertaking. Father G. and poor E. hurry me on. *But I go to the farm like an ox to the slaughter*, fearing I shall not clear my way with honour, nor rub off as I go on."

It soon added to his cares, by being drawn into a vexatious lawsuit, about the appraisement; and the difficulty of getting to and from Chapel with his family, necessitated him, poor as he was, to set up a coach, &c. presented to him by the kindness of his friends.

15. His Equipage and Coat of Arms.

He betrayed some weakness and vanity, in assuming appearances of rank beyond his circumstances, and inconsistent with the character of a Christian minister:—his carriage, with coachman and footmen in livery—his country house and grounds—his heraldry and title of "S. S."—styling himself "the Doctor," and wearing a clerical hat, were all evidences of this, which if it gratified himself, annoyed the public, galled his enemies, and caused evil reports. But he felt that God had *given* him these things in lieu of his former indigence. In going to preach in the country, he would have *four* good horses to his carriage, and over the driver's seat a superb hammer-cloth, a tiger's skin with gilt claws and teeth; this ostentation, the Editor's Father often witnessed. People, wondered at the grandeur of one once so poor, but it grieved some of his Christian friends. He would say, "Let us show the Philistines what God has done for the Coalheaver." He once went thus in state to preach at Rotherfield, and as no place could be found in the village for his equipage, it was driven about during the service, to the amazement of the rustics. This surely was unlike the journies of the Apostles, as exhorted in Matt. x., &c.

After his marriage, the S. S. was removed from his carriage and harness, and some crest (most likely Lady S's.) was placed instead, with this motto, "VIVE ET VIVUNTO," (Live and let live). He had an allegorical Coat of Arms, engraved underneath his portrait, the style and meaning of which may be gathered from his own ingenious explanation, which does not appear in his works; he called it,

The Preacher's Coat of Arms.

The *Tree* represents a corrupt Sinner:—The *Wood-cutter*, a faithful Labourer in the Word and Doctrine:—The *Axe*, is the Word of God:—The *Notch* in the Tree, shews that some of the old Stock will remain: albeit that be the case, yet an Incision is made for the Entrance of Grace: *I have hewed them by the Prophets*, Hos. vi. 5. The next Stroke is intended to lay the Axe to the *Roots*—The Love of Money, Self-righteousness, and Unbelief, being the three Roots that hold every Sinner fast in the old Adam:—If Unbelief be *cut*, both the others wither of course: The *Woman* with the Morning Star on her Breast is *Truth;* her appearing without *Hat* or *Cap*, denotes her Fortitude and Innocency, that she is not ashamed to shew her face; her pointing with her Finger to the Wood-cutter, denotes her guiding him to cut lower: The mean appearance of the Wood-cutter, shews the choice of God, in choosing the Foolish, to confound the Wise, 1 Cor. i. 27. His being stript, shews that he is in earnest: The *Three Dogs* barking at him, represent erroneous Preachers, Evil-workers, and Dividers and Scatterers, Phil. iii. 2. Their standing with their Fore feet out, shews that they are afraid to attack him, though they hate him. The contemptuous *Ass* prefigures a carnal Priest with a little human Learning in his Head; "Vain Man would be wise, though he be born like a wild Ass's Colt," Job, xi. 12. His *kicking up*, shews how, like Eli's Sons, they kick at God's Sacrifices, 1 Sam. ii. 29; or like Judas who fell from the Bishopric, by lifting up his Heel against his Master, John, xiii. 18. The *Net* shews the Gospel, called a Net, cast into the Sea of this World; the End of Time is the Shore of the Sea, when the Net will be brought to Land; that Net being a *skim Net*, shews that each *Fisher of Men* catches but a few, Matt. iv. 19. It being open at the Top, is to shew, that many who are apparently entangled, will apostatise, or leap out again. The *Crook* shews, that the Preacher is an inferior Shepherd, to feed the Flock of God: The *Sieve* is Temptation, into which Satan got poor Peter: The *Cross* shews the Preacher's daily Burden of Reproach: The *Wheat-sheaf* shews the Church; the Ears hanging down, shews that some Members are ready to go to God as a shock of Corn fully ripe, Job, v. 26. The *Flail* is to shew, that the Preacher is *a threshing Instrument*, Isa. xli. 15, and that he must not spare the Hypocrite, but beat off the *Chaff from the Wheat*, Jer. xxiii. 28. The *flaming Sword* is the Sword of the

Spirit, the Word of God: Its Flames shew the Spirit's Power attending it. The *Bullock* with his *Yoke*, represents the Sinner tamed by Repentance, with the Saviour's Yoke upon him, Jer. xxxi. 18; Matt. xi. 29. The *Plough Handles* shew the converting Power of the Word, in discovering the Sinner's Heart; and that any Preacher having put his Hand thereto, and looking back, is not fit for the Kingdom of God. The *Crown* at the Top shews the Reward promised to Grace: The whole *Sheet* is Peter's Vision; the round *Eyelet Holes*, at each Corner, shew the Eternity and eternal Harmony of Mercy and Truth. Righteousness and Peace, in the Salvation of elected Souls.—W. H., S. S., or Sinner Saved.

The seal on his letters was, Noah's Ark on the waters, with a dove flying over, and above a scroll, with the word "Peace," the whole on an oval cut upon a shield, and surrounded with roses.

16. A good Impromptu.

Walking through a Church-yard, in a village in Sussex, with some friends, his attention was drawn to an epitaph, which is often seen—

"Where I am now, you soon must be,
Prepare for death *and follow me.*"

He immediately took his pencil and wrote underneath, this apt and striking verse—

"To follow thee, is that the cry?
And not assert the reason why:—
To follow thee I'm not content,
Unless I know *which way you went.*"

According to the last verse of Matt. xxv., "These shall go away unto everlasting punishment, the righteous unto life eternal."

17. The Lion to a Lamb.

A young man, named Strange, a brewer, at Wapping, was persuaded by his wife, a godly woman to go with her to hear Mr. H., to which he consented, "*for once only.*" On account of the constant crowd he had to *stand* all the time of service and could not get out, but on leaving, said to his wife, "he would never go again to hear such a preacher as that." However, the word had taken so strong a hold of his conscience, that next Sunday he felt constrained to go again, when he felt the arrows of conviction more deeply enter his soul, which through the week he could scarcely endure. Ashamed that his wife should know of his breaking his resolution, he went very early the next Sabbath, and waited opposite till the doors were opened, so that he could go in and get a seat, unobserved by her; he felt so condemned that he suspected that she had told Mr. H. all about him, which she denied. In much distress he went to Mr. H. during the week, and on entering the room, ran up to him with his fist clenched, exclaiming, "I've heard of such wretches as you, Sir, driving people mad, and your preaching has almost driven me so." To whom Mr. H. calmly replied, "Now sit down and be quiet, for I'm sure, young man you'll come to me some day, with quite another tale to this." He then asked if his wife had told anything, Mr. H. assured him she had not spoken to him. He continued to attend and found peace and pardon in Jesus, and was remarkable many years for his meek and consistent spirit. One week evening, he was at Chapel, and during the sermon had such a persuasion that his beer by some neglect was spoiling, that he went home, when finding all was right, he said, "He had heard that the Devil was a liar, and now he had proved him one, in disturbing him, and hoped he should not listen to him again."—W. S.

18. The discharged Missionary.

As a proof of the liberality of his people, any case of distress that he brought before them, was freely assisted. One week evening, a friend heard him plead for a poor man who had been thrown out of his place in connection with some Missionary Society, merely because he had attended Providence Chapel. Mr. H. said, "I shall make no collection, you have kindly and liberally responded to several appeals I have lately made to you, that I am reluctant to ask, but I name this, and that a plate will be in the Vestry to receive the contributions of any that may feel disposed to help *the poor man who is present, and in great need.*" With just this remark, about £40 was brought in.

19. His Irish Footman.

A poor Irish Papist, in the exercise of his calling as a bricklayer's laborer, broke both his legs by a fall, and was taken to a hospital. While there he was convinced by the Holy Ghost, without any human instrumentality whatever, of his awful state as a guilty sinner. Feeling his condemnation, totally ignorant of the Lord Jesus, and how such sinners as he then felt himself to be could be saved, he left the hospital and went to reside in the neighbourhood of Gray's Inn Lane. One Sabbath morning he wandered past Mr. Huntington's chapel, when the Lord inclined his heart, and prompted him to go in. The text was Psalm lxxxvi. 17: "Show me a token for good, that they which hate me may see it and be ashamed; because thou Lord hast holpen me and comforted me." Under that sermon the Lord Jesus was revealed to his conscience, faith given to believe in him, and the kingdom of God, which stands in righteousness and peace in the Holy Ghost, was set up in his soul. Sometime afterwards he called on Mr. H., at Pentonville, to inform him of what God had done for him by his ministry. He asked the poor man what he was doing, or was likely to undertake, and he said he did not know what was to become of him, for his limbs having been broken, he was unable to follow his former calling. Mr. H. asked him if he would like to live with him as his footman. The good man told him he was unfit for such a place. "Oh!" said Mr. H., "we will teach you." He became his servant till his death. He afterwards married one of the servants, and was placed by the managers in the rooms underneath the Chapel, to take care of the place. There he lived several years—there he died. The same God who revealed himself to him at the first, comforted him in his last illness, and he departed in the triumph of faith. His name was JOHN BRYAN. How wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working is God! Here was a poor blind Papist, who must come to England to hear the Gospel, be there converted, and from thence depart to glory. (Romans xi. 33.)—*Gospel Standard*, 1861, p. 144.

20. Strength in Secret.

"He loved the world that hated him;—the tear
That dropp'd upon his Bible was *sincere*."

COWPER IN "HOPE."

In this vindication of Whitefield, the latter paragraph was singularly applicable to Huntington, as is seen in many beautiful passages in his letters like the following:

"Could my bed, my curtains, my study, *or my Bible* speak for me, they would bear such a testimony of the unutterable felicity, foretastes, earnests, and celestial triumphs of my soul, that would prove to all that fear God, that I envied not the mansions of Gabriel. But I have done, and conclude with *tears of gratitude* to the God of Jacob, who condescends to give so much success to the worst of sinners; for as the Lord liveth, though I am clad with zeal in the pulpit, *I seldom go one day dry-eyed to God;* I am a Boanerges in public, but in private of a sorrowful spirit, not for fear of wrath, but under a daily sense of superabounding mercy to the worst of sinners."—*G. V. No.* 169.

That man was no hypocrite, as he was falsely represented, who by God's favor and grace could feel and write thus, and with a sincerity which none can doubt. Such sentiments ought to be sufficient to convince every candid mind, how undeserved was the reproach and prejudice that still surrounds his name. The first sentence of the above couplet, it must be owned did *not* so well apply to him, except in the early days of his ministry.

21. Faith, Love, and Works.

Unlike many ostentatiously benevolent persons, he disliked his gifts to be spoken of, or to appear in writing or print, and was once very angry with a friend of mine, to whom he had given five guineas for a case he named to him, for putting it on a paper in applying to others: which he had forgotten to forbid.

The following incident, not made known till after his death, was published by "An Old Pilgrim," who heard it related by the person so kindly and liberally assisted.

"A Mr. WILSHERE, one of his hearers, was in a good business in London, but wishing to do better, and not valuing his privileges, removed to Kingston, without asking counsel of the Lord. For a while he seemed to prosper, but after some months his trade fell off, till he and his family were brought to the brink of starvation. He now felt his folly, was miserable and had no ministry for comfort. His wife and he consulted, and agreed that he should walk up to London and see Mr. H.; he sent in his name, and was asked into the parlour where Mr. H. was conversing with two gentlemen; a chair was offered him, and from the manner of his reception, the visitor suffered some bitter reflections: one of the gentlemen on leaving, said to him, "Don't be fearful." When Mr. H. had arranged his papers he said, "Well, I suppose you have been starved out where you went to reside, and are now obliged to return with Naomi's confession, 'I went out full and the Lord hath brought me home again empty.' I sighed out, "It was so, indeed, and my soul barren." He said, "If you had been a man of discernment, you must have known, that if we sow to the flesh we shall reap corruption." He then put on his overcoat and hat, for it was cold, and said, "Follow me." We walked some distance from his house, and came to a shop shut up, and he said, "Should you like to take that shop, it might suit your business." We looked at it, he paid my fare home and gave me some money for my family, and told me to pray over it, and come up the day after to-morrow at a certain hour. I did so punctually, and had resolved not to involve myself by taking the shop, when we walked out again to the same place, he took the key out of his pocket, opened the door, and to my astonishment it was filled with all sorts of leather and materials for business. "There," said he, "now you can go on with your trade, and may the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, bless and prosper you!" In due time, the currier who supplied the goods called, and on my offering to pay, said, "Mr. H. had paid all the bill, and I could have any goods I wanted." I offered to repay him but he would only receive a part. I stayed there many years, and God prospered me, and now name this fact to the honor of sovereign grace and its blessed fruits." *Gospel Magazine, Oct. 1870.*

22. Prejudice Subdued.

The strong *dislike* to Mr. H. from reports was often changed into *love*, under the power that attended his preaching. The following account of a minister is only a specimen of numberless similar instances:—

"I had heard many evil reports of that great man of God, the Rev. Mr. Huntington. so that my mind. was much prejudiced against him; and *I thought he was a very awful character.* However, a friend of mine invited me to go and hear him. I promised I would. I went to the chapel in Monkwell Street, just

as he was naming this text—*Judge not, that ye be not judged, &c.*, but was so full of prejudice against him, that I came out directly, and said, "You have judged all to be wrong but yourself, and must expect to be so judged."—However, I went again after this, and he preached from Rom. viii. 2., and was led most sweetly. He set forth all my experience, from first to last; and my soul has been in union with him from that day to this, for he was the first man that could read my state. The Lord humbled me, for ever opening my mouth against his servant; and how did I wish I had gone to hear him when in my greatest trouble. But there is a set time to favour Zion. I believe that letter-preachers are more concerned about keeping a soul that is awakened from hearing that man, than they are about the salvation of men, with all their boasted zeal."

Thomas Burgess, of Woolwich, 1808.

23. A Sharp Rebuke for Hypocrisy.

At one of his country places, he was always saluted on leaving the chapel by a gentleman of property, with an apparently hearty shake of the hand, "pleasure at seeing him again—hoped his visit would be profitable," and similar expressions of good will. He was not a supporter or even an attendant, but on the contrary, harshly opposed some of his servants who belonged there, and also spoke against the Truth preached. Hearing this, so stirred Mr. H.'s indignation at such duplicity, that he could not refrain from exposing it. So on the next visit, the gentleman was at his post, and began to proffer his usual salutations, which Mr. H. remarking, withheld his hand, and looking at him sternly (as he well could look) said with strong emphasis, "*Sir! what means all this shaking of hands? you are an enemy to me and to my* GOD!" Surprised and convicted, by such an unexpected rebuke, he felt ashamed and for some time was in much distress of mind; but he ceased his opposition, and it is believed, found repentance and mercy. W. S.

24. Visitors.

He had callers of all kinds, sincere seekers, hypocrites, and professors. He was not sufficiently courteous or amiable, and to some, very rude and severe. Though easily imposed upon, he would confidently rely on his own opinion, and latterly shewed less discernment. At times he could detect and sharply reprove an impostor; his language when provoked was hard and uncouth, and as gentle and kind to the humble and sincere that could see him. He much disliked talkative professors, and such as made use of religion for gain; those he called "Mumping Nannies." He was pleased with a sensible answer, or apt retort, as in these two instances. One of this sort had been with him, when another woman came; he told the servant to "Have her up," and being rather vexed, said abruptly, "I've been bothered with one talker and her texts applied: Well, I suppose you have some passages too." "Yes I *have*, for as I came up stairs to see you, I felt these words, "Cease ye from man whose breath is in his nostrils, for wherein is he to be accounted of? Good morning Sir," and rose up to go. "Here," he said, "Come back, you'll do." He once said to a man, "I suppose you want a lazy, easy life by becoming religious"—"Ah!" he replied, "if by God's grace the world, the flesh, and the devil are against us, they will not allow of much ease, I know." "There," said Mr. H. "Sit down."

25. Unworldliness.

He far surpassed many of those who condemned him, in devotion to his ministry, separation from the world, and labor in the Gospel by study, word

and pen, so that his profiting appeared in numberless conversions, and much honor as an under Shepherd. How few professed ministers could bear such a remarkable testimony as this, to a life spent in spiritual service, and as one "*Not of the world, but chosen out of it.*"

"I have no desire to visit S———. IN ALL THE SIGHTS, AMUSEMENTS, AND PLEASURES OF THIS LIFE, I HAVE NOT ONCE TO MY KNOWLEDGE SPENT ONE DAY SINCE I HAVE BEEN CHRIST'S SERVANT." *P. L., No. 173.*

He was much interested in examining a man-of-war, at Woolwich, to enable him to correct his "Spiritual Sea Voyage" and intended to go again, but some years after said, "that he had never been able to *spare a day* for that purpose."

26. His Politics.

Public men could not conceal their views of the stirring events of those important times, in which all felt an interest. Mr. H. was loyal in the extreme, a great admirer of William Pitt, and an inveterate enemy of Buonaparte whose downfall he often positively prophecied, but did not live to see. Strange to say for a Dissenter, he was a high Tory, an advocate for Church and State, consequently most of his followers were the same. Of the principles of Nonconformity, and the history of the Puritans and their struggles for religious liberty, he does not appear to have read much. Compared with *their* persecutions and sufferings, his were light, and of a different kind; his narratives show wherein he felt the errors of the Establishment, but in after life he was more hostile to Dissenters; he strenuously maintained the doctrinal articles of the Church of England, and some of his Chapels embodied them in their Rules of Faith and Practice.

27. Lending to the Lord.

"A gentleman called on Mr. Over one day, and placed in his hands a ten pound note, desiring him to give it to Mr. Huntington the first opportunity, but by no means to tell him who was the donor." Mr. O. went the next day to Cricklewood, and found the gardener with Mr. H. After the man had left, he observed, "Well, Mr. Over, what brings you here to-day? This is not my usual day to receive company." Mr. O. then gave him the bank note, and said, "You are not to know, Sir, from whom it comes." "Well," Mr. H. replied, "how marvellous is the providence of God! There is poor White just recovered from a fever that has afflicted him and all his family; I was about to give him two pounds, but, recollecting it *was all the money I had*, I resolved not to do so; but directly I had so thought, these words came to my mind, 'The liberal deviseth liberal things; and by liberal things shall he stand.' (Isaiah xxxii. 8.) I instantly gave him the money, little thinking that you stood at my elbow with five times the amount which God had sent me." *W. S., Gospel Standard, 1861.*

28. The Blessing from God, not from Man.

A Scotch gentleman, to whom Mr. H.'s writings had been much blessed, was for a long time very anxious to remove to London that he might attend his ministry, which he was at length able to do, and became his constant hearer for five years. If he placed too much confidence in him as a man, or in his gifts, it is not strange that he was disappointed, and declared that during all that period he did not remember *once* deriving any real profit. A certain severity in his manner much annoyed him, and prevented his hearing, even with pleasure, so that he could not discern the same spirit in the minister as in the author. After Mr. H.'s death, the good man found much benefit for several years from the ministry of Mr. Burrell.

29. Drunkenness and Death.

Mr. T. Young married one of Mr. H.'s sisters, and his brother Daniel Young married another. This was the man under whom, many years before, he began to learn gunmaking, as mentioned in his life, and that the business was ruined by his love of drink. He afterwards became a gamekeeper and was still a slave to the same propensity, which Mr. H. referred to in the following remarkable letter to his brother-in-law. This is *one* of the *very few letters now left, that have* NEVER YET BEEN PRINTED, and which we are glad to possess for insertion here. It is directed to "Mr. Thomas Young, Carpenter, Tenterden, Kent."

(No Date) Post Mark, June 29, 1790.

"Dear Brother and Sister,

"I received your letter and the Register of my age, (see page 2), and thank my brother for his trouble in procuring it; but am sorry to hear of the *life* of OLD DANIEL. Daniel will be the death of Tom, if Tom do not see *the death of him.*

"There is no happiness my dear friends, but in Christ Jesus, he is the *Fountain* of Life where a *man may drink* and forget his poverty and remember his misery no more; the spirit of love in a broken heart is the best new wine in the new bottle, both these "shall be *preserved,*" when thousands shall be dashed to pieces like a potter's vessel.

"This better banquet,—better part—and better portion, through matchless grace is *mine*: this flagon shall be supplied in endless bliss, when *those who add drunkenness to thirst.* (Deut. xxix. 19-20) *must beg water in hell.* O Dog! what has grace done for us? I look forward to death, the grave, the day of judgment, and to heavenly glory, with unutterable delight; and by the eye of faith, often see my carcass in a tomb, and my soul in heaven.

"This is living dog, Eccls. ix. 4; there is no man on earth whose *happiness* I envy, or whose *state* I covet; I know in whom I have believed: and am fully persuaded that He will keep that which I have committed to HIM against that day.

"The good work of God still prospers in the hands of the Coalheaver, this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in the eyes of many; but fool's must confound the wise, the base must debase the honourable. God will have it so, and the bond children must be content.

"Tender my love to Mr. Lloyd, Goudhurst friends, to Tom the elder, and Tom the junior, and accept the same,

"From a double Brother, in the double bond of the Brotherly covenant,

"W. HUNTINGTON.

"P.S. I will send you a pot of Spruce by Tye's waggon."

This Daniel Young used to stay at Mr. H.'s house, when business brought him to London, and sometimes he went there in a state of intoxication, this was the case on his last visit, and he was entertained in the kitchen. In the morning Mr. H. seriously reproved him, and on his leaving, gave him a new silk handkerchief for himself, and half a guinea for his wife and said, "Now mind, Daniel, and be sure you do not spend this, but give it to my Sister, or else *never see my face again.*" This he most faithfully promised to do,—but sad to relate, he was again, an easy victim to this besetting sin, and having procured drink on his way home into Kent, was found dead in a wood, *hanging by the same silk handkerchief.* Alike by nature, he had indeed cause to write as above, "What has grace done for us!" seeing its distinguishing character. "One taken" and employed in God's service, "the other left" under Satan's power;—one after a life of *faith*, favored with an abundant entrance to the heavenly kingdom;—the other closed a life of *depravity* with hopeless destruction. "Who maketh thee to differ from another?" 1 Cor. iv. 7.

30. A Guilty Conscience detected.

A man visited him, in apparently deep distress of soul, to whom he endeavoured to administer the consolations of the Gospel, but without any effect; for he repeatedly came, as distressed as ever, which much perplexed Mr. H., and he made it a matter of earnest prayer, and felt sure the Lord had answered him with some light into the case. So on his calling again, Mr. H. looked earnestly at him and said to this purpose, "Now my friend, I cannot understand this, you have often come to me thus, and I have set before you God's gracious promises for every broken-hearted sinner, and yet you cannot receive comfort from any. God's word is not spoken in vain, so I believe you have at some period in your life committed a great sin, which hitherto you have never confessed either to God or man, now look at me, and say is it not so?" The man's countenance fell: surprised and agitated, he at length said, "Well, Sir, you are right,—many years ago at an Election, I received a large *bribe* to vote opposite to the party to whom I had promised my support; this was bad enough, but I did *worse*, to hide this sin (for a scrutiny was demanded, and my vote was questioned). *I solemnly and deliberately swore that I had not received any bribe, and this I have never owned till now.*" "That explains all, then, for that would shut out all comfort,—may God give you true repentance and show you mercy if it be His will!" The poor man sank into deeper remorse, and grievous to relate, was left to commit his own destruction. None are safe but such as God upholds: yet there is the promise, "He that covereth his sins shall not prosper, but whoso confesseth and forsaketh them shall have mercy." Prov. xxviii. 13.

31. King George III., and the Royal Household.

It is worth notice, that one originally so obscure, should be raised up and qualified to preach to persons above the usual class of hearers of free grace truth; some of rank found pleasure in his ministry, his chapel being near a fashionable part of Regent Street, a few yards only, out of Portland Place. Several of the Royal household also were members of his church for years, among them, Mr. Saunders, the King's State Coachman; Mr. Hannah, Clerk of the Kitchen; the chief Carpenter at Windsor; Mr. Hunter, Keeper of the Observatory in Kew Gardens, and other servants from St. James's Palace. George IV. much respected Mr. Hannah, and made him Comptroller of the Household to Princess Charlotte. In reference to this, Mr. H. wrote to Jenkins.—

"May I boast? Shall I say most of the friends salute you, chiefly them of Cæsar's household, with Erastus the Chamberlain, and Quartus a Brother? No; but this I can say, one of the King's Household saluteth you; for I most certainly am a father to His Majesty's Clerk of the Kitchen; so that my bonds are manifest in one part of the palace at least (Phil. i. 13). Moreover, the——— of His Majesty's Lifeguards is also my son; so that my bonds are manifest in the King's stables also; and is it not promised that "Upon servants and handmaids will I pour out my spirit" (Joel ii. 29.) It is, and unto the poor the Gospel is preached. I have so many brethren of this sort I cannot reckon them up, and as the title of "poor" is coveted by none, I shall only subscribe myself one of that number." *G. V. II., No. 2.*

The following was told by one of the footmen,—that he was once reading a book of Mr. Huntington's when he was called away, and laid it down in some waiting room which the King had to pass through. On his return the book was gone, and His Majesty was observed reading it: after a few days it was replaced. The servant then left another, which was taken and returned in a similar manner, and so on several times. The King was

fond of religious books, and generally read a sermon to the Queen on Sunday evenings. He much valued J. Newton's Works, which were recommended to him by the Earl of Dartmouth, and often enquired of his old Coachman, the above-named Mr. Saunders, about Mr. Romaine's texts and how they were treated; he expressed his approbation, and said that it was better divinity than was to be heard in many places. This good man would, in consequence, place some of Mr. R.'s books on the seat of His Majesty's carriage, particularly his "Law and Gospel," and on one occasion, when he had omitted this, the King called out to him,—"Where is my book, Saunders?" This may account for the fact of the Princess Amelia being *often a hearer* at Providence Chapel; she was his favourite daughter; and there was some hope in her death, which occurred in Nov., 1810, at the age of 27, to His Majesty's great grief, and conducive, it was supposed, to another attack of insanity.

32. Settling Accounts.

During his latter years, he suffered much bodily affliction, which prevented his taking needful air and exercise, so that he grew stout, and this increased his ailment, and led him to seek relief from cupping, a remedy then much practiced and considered essential, but now as much condemned and cast aside. A physician once attended him for that purpose, and noticed a large velvet cushion in the corner of his bed-room, and asked Mr. H. the use of it; "Oh, that is where I settle my accounts every night, Sir," said he, "but perhaps you do not understand that." The same sentiment is often expressed in his letters, thus—

"When this meek and lowly, humble, and self-abasing frame dissolves and melts my soul, I am always alone, and every disquiet and interruption is a thief and a robber. At such times *I settle my accounts*, recount and confess all that is amiss; rehearse all His past favors with thanks; take my corruptions by the neck and leave them expiring at the foot of the Cross." *P. L.*, No. 492.

Again, "The life and soul of real religion is in being alone with God, and in seeking His face by humble prayer; and the little Cabin, and my own bed chamber at Cricklewood, are the favorite and consecrated spots for this business." *G. V.*, No. 88.

33. A Death with Sorrow.

Among the many events of his history, no reference is made to the death of his reputed father, mother, or of his wife, nor does any appear in his letters. Her name was Mary Short, she was by two years his senior, and it is said, her personal appearance engaged his affections. She was a native of Blandford, in Dorsetshire, where her friends followed some seafaring occupation. Their marriage took place in 1769: before his conversion. In 1778 he wrote to her parents:—

"We never lived so well nor so happy in our lives as now we live, in the enjoyment of a blessed Saviour, and have peace with our own consciences; we lived all our lifetime until within these six years, ignorant of Christ and always afraid of death and judgment, as you are; but now God hath given us repentance and a spiritual birth, and blessed, for ever blessed be God, He hath given us the knowledge of salvation by the forgiveness of our sins."

There is but one printed letter to her (*G. V.*, 16), commencing "Dear partner in life, and in covenant love, Grace be with thee;" he often alludes to her in his narratives, &c. with affection and as a Christian. It is in much sorrow, her death has to be recorded here, as one with very humilating circumstances and more painful reflections, having resulted from intemperance, both in eating and drinking. This sad and general report is confirmed by a servant now living, and also by the following incidents. A visitor at his

house some time after, said at dinner time, "Oh, Mr. Huntington, I have never heard you mention your late wife, nor have you ever given us any account of her end." This inadvertent remark so deeply affected him that he burst into tears, and without any reply, rose from the table and left the room. Moreover, enquiry was made of one, who well knew his youngest daughter Lois, (Mrs. Clarke) who said, he well remembered *her* being asked the same question, respecting her mother's life and death, when she also wept and made no answer. This must have been a most severe trial, and no wonder he did not name it, but would rather wish to hide such a grievous domestic wound. It seems that, like him, originally very poor, her mind and manners did not rise to the level of his improved position, nor as a minister's wife. She naturally enough, much disliked Lady S.'s frequent visits to the house, and her accompanying Mr. H. on his journeys. She was buried in Mr. Chapman's vault, in Petersham Churchyard, near Richmond, on Monday, Dec. 15th, 1806, but her name did not appear upon the tomb; she is entered in the burial Register of the Church as "Mrs. Mary Huntington, of Hendon, Middlesex." Mr. H. had often previously expected his own death, and interment there, for in 1796 he wrote "My eye and my heart are now fixed on Petersham Churchyard, and my tomb there," but directly after her funeral, for other reasons perhaps, besides the one stated, he changed his mind and within a few days wrote to Mr. Morris, to prepare him a vault near that of Mr. Jenkins, behind Jireh Chapel, saying, "That he had children enough in London to fill the vault at P——, who perhaps will not be able to convey themselves further off."—*P. L.*, No. 73. Most Christians feel that spiritual union surmounts natural ties. He once said, as in Mark x. 29, "I found my affections run after those poor souls I left at Ewell, and cherished *a greater love to them* than to my own family."—*K. H.* This spiritual affection does not weaken, much less set aside, the duties and claims of natural relationship. Very likely he preferred the Chapel ground, as more befitting a Dissenting Minister than a Churchyard, and where he could be buried in his own peculiar manner, as will be noticed hereafter.

34. A Brotherly Affection.

My grandfather, Mr. Jos. Morris, of Lewes, was dangerously ill with Typhus fever in October, 1807; his life was despaired of, as can be seen in a letter from Mr. Brook, inserted in the "Gospel Standard," Feb., 1850. Mr. H. remembered his failing to see his friend Blaker of Bolney, in Dec., 1804, for which purpose he left London by post, so early as to reach Crawley (30 miles) by nine o'clock, where on stopping to change horses, he accidentally heard of his death the day before, so turned back, breakfasted at Reigate, and reached home again. To Mr. M. he was most warmly attached, and to avoid a similar disappointment, determined to make an effort to see him. After administering the ordinance on Lord's-Day afternoon, Oct. 18th, he left Mr. Jenkins (who was staying at his house) to take the evening's service, and, in a carriage from the Chapel door, started off to Lewes, a distance of 54 miles: Lady S. accompanied him. They arrived between one and two in the morning. My Mother, then aged 14, was sitting up with the attendants, and her sister (Mrs. V.) was also seriously ill: the latter, who is still living, confirms this circumstance. They were all alarmed by a loud knocking, which, so unseasonable was supposed to be either in mischief or mistake. To their great surprise, the servant returned to the sick room, and announced "*That Mr. Huntington had come, and wished to see his friend.*" He was invited up stairs, and immediately entered into a long and spiritual conversation. My dear Mother with others, was a listener, and so felt his impressive and affectionate manner, and at that hour of the night, that she never forgot the solemn effect of this remarkable interview, but often

spoke of it. Mr. M. was quite given up by his medical men, but had been greatly blest in his soul, and was able freely and cheerfully to converse. Mr. H. felt such a spirit of prayer for his recovery that he "hoped against hope," and human appearances, that he would be spared: *and so it was*, for he lived a useful and eminently Christian life for 19 years, which ended Nov. 5th, 1826, at the age of 74. Truly, this was self-denial, constrained by the love of Christ, and in "swift obedience" to love of the brethren. How good and pleasant is such brotherly kindness and union of heart for Jesus' sake! I find a letter, dated Cricklewood, Oct. 22nd, 1807, from Miss Ann Jones, niece of Mr. Jenkins to Mr. Morris, in which she writes respecting this visit, "That her uncle feels great satisfaction at your being something better, and in a fair way of recovery, *since Sunday night, when "the Doctor" came to see you.* The horses are much tired. My Uncle earnestly intreats the Lord to spare your life, and hopes to come next week. The Doctor feels himself very stiff and tired still, but often says that *he is very glad that he has been.*"—Ed.

35. Funeral Sermons.

These he much disliked, as tending too often to extol the creature, and to please relations, rather than to exalt the grace of God. *Two only* are recorded, one for his early and constant friend James Baker, whose heart and purse had always been open for his help in time of need; he was an Ironmonger, in Oxford Street. In his old age he was poor, and Mr. H. requited his former kindness by receiving him and his wife at his house, and intended to be buried in the same place. He died in 1810, the text was, "Let the weak say I am strong." The other occasion was in the same year, for his friend Jenkins, at Lewes. He also prohibited in his Will, any oration at his own grave, or funeral sermon for himself.

36. The White Conduit.

"About the year 1811, the late celebrated William Huntington, S. S., the minister of Providence Chapel, who lived in a handsome house, within sight of the White Conduit, at Pentonville, was at the expense of cleaning the spring, for the use of the inhabitants, but, because his pulpit opinions were obnoxious, some of the neighbouring vulgar threw loads of soil upon it in the night, which rendered the water impure, and obstructed its channel, and finally ceasing to flow, the public were deprived of the kindness he proposed."

W. Hone's Year Book.

37. Tenderness of Spirit.

An old friend, who on visiting London was a guest at his house, and favored with much of his company, related that he has been with him in his study in the garden at Pentonville, when he was so absorbed in contemplation on Divine things, that the footman had to come several times to inform him of the time of worship being near, and the Coach in waiting; when he has seen him leave the study in tears, to go forth to proclaim the love of God, to his attached congregation. Thus he went from his closet to the pulpit, to divide the word of life, the sweetness of which he had so powerfully felt, "tasted and handled." In this heavenly communion consisted the savour with which he was enabled to speak *from the heart to the heart*, and "as a dying man to dying men." For while living there, two years only before his death, he enjoyed much in spirit; and age and infirmities fast increasing, assured him how near his end must be. This good man, Mr. B. C., of Petworth, lived to be near 100 years of age, the Editor's brother-in-law was his *intimate friend*, and preached his funeral sermon, Dec., 1866.

38. John Warburton's Interview.

In the Memoirs of this good man, there is a circumstantial account of his calling on Mr. H., a short time before his death, well worth notice. Mr. W. was a poor Baptist minister at Rochdale, and having derived much benefit from reading Mr. H.'s "Kingdom of Heaven," resolved if ever he was near, to inform him of it. Being in London, to collect for his Chapel, he determined with many fears to try and see him. He was admitted, and at first received with suspicious coolness: Mr. H. spoke in a tone of painful discouragement. However, the poor man in reply to the question, "What dost thou know of the love of God?" was able to give so good a reason of his hope that his heart was softened, they wept together, and after a long and profitable conversation, Mr. H. scraped up all the silver he had in a table-drawer and gave to him for his family, offered a hearty shake of the hand, and bade him farewell, with an affectionate blessing.

39. His Integrity.

"About 25 years ago we were travelling to London, and inside the coach casually fell into conversation with a well-dressed, chatty old gentleman, when soon the subject of religion came up. He was evidently a stranger himself to personal godliness; but seeing, perhaps, how the land lay with his fellow-traveller, said rather abruptly, 'Did you know the celebrated Mr. Huntington, the walking Bible, as he was called?' The answer was, 'No, I am too young for that.' 'Well, then, I did; for I was his lawyer;' and, after speaking most highly of him for his uprightness and integrity, added, 'I will give you an instance of it: I went to him one day, and said to him, Sir, you are aware that Miss Sanderson has a good deal of property, and as she attends your chapel, and there are many young men there who might be looking after her, would it not be desirable to tie up her money, and settle it upon her in such a way that it could not be touched?' 'Yes,' he said, 'do so, by all means; and now that we are about it, tie up Lady Sanderson's in the same way, that I may not touch a shilling of it.' This anecdote we give just as we heard it from the gentleman's own lips, whom we never saw before nor since, but who was evidently well acquainted with Mr. Huntington, and showed us his gold seal, with the initials 'W. H.' upon it, which he wore, out of respect to his memory, attached to the chain of his watch. If this be true, and we see no reason to doubt it, was it the action of a knave?"

J. C. P. in Gospel Standard, 1856.

40. Dr. Southey's Malignant Review.

This appeared in "The Quarterly" for April, 1821, No. XLVIII. Though written in the elegant and powerful style of this great author, a more spiteful, ignorant, and false article could hardly have been concocted. It manifests throughout the same enmity to vital religion, that is seen in his other Biographies. In his "Life of Cowper," he lost no opportunity to depreciate and abuse John Newton, contrary to fact; he called the excellent John Berridge, the Vicar of Everton, "a buffoon as well as fanatic;" and as one truly wrote, "When Southey undertook to write 'the Life of Wesley,' he was ignorant both of the men and the subject he handled." He hated the Methodists, and was unsparing in his attacks on them. This called forth "A Defence of Wesley," by the Rev. Richard Watson, who, with truth on

his side, exposed the injustice of his sentiments and held them up to contempt, administering at the same time so severe, indignant, but well-deserved a castigation, that must have been most humiliating to Southey. When George IV. read it, he pitied his defeat repeatedly exclaiming, "Oh, my poor Poet Laureate! my poor Poet Laureate!" This Review of Mr. H. and his works is but little known among his friends, but had, no doubt, great influence in creating a false judgment and prejudice against him. We have carefully read it, and can fully endorse the following just remarks of Mr. Philpot in reference thereto:—

"But of all writers who have labored most to blacken the reputation of Huntington and hold him up to disgrace and contempt, none have approached Southey, who in an elaborate Essay of nearly 50 pages, has done all that malice and ingenuity combined could effect to stamp him as a KNAVE, AN IMPOSTOR, AND A HYPOCRITE. It was from reading it many years ago, that our *first favorable impressions* of Mr. H. were derived; it would not be profitable to our readers to make any extracts from it, though it might sometimes horrify, sometimes disgust, and sometimes almost amuse them, to see how awfully this hack writer, in his pride and ignorance, comments upon the extracts which he gives of an experience which he is compelled to confess "bears the genuine stamp of passion and truth." Yet such is the power of truth, and so conspicuous and undeniable were the abilities and influence of that eminent servant of God, that, with an apology to his readers for the admission, the Reviewer is compelled to say, "that he was useful to others cannot be denied, and ought not to be dissembled." He speaks also of "the real talent which he possessed, and his occasional felicity as well as command of language." Hard words are easily written; but is it not unpardonable to make such accusations without there being a tittle of evidence to prove them true? A "knave" is a cheat, a swindler, a villain without principle or shame, who pursues a course of roguery, and by craft and design robs the simple of their property. In what one instance did Mr. Huntington do this? Can a man be a knave for 40 or 50 years, and go to his grave honoured and deeply lamented by hundreds of the very persons among whom he spent his days,—his dupes, as his calumniators would call them? Should not some of his base actions come to light before now? And if his people supported him liberally, was there any more knavery in that than in Mr. Southey's taking £50 of Mr. Murray to cut him up in a slashing article?" *Gospel Standard, 1856, p. 252.*

Against his will he is obliged to own the excellence of some qualities in Mr. H., and in one place says, "he wrote with such kindness as might make one for a time forget his faults:" owns "that Christianity even preached as he says, with much that was questionable and erroneous, and in spite of his gross *personal faults and perilous Antinomianism* undoubtedly produced much good," but adds the unworthy sneer, that "he may have folded neglected sheep for the sake of their wool." Though he gives many quotations from his writings, of the spirit of which he is totally ignorant, yet presumes to condemn, he had candour sufficient to admit, "That the manner in which he writes of his increasing infirmities, and comforts his best and most attached friends, who like himself were breaking down under the weight of years is characteristic and sometimes beautiful." His statements and epithets carry their own evidence of malignity, that it is not worth while to controvert them, which the least acquaintance with Mr. H.'s character and spirit could most easily accomplish. For instance, he owns nothing of God's Grace in his conversion, and falsely attributes "his preaching to strong natural talents and a desire for an easier way of life than manual labor; and his love of the Bible, less for seeking comfort and salvation than to store his memory with texts for that purpose." p. 477. He imputes to him base and most dishonorable motives, and hesitates not to question the *veracity of his narratives;* this is shameful, for no man could ever write with more transparent honesty of heart, and freedom from dissimulation. No *one* circumstance has ever been

shown to be erroneous or exaggerated. Were it possible to detect any deception, many were too ready to have exposed it, but no such attempt even was ever made.

As an Author he commends "his language as remarkably free from those inaccuracies which might have been expected in one so totally uneducated; it is plain, straight-forward idiomatic English; and therefore when the matter is of any value, it has a vigour and a manliness, which can never be attained by any artifices of composition;" but his next statement is palpably untrue, "that there his merits as a writer end: *few proofs of thought are given, fewer still of* FEELING," for all must acknowledge that they abound in evidence of both.

41. False Prophecies.

In attacking the errors of his day, among others Mr. H. ably exposed the silly pretensions of those ignorant prophets, by whom many of all classes at that time, were deluded, viz.: RICHARD BROTHERS: and WILLIAM BEST, the Shoreditch prophet, who died in 1805—yet he himself was not always a *true one*, when he ventured on that dangerous ground; some failures were obvious. His views of scripture prophecy have been found correct, and still are deserving of regard. The singular Epitaph, which is still upon his tomb, contains this sentence:—"THAT ENGLAND AND ITS METROPOLIS SHALL KNOW THAT THERE HATH BEEN A PROPHET AMONG THEM." It was true, in his character of a "teacher" of Divine Truth and a Minister of the Gospel, but *not* in his predictions. Among many instances, in a fast-day sermon from Isaiah xliii. 3., "I gave Egypt for thy ransom, &c." he said that the Church of God was chiefly in this land, that he did not believe what was said of religion in America, &c., and that God would protect this country. Alluding to the French troops destined for the invasion of England, which with Buonaparte had just gone to Egypt, he predicted in the most positive manner, "*that* NOT ONE MAN *of that army* NOR ITS COMMANDER *would ever again set foot in France;*"—but they *did return*, and Napoleon flourished, a terror to Europe for many years afterwards. On another occasion, he spoke of "the time, times, and a half" as signifying *three years and a half* and prophesied that within that short period, "Toleration in England would *cease*, and Popery flourish and have dominion." He once wrote, "Our poor dear King is very ill: *when he goes, no more tolerations for us*, the Papists will come into power." Instead of this, there has been greater toleration since then than ever. His politics, it is certain, too much influenced such prophecies; but so boldly did he venture to pronounce them, that he actually "defied Time itself to make him a false prophet." However, *Time accepted his challenge* and by very *slow* arguments, vulgarly called, minutes, hours, days, and years, convicted "the Coalheaver" of some glaring errors in this assumed province, and we may rejoice and be thankful for Time's Victory. In this he "stretched himself beyond his measure," for we know that just before His Ascension "Jesus taught his immediate Apostles:" "It is not for *you to know the times and the seasons*, which the Father hath put in His own power." Acts i. 7.

42. His Personal Appearance and Portrait.

Mr. Huntington was a tall, robust man, about five feet ten, but on first coming to London he was slight and thin. The general cast of his countenance was stern, and though at times he was cheerful, his friends say that the expression was not one of felicity or contentment. He possessed a real vein of

humour, which, if at times offensive, he could in some companies innocently indulge and impart much vivacity. He wore a short cropped black wig, low in front, and too much covering a well-formed forehead; his face was reddish; his eyes light blue.

With a commanding manner he walked very upright, a deportment seldom attained after toil in early life, and especially such heavy drudgery as his last employment of coal carrying. Latterly he wore no collar to his coat, and surmounted his wig with the slouched three-cornered hat of a cleric, which gave him a dignified appearance, and in keeping with his self-assumed title of "The Doctor," which his friends too vainly perpetuated. He often signed his letters so (I have but one with his name in full). Many persons waited to see him leave the chapel and walk up the front yard to his carriage, some out of respect, but more from curiosity, for he was in his day a London celebrity. He generally came attended by some friends, Bensley, Goulding, and others.

The portrait of him at the age of 58, by D. Pellegrini, an eminent Italian artist, is acknowledged by all that knew him to be very correct and expressive; ninety guineas was paid for the painting; Mr. H. positively refused to spare time to sit for more than one, but the artist, urged by his friends, craftily obtained sittings for *three* pictures. The excellent large engraving by Godby is well known. This painting, at first the property of Mr. S. Berry, a perfumer in Oxford Street, came into the possession of Mr. Stevens, and by him was offered to, and accepted by the Government, so that it can easily be seen at the National Portrait Gallery. It represents Mr. H. in a good position, looking up as he pauses from letter writing, the work in which he excelled and that engaged so much of his time; his left hand resting on the sheet of paper just commenced, while his right hand holds the pen: the inevitable snuff-box by his side. He had this motto engraved under his first portrait, "THE ROOT OF THE MATTER IS FOUND IN ME." Job. xix. 28.

CHAPTER III.

His Chapels and the Services.

"But I certify you, brethren, that the Gospel which was preached of me is not after man; for I neither received it of man, neither was I taught it, but by the revelation of Jesus Christ."
Gal. I. 11.12.

Old Providence Chapel, Titchfield Street.

AFTER he had been, as he states, "*without fee or reward*, preaching among the inhabitants of Thames Ditton for six years successively, and seldom went a day to prayer dry-eyed before God during that whole time," he was invited to London, in fulfilment, as he considered, of a dream that he should not *continue* in the country, but was to "prophesy in the thick boughs," Ezek. xxxi. 3; this he interpreted to mean *to a large congregation in the Metropolis*. He supplied at a Chapel in Margaret Street, near the east end of Oxford Street (where now is the highest Ritualistic Church in London), preferring to live at Ditton, a distance of only 12 miles, and came up for the Sundays. Here he faithfully declared the truth he had received in power. Being anxious in his usual independent spirit to possess

a chapel of his own, he hired ground of the Duke of Portland's estate, in Titchfield Street, at £47 per annum, and built "PROVIDENCE CHAPEL," bearing himself the responsibility. His friends liberally aided its erection, which was soon completed. Not merely to oppose errors, but that the Gospel preached there might be "the power of God unto the salvation" of the lost, we admire his fervent prayer:—

"Oh Lord, whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, much less the little house which we have built, make it a blessing to thousands! Direct the steps of sabbath-breakers, blasphemers, and the basest of mortals to tread its floors; let sovereign grace and dying love be displayed in their greatest power, and in their fullest *latitude*, and grant that when Thou writest up the people it may be said of millions, "That this and that man was born of God there?"—*Last Will.*

The elevation by which a few years later, he obtained room for an overflowing congregation, was a strange contrivance and looked singular, but even for this, he aptly quotes a scripture: "Building our stories in the heavens," Amos ix. 6. His ignorance of business (which could hardly be wondered at from his former pursuits) is seen in a loose contract for £400, running to an expense of £1,230, causing him vexation and burden, and a strain on the generosity of his friends to liquidate it. He describes, moreover, how his good-nature was often shamefully imposed upon, once, even on a Lord's-day morning, being swindled out of money, in hand for the builder, by an artful professor of religion and false friend, who deceived him with a wrong promissory note at the Evening service. The Chapel after the addition of the second gallery held near 2,000 persons, and the free seats at first allotted to the poor were afterwards enclosed and let, to meet applications, which caused some reproach: the income therefore must have been large.

How much he labored in spirit, word, and doctrine to magnify his office, is proved by his custom in spending a great part of his time, *both days and nights* in a small room behind the chapel, which he called "THE CABIN:" those words were inscribed in gilt letters over the door; here he gave himself wholly to study and preparation for his work, free from visitors and domestic interruptions. He went there early on Saturday morning, and had rooms in a house adjoining in Riding-house Lane, where the chapel keeper prepared his meals; here he slept and also retired, during the intervals of worship on the Lord's-day. Monday he devoted to correspondence and other writing, the benefit of which succeeding generations have acknowledged, and future ones will own. Often did he transcribe for the spiritual edification of absent friends, the outline of his Sabbath discourses, the savour of which still rested on his spirit. For this, to him delightful employment, he habitually rose very early, so that several of his letters commence "The Cabin, Monday or Tuesday morning, four o'clock;" some thus, "On Board the Providence." He preached again on Monday evening: on Tuesday, visited his friends or sick hearers; heard Romaine while he lived; then dined with some friend and preached his City lecture in a Chapel in Grub Street, at first in Monkwell Street; he would generally stay at Providence Chapel, being nearer, preach there again on Wednesday evening, and return home then or Thursday morning. The distance of his residence at Cricklewood, and to avoid the night-air after preaching, accounts for his preferring this plan, which was varied according to weather and other engagements. In such constant meditation, 1 Tim. iv. 15, is seen as a means, the source and element of his spiritual strength, and wonderful knowledge of the Word and Truth of God, wherein he so diligently labored and was first partaker of the fruits, that his own soul was watered from the fountain of life, that he might water others. Thus, for nearly forty years his ministry was fresh and powerful, honored with many seals, both in conversion, and instruction in righteousness. His knowledge of the Scriptures was so great, that in London he was called

"THE WALKING BIBLE," and his aptness attributed to memory, in learning Cruden's Concordance: but that could not be, it was a spiritual flow, without mental effort. His health suffered much from incessant labor, continual confinement, and want of exercise. He thus alludes to the pleasures of retirement, in a letter to an early friend:—

"I am here in my *little Cabin at the Chapel, day and night*, and no spot so sacred and so highly esteemed by me as this,—it is to me, Bethel,—Mount Tabor, —the hill Mizar. Many a heavy load have I cast off here, and many a heavenly ray, many a sweet foretaste of better days have I had in this little cot."

We now come to a remarkable event in the history of this place of worship, of which we have never seen any published account, beyond some slight allusions in his printed letters, viz. *its entire destruction by fire, on Friday Evening, 13th July*, 1810. There was something mysterious in its igniting, which occurred in the *day time* from some houses that were burning at a considerable distance. Mr. H.'s nephew Thomas Young, a carpenter employed on the farm, was at the time doing some work inside, and saw the flames catch the top (the elevation wherein probably was a skylight or some wood-work), which could not be got at, so he observed the fire rapidly descend through the galleries. This was a serious loss, as it was not insured. By an indenture of the previous 17th January only, he had placed it in trust for the congregation, reserving by his will an annuity from the income for some of his children. Often had his opponents and the enemies of religion wished for such a conflagration, and profane crowds around the smoking ruins exulted in its accomplishment, *regretting that the preacher and his people were not in it.* Some regarded this as a judgment for his having recently in preaching, alluded to the destruction of some Theatre as a rebuke to the lovers of pleasure, and others for his having appropriated the free sittings. It had caught fire twice before, which was soon extinguished.

Attached as Mr. H. was to the Chapel, which he felt God had provided for him, and where *for* 27 *years* he had successfully labored, and spent so much of his time, he could but deeply feel this heavy blow. Some would like to know how he *received the sad intelligence*, the particulars of which we are able to state, as narrated by the said Thomas Young himself to an aged friend, who communicated them to the Editor, and gave him at the same time a copy of the original unpublished letter to Mr. T. Y., Sen., at page 16. As soon as possible, his nephew procured a horse and set off to Cricklewood, about five miles distance, and in breathless excitement entered the room where Mr. H. and Lady Sanderson were. Unable to speak, he sat down, and Mr. H. in his usual cheerfulness asked, "Why Tom, what's the matter? Is your wife dead?" (he had been lately married). "Oh No, Sir! wait a bit and I'll tell you." Presently Mr. H. asked again, "What is all this about?" "Oh Sir," said he, "*Your Chapel is burned down to the ground!*" On hearing this, Mr. H. spoke not a word, but Lady S. jumped up and ran about the room, exclaiming in an excited manner, "Oh dear! Oh dear! what shall we do?" Mr. H. tried to compose her, saying "Now do be quiet, what's the use of all this to do, sit down, *we are not Bankrupt yet, nor our God either.*" Then, turning to the messenger, he said, "Well Tom, God gave Ziklag to David, and he took it away by fire, He also gave me Providence Chapel, and has seen fit to take that also away by fire; I must not complain, for it is His doing."

The following extract from a letter to Mr. Beeman, a few weeks afterwards, expresses his feelings under this event:—

August 9th, 1810.

"Hope and her anchor are both within the vail, and therefore far enough above brick walls and deal boards. The man after God's own heart lost Ziklag by fire, and Job the best saint in all the East lost both sheep and shepherds by a fire from heaven; then *what may not a despicable, sinful Coalheaver expect?* My God has

not suffered my mind to be moved, nor one moment's sleep to depart from my eyes on account of the chapel. "God satisfieth the desire of every living thing" (Psal. cxlv. 16). Numbers have long wished and *expressed their wish, that the Chapel might be burnt down*, and God has fulfilled their desires. But will He not *much more* fulfil ours? Not a few have heard me as long as they could, till, having received their sentence, they are become desperate. Such have but one sort of food, namely, "Except we eat of their flesh we cannot be satisfied." The burning of the Chapel was not sufficient, they lamented aloud, because we were not *in* the place when the fire began. The triumph of these will be but for a moment." *P. L. 456.*

As to the remarks that were so freely made, both by professors and profane, over this calamity, it was not more than could be expected, seeing how severely *he* had condemned others; and his proneness to irritation at those triumphs must have been subdued by the remembrance of his own unsparing denunciations. Unfeeling and unjust as those remarks were, any one at all familiar with the tone and spirit of some of his writings, could assume *what he would have said* had a similar misfortune befallen the chapel, of any of his opponents; for instance, had it been "SURREY CHAPEL" the noted "Round House" of his bitter antagonist Rowland Hill, or the neighbouring "TABERNACLE" in Tottenham Court Road, supplied by Joss, Priestley, and the many Evangelicals against whom he had sent many a galling shot, there might probably have been the verdict pronounced of "Fire coming down from Heaven to consume their temples, desecrated with error and false doctrine." Herein he greatly erred; the *same calamities* fell on his own people, as on others, but were interpreted according to his partiality or dislike. It were wiser to adopt the sentiment expressed in a poem where gross error with sound truth is mingled.

> "Let not *my* weak unknowing hand, Presume Thy bolts to throw,
> And deal damnation round the land, On all *I* judge thy foe."

Some judgments are plain, and speak with a voice none can misunderstand, similar to some solemn ones he described in "The Naked Bow," where several were cut off as a warning, in wilful enmity to, and against their own convictions of the Truth, according to Job xxxiv. 26. "He striketh them as wicked men in the open sight of others." Such as those,

> "Sent for man's instruction, bring
> A written label on their wing:
> We cannot read amiss."

But it must be wrong to apply them, as it was known he afterwards did, to merely *personal* opponents. This is a province utterly beyond human knowledge. "Be still and know that I am GOD," directs the sufferer to a safer refuge; His grace can preserve, as it did Job, from *rebellion* under sorest trial, lest we "charge God foolishly;" from *hardness*, lest we "despise His chastening;" from *weakness*, lest we "faint when rebuked of Him," and from the *presumption* of arrogating judgment; for

> "'Tis not for *us with rash surmise*,
> To point the judgments of the skies."

A calamity so unusual would naturally much affect Mr. H., and it constrained him to keep *quite alone for several days*, to hide his feelings from others, that he might hear the voice of this rod, and enquire the meaning of so dark a providence. We have an anecdote in minute detail of a stranger forcing an interview with him in this time of seclusion, and offering to *rebuild the Chapel*, or one elsewhere, even if it cost £10,000; but that Mr. H. refused it, and accepted £1,000, with £1,000 of his own, towards a new one. This was a confidential and private favor, but as it is not confirmed and some have questioned it, is withheld. Several (among whom was Dr. Lightfoot, afterwards of Balham Hill) gave £500 each.

He made the loss of the Chapel no excuse for forsaking his much-loved work, so that on the following Sunday we find him preaching at Richmond, where a friend *now living* heard him; his text was these suitable words, "What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." John xiii. 7. His friends seldom like to refer to this calamity, and some, otherwise familiar with his life, scarcely know of it. He preached at several of his usual places in the country for more than a month, where many gained the benefit; having made no provision for his London hearers, they were scattered to various places of worship. He thus described his return to his flock and first sermon.

August, 1810.

"Thine epistle came safe, when I was pondering over the dreary way, and the thorny paths that have appeared in my pilgrimage. One place I built at Worplesdon in Surrey, *that* they took from me; another at Woking, they robbed me of *that* also; I built another at Sunbury in Middlesex, and they turned me out of *that;* and this has been set on fire twice and *now burnt down;*—but none of these things move me, the offence of the cross is not ceased, the life of Christ and the cross are inseparable,—NO LIFE! NO CROSS! The only place that will admit us is Grub Street. Last Tuesday my friends agreed for that, and the report of this so spread in two days that more than 2,000 attended, and some *hundreds could not get in.* This was the first time they heard me since the fire, and their wishful looks, their glee, and the sympathy of their countenances put me to the test. I longed for Joseph's weeping apartment, for I had hard work to refrain and conceal. But I swallowed, and shunned every pathetic expression, and by breaking out into a fiery zeal I soared above it. I admire the *Lamb in the closet, but the Lion best becomes the pulpit.* I concluded when the fire happened, that God intended it to drive me into the country, either into the North, or into Suffolk or Ely, for it matters not to me where. God is my Rest, Refuge, and Dwelling place, and if I feel Him I am at home, go where I may. The people had heard of this, and made great lamentation, having fasted a whole month.....But my dwelling is still to be where Satan's seat is (London), in the midst of "those that would swallow me up whole as the grave, and alive as those that go down into the pit....."

G. V. II. 142.

His congregations continued as large and overflowing, and all the services being of necessity held in the City, attracted strangers, and was more convenient to many. He very much disliked it, and was excessively annoyed by the noise of Sunday trading, the loud cries of dealers in fish, &c., were heard in the Chapel, which was in a populous and low neighbourhood, leading out of Fore Street, Cripplegate. A hearer there, remembers his being once so interrupted during his sermon, by this bawling, that he paused and in an angry tone exclaimed, "*A man might almost as well try to preach in the belly of Hell, as in all this uproar and confusion.*" He thus wrote:—

Oct. 22nd.

"I am now preaching in a place most disagreeable to me, the way of access and every thing belonging to it is unpleasant. Yet there I am fixed and there I must abide; and by the continual and various exercises which I pass under previous to my preaching, and the uncommon zeal and energy with which I am influenced in the work, especially on the Lord's Day, convince and assure me that God has a work to do in that place; and I suspect that the old Chapel was burnt down in order to remove the camp to another spot, where more work and a fresh soil to work upon, may produce such fruit as shall in due time make this manifest. But we are called to watch and to wait, and if the Lord's footsteps were always plain, we should follow by sight and not by faith. When I have His presence I am at home, I am full, I am rich, I abound, I am contented, let other matters go how they may. But when this is not the case, I have no dwelling, nor resting place, and "That which is wanting cannot be numbered."

Ever yours,

THE COALHEAVER."

P. L. 409.

New Providence Chapel, Gray's Inn Lane.

His people were evidently more anxious than himself for a new Chapel, which was a hazardous enterprise considering his age (near 66) and shattered constitution; and far from advisable, to undertake as he did, so much personal responsibility and care. He wrote in August, 1810, "We are all in motion, some looking out for a spot of ground, some bringing their offerings, others wishing the glory of the latter house may exceed the glory of the former; but it is to bear *the same name*, for though we have no Chapel but in imagination, yet Providence still exists." He then thinks of buying a piece of a garden in Portland Place likely to be sold, "which will no doubt be an eyesore to the great." There was no difficulty in getting rid of the lease of the old ground, as the loss fell on the congregation alone, though he was really the tenant. There were good reasons for preferring another situation, the former space was very contracted, the neighbourhood confined, the building hidden, and not very accessible. However, soon after, the site in Gray's Inn Lane, near the end of Guildford Street, was taken of Lord Calthorpe, at a ground rent of £120 per annum. It had been a cow yard and a pond there, so that the soil was rotten and low, and they had to go so deep for a foundation that it was said, there was as much brick work *below the level* as above: rooms for residence were therefore built under the Chapel, which much increased the expense. The walls were four feet high by Dec. 14, and fortunately the winter was remarkably mild, that the work went on rapidly. His nephew was one of the builders: we hear of *no architect*, and a plainer square building could scarcely be,—though substantial and large. As before, there was but little regard to economy or style, when we look at the structure, a thorough Nonconformist Meeting House of the "Brick Barn" order, and find that the *enormous sum of* £10,000 *was expended!* Two houses and shops were built on part of the frontage, Nos. 226-7, two of his grand-daughters now reside in one. The Chapel stands well removed from the road, with a fore court of perhaps 25 yards; it is quite detached with convenient offices, vestry, &c., and a back entrance from Gough Street. He alluded to his anxieties amidst the "bricks and mortar," but it was expeditiously done, no time being required for ornamental finishing, that it was ready for opening in the short space of *six months* from its commencement, unusual in that slow period; and he preached the First Sermon there on Thursday, June 20th, 1811, which he afterwards published under the title of "THE GLORY OF THE LATTER HOUSE;" and the first Lord's day services, were held on the 23rd.

The new building aroused the envious indignation of his enemies, annoyed at the zeal of his friends, who came forward so liberally in the work, that as Mr. S. states, he heard him say on the *second or third time* of preaching in it, that *the Chapel itself was paid for*. This shews their attachment to him, and what love can do, for it was no small sum to raise in those days of heavy taxation. On July 15th, three weeks only after the opening, he informed a friend that "Old Providence Chapel cost £3,000 and we have now more than £6,120 subscribed for the new one." It is worthy of notice, in contradistinction to the modes of raising funds now in fashion in the religious *world*, that he prohibited his friends from *soliciting contributions of any person that did not attend his ministry, and even returned money that such had given*, proving his independence of spirit, and with what confidence he could rely on his own congregation; indeed, not having been friendly, but antagonistic to other sections of the Church, he could not consistently ask their aid, even had he been *willing*, or *needed* it; he professed to look to the Lord to provide, and therefore disdained the usual money-getting schemes, seeking only the free-will-offerings of those that valued his ministry, and were willing to impart of their substance in return. In Feb., 1812, he writes "that he had already

paid bills amounting to £8,600, and that £1,800 more were wanting, which would no doubt be subscribed within a few days," this was for out-buildings, fences, &c. He often alluded with grateful exultation to the crowds that attended the New Chapel, showing that his popularity continued to the end, and there is reason to believe with undiminished usefulness and power, for he wrote:—

Nov. 1811.

"Our Chapel is amazingly filled, without an organ—without fine singing—and without schools—*Christ, all in all needs no addition.* The finished work of the cross is all sufficient, so that our glory is their offence. The condescension of my Saviour is a wonder to me;—my labours appear to be more blessed among the people in the New Chapel, than they ever were before. I believe not less than seven have by the manifestation of Divine Love quitted their bonds; so that the old cow-pond is become both the wedding chamber and the nursery, and the banquetting house to many." Again :—

July, 1812.

"I think I never had the success that I have had in this place, so that I may say that I bring forth fruit in old age, to shew that the Lord is upright. Yet, I have many infirmities, cough, rheumatism, and the gravel in my loins, that it is with difficulty I can walk or stand upright." *P. L., Nos. 157 and 463.*

His health thus was fast failing; he only lived about two years after the opening, and during that time was often laid aside by illness, sometimes for a month together; so that probably he did not occupy the pulpit of the Chapel, raised at such expense by his attached friends, for more than about 80 *Lord's days* altogether. It would appear, looking to its subsequent disgrace and failure that to have continued to rent a Chapel would have been more prudent, and spared himself much anxiety; for this building was for many years the cause of great scandal to religion by the Chancery Suit which preceded its eventual loss; but all human arrangements must be uncertain, none knowing what a day may bring forth, yet *many souls were born there and numbers blessed,* to the glory of God, which alone was worth seeking. None can deny an overruling Providence, as much *in its downfall as in its rise.* The future history of the cause and of the building may hereafter be referred to.

The Services.

Mr. H.'s talent as an Author is well-known, but there are few now living after a period of nearly sixty years, who can remember him as a Preacher. Without doubt he was called and qualified by God to *a great, necessary, and special work in the Church in his day,* and notwithstanding some errors and faults, faithfully did he "make full proof of his ministry," and, as a workman that needed not be ashamed, rightly divided to sinner and to saint, the words of eternal life. He was eminent for rich and deep experience, —a courageous exposure of false doctrine and empty profession—set forth the necessity of vital religion in union to Christ,—and the deception of merely natural piety and trust in one's own works,—also in a clear discrimination of character, so that none could hear him, without knowing their state, and the path they were in, in the various stages of religious life. "As God's mouth he took forth the precious from the vile." Jer. xv. 19. His published sermons were written by himself, *after delivery,* at an interval sometimes of months, so that with many divisions, he often expanded the ideas into a tedious prolixity, and while lacking the warmth of extempore expression, they had not the style or vivacity of his letters. There were then but few short-hand reports of sermons, now so common, which would have given a correct idea of his language. "In labour he was abundant," regularly preaching *five sermons of unusual length every week* in London, besides occasional engagements near, at Richmond, Horselydown, &c.: so that "with good will he did service as to the Lord and not to man." When in the country his labors were excessive, he once mentions "preaching *thirteen times in nine days,*" Saturday

evening not excepted (*G. V. II.* 71) and nearly as many on other occasions. The services were held in his own Chapel on Lord's day morning at eleven, in the evening at six, and on Monday and Wednesday evenings at seven: on Tuesday evening in the "City Chapel." The following accurate description of him and his congregation, is chiefly written by an ardent admirer, an esteemed Clergyman now living, who regularly attended "NEW PROVIDENCE" during the two years preceding his death, and cannot fail to interest all that respect his memory, or appreciate these reminiscences.

"Only those who heard him preach can have any idea of the greatness of his mind in spiritual things, or can ever feel what *those* felt who heard the glorious truths of the Gospel from his own lips, for "his doctrine dropped as the rain and distilled as the dew." I shall never forget the impression I received under the first sermon I heard from him, I could only weep and pray; for at that time I knew nothing of the Lord Jesus Christ, but I felt an inexpressible awe, as if on hallowed ground, as if the Lord was there, and that it was "the House of God and the Gate of Heaven." His valuable and extensive writings give a faint idea of this truly wonderful and holy man, but his power as a Preacher was seldom equalled, if ever surpassed; he spoke evidently *not his own words* and thoughts, but as taught of the Holy Spirit.

The congregation began to assemble long before the time, and nearly a hundred persons would be waiting at the three entrances before the doors opened, which was half an hour before the services began; the people then came pouring in, and upwards of fifty carriages and hackney coaches drove up till the last minute. (Was the Fourth Commandment *forgotten here?*) A quarter of an hour *before the appointed time* the Chapel appeared *quite full.* All were obliged to go so early to secure their seats, and they generally employed the interval in reading the Scriptures, Hart's Hymns, or Mr. H.'s publications; some appeared in deep meditation and prayer, others were quietly conversing of the things of God—the whole congregation seemed like "a people prepared for the Lord." Luke i. 17. The aisles, &c. were also generally crowded by the time of commencement.

The Chapel was large and square, having a deep gallery all round—the pulpit standing near the vestry, which was underneath the hinder gallery, from which a door opened to a flight of stairs into the pulpit, so that the Minister had no occasion to pass through any of the congregation, and no one could speak to him in going up and down. When the man of God entered, all was silence, attention and devotion; he ascended the stairs alone, and shut the pulpit door himself—he then privately prayed to God, and sat down, while "the eyes of all those present were fastened on him." Luke iv. 20. When at the old Chapel he used to carry up a large bulky Bible, and afterwards a lesser one, and used glasses in referring thereto. Latterly he did not have one in the pulpit at all. The service began by the old clerk giving out a hymn: they used none but HART'S, till after the clerk's death, when his son frequently in the evening introduced one of Dr. Watts's—they were sung slowly to old tunes. Mr. H. appeared to *tolerate* rather than to *approve* the singing, for he never joined the least in the hymns, but sat as still as a statue, motionless and silent, with his eyes directed downwards, as if in deep contemplation. Strangers might suppose that this was from extreme bashfulness, or fear that the sight of so many faces upon him would confuse him, and for that reason *never took the least glance at his hearers;* but it was not so, for he invariably did the same, and yet was no way confused in prayer or preaching, but for the purpose of meditation, and to prevent any dissipation of mind from the solemn view of his subject. He continued thus till *a repeat* in the last two lines gave him the signal to rise; and when the hymn concluded, the vast congregation, as one man rose also, for *vice versa* to modern dissenting congregations, *they sat to singing and stood to prayer.* He looked very grave and solemn, almost severe; those that saw him can never forget it, but have him vividly before the mind for years after, even till now. His custom was to pray with his eyes fixed, looking upward, after the manner of our dear Lord. John xvii. 1. His prayers were as special addresses to the Father, as a man speaking to his friend, and *almost entirely in the words of Scripture,*—one passage after the other flowing out in confession, supplication, or thanksgiving; he frequently used these words, "If it please the Divine Majesty."

Having no Bible latterly, he read no chapter, and had no lights in the pulpit, yet was *never known to make a mistake in his text*, which he repeated twice verbatim; he was never at a loss in quoting scriptures, and always gave *the book, chapter, and verse*, for no man probably was ever better acquainted with the Word of God. The people manifested such deep devotion, that they seemed to hang upon his words: after he had spoken for about ten minutes, he made a pause, which relieved the attention, and gave opportunity to cough, &c.; a general sound was heard throughout the Chapel as of approval, which was succeeded by profound silence, and the great preacher went on again. Having taken his text, he proceeded directly to his object, and never deviated from the course he set out, except an occasional digression or word of rebuke, such as "Wake that man!" "Take care of your pockets!" and once to Mr. Howells, a clergyman, sitting below him, "And what are you laughing at?" Mr. H. calmly replied, "*I smile Sir, with approbation at your discourse*," "Oh, very well," said the Minister, and proceeded (the Editor's Father heard this). Once when a man turned his head to look at the dial in front of the gallery, he said, "*We do not preach here by the hour!*" His command of Scripture was astonishing, as if the whole word of God from beginning to end was at his finger's end; he disclaimed all reliance on Commentators and referred much to parallel texts, giving more or less, the meaning of each, which though new to strangers might have been often heard before by his own people; he illustrated all by solemn reflections and appeals to his own experience. While he was speaking, *the majority of his hearers, all eye and ear, would rise from their seats*, eagerly to listen to his clear descriptions of faith, the way of salvation, and the experience of the Children of God. He never turned round in the pulpit, *nor used any action whatever* while preaching, except crumpling a white handkerchief in his hand, and then passing it to the other, now and then wiping his mouth with it. *He never either raved or ranted*, nor even exerted his voice, which was clear and agreeable, and if it had ever been powerful, became softened in his latter years. He laid great weight or emphasis upon the concluding words of his sentences which made them very forcible. Anything which he meant to be noticed, was marked by a significant, self-complaisant nod of the head. The Scriptures seemed as if made for him, and he used the words so suitably and appropriate, and was never at a loss for their meaning as he went on, and was rich at times in metaphors and allegory. He had a pleasant style of preaching, much as if speaking to the people, slow, solemn, and emphatic in his delivery.* At times he rambled so far astray from the text as to lose sight of it altogether, and with a multiplicity of heads, his sermons were inordinately long, seldom *less than one hour and a half, sometimes exceeding two hours!* He never spared himself, and alludes in a letter, to a morning service at some country town, where his hearers were very earnest, that *he was over three hours in the*

* An interesting illustration of the power and influence of his preaching and the blessing that so much attended it, and also of the singular charm of his delivery, is seen in the autobiography of James Bourne, when he was a youug man in London, in 1805, and as a Churchman, not prejudiced in favor of Dissenting preachers, nor especially of such an one. He wrote:

"One night as I returned to my lodgings, my landlord said to me, 'As you are so fond of hearing preachers I wonder you do not go and hear Mr. Huntington.' I replied, 'I never thought of him, I go chiefly to Church and have not heard much about him, but I will go in a few days.' *I well remember the first time I heard him, I thought him the most agreeable preacher I had ever heard*, and was not in the least tired. I continued for two years to frequent his Chapel, together with the Established Church. I now grew very anxious and much in earnest respecting the Salvation of my soul, but had no understanding what spiritual life meant, or what communion with God was. I used to pray as I thought, but never waited for any answer, I supposed I should get that in heaven, not now; and though I found nothing in my heart to forbid the spirit of the world, or anything that was not openly flagitious, yet I believed, without doubt, thas all was right within. About this time, I met with a book of Mr. Huntington's which I was told was very scurrilous, but I ventured to read it alone, and God was pleased by it to discover the nature of my profession, that it was altogether vain and founded on the sand. This led me more attentively to hear the Author of the work. It made religion of importance to me and I could no longer be a trifling professor, for I was in earnest to seek salvation *but found I had lost my way*. It was by very slow degrees that I could at all understand the word, though so faithfully preached; I could give very little account all *this time of the doctrines* of the Gospel, only I felt I was a lost sinner, and the minister told me *how such could be saved*, and the Lord made me very much in earnest to seek in the way I *was directed by the Word*."

pulpit, and two hours more in the afternoon. He always labored diligently for the profit of his congregations, *and was never absent from his post* except from illness or country engagements, so that his people were *as constant* in their attendance. He appealed closely to the consciences of his hearers, traced out in the clearest and most encouraging manner the work of God's spirit on the heart, bringing in the many promises in God's word to comfort the distressed, and seemed anxious that *none should be deceived*, so that his address was faithful, and "not as pleasing men." He was evidently a God-sent minister of the New Testament, and proved an illustration of Cobbler How's Treatise, "THE SUFFICIENCY OF THE SPIRIT'S TEACHING WITHOUT HUMAN LEARNING." He relied on the experimental and scriptural matter of his sermons, and never tried to affect any oratorical display; his language was correct, and easy—fluent, and at times eloquent, and evidently he depended on the power and influence of the Holy Spirit for the energy of his discourses, but neglected not the labor in the word and doctrine by close study and meditation, and indeed, few excelled him in entire devotion to his ministerial work. He certainly never shrank from duty: his sermons were too long, and to some wearisome, and more than the mind could bear; one evil effect was that the moment he concluded, two-thirds of the people would go out of the chapel in a confused and disorderly manner, as if his preaching was all, and the concluding hymn and prayer of no consequence; the former served a little to drown the noise of the retiring hearers.

The ordinance of the Lord's Supper was administered once a month, in the afternoon of the Lord's Day; it was handed around the table-pew to thirty-six persons at a time, Mr. H. giving the bread as he broke it, followed immediately by Mr. Lock, who gave the wine; (he had no such officers as Deacons, being singular in this as in various ways). Mr. H. spoke all the time on the sacred subject, often very delightfully on the Vine, and the union of the Church to Christ and communion with Him. After one row had received the emblems they rose up and went out at one end quietly, and others came in until all the communicants had partaken. The mode of admission was by a private interview with Mr. H. himself, who, if satisfied with the answers to his questions, gave a Communion card engraved with a picture of our Lord supping with his Apostles, surrounded with emblematical figures and appropriate texts: there was no other membership."

Rev. S. ADAMS, *in Gospel Magazine, 1850, with a few additions.*

A person who knew his congregation well, has said, that the difficulty of obtaining a private interview was proverbial among his people, and those were envied who were so favored; the fear of a rude reception deterred some from making the attempt. He much disliked such interruptions to his studies; for his incessant labors for the press, added to those for the pulpit, left but little time for visiting the sick or other pastoral duties.

His stated income did not, in the early period of his settlement in London, exceed £25 per quarter; but latterly it amounted to about £2,000 per annum. His congregation was known to be exceedingly liberal, not only to him, but to their own poor who were kindly looked after and relieved by the members generally, in their own neighbourhoods; he says:—

"We seldom distribute less than three or four hundred guineas a year, our fund is not supported by a two-penny rate, or the Arminian tribute of a penny-a-week; if at any time the Bank of Charity gets low, half-a-dozen words from the pulpit brings in £60 or £70 to recruit it. Nor do we spend, as many do, twenty minutes in pumping and squeezing a few shillings out of the pockets of worldlings; less than two minutes is sufficient. We endeavour to follow the Apostolic rule of raising money,—to receive carnal things *only* in exchange for spiritual things; we therefore think it wrong, to try and reap where we have never sown, and never go from house to house, much less send, to beg a guinea of those who make no pretensions to religion."

They liberally assisted other causes in their connexion in the country, and within a few years raised over £2,000 towards building their Chapels, besides £700 in *enlarging* their own; much was *freely* brought in, "and if they dis-

liked the profession of the givers *always sent their money back to them again.*" Beyond their own circle, they were generous in support of patriotic claims, and the many occasions for help to sufferers during the war. He collected the munificent contribution of £200 towards the relief of the Russian poor.

He was once hurt by some conduct of the people, so he called in all the tickets, and re-issued them to such only as he approved. If he heard of any member speaking against his ministry, though sometimes from wrong report, or if he knew of any immoral conduct, he would publicly pass by the delinquent without giving an opportunity of defence. He held all the Church government *in his own hands*, so there were none to take up the cause of any that were oppressed or wrongly accused; herein he set aside the instruction given in the Epistles for Church discipline to pastors and people. Against *his authority* therefore there was no appeal, "Whom he would he set up, and whom he would he put down." Dan. v. 19. Another prohibition was thus expressed in the words of the same admirer:—

"There were *no prayer meetings*, for Mr. H. did not approve of them, he well knew what seminaries they were for hypocrisy, and how objectionable many of their effusions were. He allowed none of those cabals and committees called *Church meetings*, where every one judges his brother and his sister."

One could scarcely believe such to be the sentiments of any that took the Bible for their guide, condemning an ordinance of God and the privilege of believers in all ages, on account of occasional abuse, or from men's infirmities. This reasoning if carried out, would do away with the preaching of the gospel, and every institution, for all have been perverted. Though so great as a preacher, he was deficient in pastoral gifts; these are divided severally according to the will of God, for the good of His church on earth, "*some* apostles, *some* evangelists, *some* pastors and teachers." Eph. iv. 11.—Such a system was popish and unscriptural, for the apostles appointed elders as helpers in the Church, and assistants of the minister. He even forbade meetings for prayer and christian counsel when held in private houses, and expressed disapprobation when some were begun. He had reason to boast of, and be thankful for, a large number of gracious persons in his Church, but in this particular, which is much to be regretted, was "*not under the law to Christ.*" He was himself constant and fervent in private prayer, but in objecting to public prayer meetings said, "that he would rather hear an ass bray, than to *hear* any one pray for him," most likely by this he meant it in a fulsome complimentary way, as some do, for he certainly much esteemed the prayers of believers, one for another. Sunday schools, and associated efforts for carrying out religious benevolence were then little known, so that his chapels were for *no other purpose than* "PREACHING." This, doubtless, is the means instituted and blest for building up the Church, and making known the Gospel (see Titus i. 3), but God has especially said of the places for His worship, "I will make them joyful in MY HOUSE OF PRAYER, for mine house shall be called AN HOUSE OF PRAYER for all people." Isai. lvi. 7. Should any blame these remarks, Truth and Impartiality demanded some reference to his adopting a pastoral rule, *more despotic than scriptural;* we appeal to the Word and Testimony. Lacking the elements of growth, stedfastness, and increase of religious life, and with so frail a bond of union as *that* of mutual regard to him, attachment to his ministry, or admiration of his character, light and gifts; with no scriptural foundation of Church order and fellowship in the Gospel, or organization for practical usefulness, it is no wonder that at his death, they mostly fell into a wretched state of strife, confusion and decay. Against this blind reliance on himself, he often warned his hearers, lest when *he* was gone all should fail them; but, "The hope that's built upon God's word, can ne'er be overthrown."

CHAPTER IV.

His Ministry and Character.

"The greatest preferment under heaven is to be an able, faithful, successful, suffering Minister of the New Testament."

George Whitefield to Cor. Winter, Jan. 29th, 1767.

A CORRECT estimate of his Ministry and Character may be formed from criticisms by Authors *not of his own*, but of other denominations, carefully collected for that object in this chapter. Such evidence is preferable, and of more weight and value than any critique from the judgment of one person.

Rev. Henry Cole, M.A.

First is an honorable tribute to his ministerial office, borne by a late eminent Clergyman and writer, the translator of "the Works of Luther."

"It may be asked why, in my ministration, such as it is, I make frequent allusion to the ministry of that great and blessed servant of the Most High, the late Mr. Huntington. The reasons are these,—1st, because I believe he bore, and left in Britain, the greatest and most glorious testimony to the power of God's salvation, that ever *was* borne or left therein,—2nd, because I believe he planted the noblest vine of a Congregational Church that ever was planted therein;—and 3rd, because I believe the Churches [that maintain the vital truths he set forth] form a very essential feature in the church-state of Christ in the land in these times; and perhaps will do so, to the time of the coming day of God's retribution!" *Zion's Watch Tower.*

Rev. M. A. Boudrey, M.B.,

Incumbent of St. Luke's, Bristol; Editor of the Gospel Magazine, &c.

The next, by another Clergyman and author, long known and highly esteemed, is far more true and impartial, than has been often expressed by some, who too highly exalted him as a man, to the disparagement and neglect of other servants of God. Such remarks as these deserve more regard, than *undue praise*, or *undeserved censure.*

"We are proud with the opportunity of testifying to the character and works of William Huntington—the more so because, differing as we do from some of his opinions, our estimation of him is held in doubt by certain of those who seem to lose sight of the fact, that the "treasure is hid in *earthen* vessels, that the excellency of the power may be of God, and not of us.

Extensive as was his light into the written word—familiar as he was with the God of heaven—and signally blessed as his ministry and writings were, and shall be down to time's remotest bounds, William Huntington was after all but a man—a fallible creature, like other sons or daughters of Adam. Had it been otherwise, in how small a degree would he have been fitted for the exalted position in the church which he so honourably occupied. It was his knowledge of human nature—his personal acquaintance with its varied operations—that, under the ministry of the Holy Ghost, so adapted him to the peculiar post he was eternally designed to fill.

We have not a word to say against human learning, when kept within its proper bounds. Where the Holy Ghost has been pleased to discover to its possessor its utter inapplicability in matters of salvation, and hath graciously brought it into entire subserviency to his own divine power and operations, it hath been made of incalculable advantage; and, in many respects, the church of God reap the benefit. But, as though the Holy Ghost would keep this one fact ever uppermost in the minds of his people, it hath pleased him in all ages to choose for his work, one and another out of the very humblest grades of society,

to stand before the church and the world, for the time being, as a perpetual memorial—a living proof—of His sufficiency and power, irrespective of all human agency or intelligence. Of this fact we have incontrovertible evidence.

If it be desirable that the character of a real *pilgrim* should be pourtrayed, the Holy Ghost will neither employ an Oxford, a Cambridge, nor a Highbury-man to write it, but, in the exercise of His sovereignty, seeks out A POOR TINKER—gives him a lively imagination--a blessed participation—and sends him to *prison to study*, in preference to a University. In a later day, if a man who has an extensive acquaintance with the human heart be needed: if a bold defender of the faith be required, who shall neither covet the smiles, nor fear the frowns of men, He that in days of old summoned poor fishermen, will go down to the river's side, and take one of those rude, illiterate bargemen—A COALHEAVER—train him for his work—and make him a bright and shining light, not merely in his day and generation, but by his works, down to the latest period of time.

WILLIAM HUNTINGTON! who shall pourtray his character, or describe his work? We feel our incompetency. If viewed in connection with the leadings of God, in a providential way, how signal and interesting! See him—loved as he was by Him who is possessor of heaven and earth—in the very depths of poverty; scarcely a rag to cover him, and barely sufficient to satisfy the cravings of nature. Contemplate him as an object generally shunned, whom hardly an eye pitied, cast simply and entirely upon Divine bounty;—at one time a bird shall have fallen by the wayside, or a fish shall be thrown upon the bank; at another, the God of heaven shall have reminded some forgotten friend of his wants, or a determined enemy shall be compelled to administer to his necessities. Now, his children ask for food, and with a parent's bleeding heart are put to bed without any; he retires with agony, and almost in desperation, to pour out his sorrows before God; anon a messenger unasked—unsought, comes, as if from the court of heaven, to his relief. Oh, how blessed thus to trace the gracious remembrances of a Covenant God; who so competent to speak of His kindly delivering acts as those, who like William Huntington had experienced them?

Trace him onward, in a temporal point of view: his God is with him—guides him—guards him—abundantly supplies him. See him at one time, removing from yonder humble abode—a single porter can well stand beneath his temporal substance; but anon, how vast the change! A world—professing and profane—shall upbraid him; his God shall honour him. Contracted circumstances have instrumentally weaned him from the world, and caused a holy freedom to be kept up between him and his God. Jehovah is his banker, and whether he wants a penny or a pound—one pound, a hundred, or a thousand, he has it! William Huntington has been called a covetous man; it is false, he possessed a most generous spirit, and disdained meanness. The God who freely gave to him, kept his heart open, freely to give to others. His bank was "the Bank of Faith," and not the bank of England; his cheques were drawn upon the court of heaven, and ever honoured by the God who ruleth and reigneth there.

For particulars of his spiritual career, we would direct the reader to his 'Kingdom of Heaven taken by Prayer.' When we contemplate his origin—his utter ignorance of the method of salvation—the various trying scenes through which he passed—until brought to the high position he held in the church, how striking the contrast! Mentally we behold him, led forth by Jehovah out of a state of the most abject destitution; he arrests him—alarms him—instructs him—leads him onward—puts him to different schools—places him under an hypocritical mistress, and sets him in the midst of a company of religionists, that he may learn the fallacious nature and deceptive tendencies of an empty profession, —puts a word into his mouth, and suffers a venomous spirit to resist that word, in order to show more clearly to himself and others that his testimony was of God—changes his position from place to place—and at length causes him to "prophesy upon the thick boughs" in the very centre of this busy metropolis. Mark the contrast between the time when his little meeting-room was beset by a blaspheming rabble, of whose premature destruction his "Naked Bow of God," *bears witness;* and the period when, riding from his farm to his chapel in the *carriage with which God had* provided him, he addressed from time to time an *assemblage of some two* thousand souls, numbers of whom had congregated *together from a distance* of many miles." Gospel Magazine, Nov. 1848.

"Notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, no man could have had a deeper sense of honor and integrity. He was generous to a degree. His hand responded to his heart in the liveliest and most practical sympathy (1856). Our opinion as thus expressed 14 years ago, has not undergone the veriest change. We have ever been wont to consider Mr. Huntington among the most noble-hearted and generous of men—a man that was incapable of—nay, would scorn a mean action. But in our little eventful life, we have occasionally met with one and another, calling themselves "Huntingtonians," who had not the least claim to the name in that respect." *Id., 1870.*

"We hold William Huntington—and ever have done so—in too high an esteem, to omit one who was so singularly raised up, and who so nobly defended the cause of God and truth. The Editor gives place to no man in the high opinion he entertains of his character. He had his faults—he possessed a bad natural temper—and that temper was greatly wrought upon by the base manner in which he was treated by the general professors of his day: but "the Coalheaver" was, nevertheless, one of the boldest and most signally-favoured champions that have lived since the days of the apostles." *Id., 1842.*

Various Writers in the Gospel Magazine.

"When Whitefield was sent out into the highways and hedges to proclaim the Gospel, the nation had long been sunk in gross darkness, and few only preached in all their purity the Truths of the Word of God, then nearly extinguished. When Huntington appeared, religious zeal was at its highest; numerous institutions were established for the purpose of reforming and instructing mankind, and bringing them to an acquaintance with Christianity; and colleges were erected to *educate ministers*, who were sent forth to publish evangelical Truth; the country was then as zealous for religion as before it was sunk in carelessness and indifference."

"Mr. H.s great work was to manifest to the Church the various phases of experience that the soul passes through while here below. No one since the apostolic age, I think, has so plainly instructed, and so clearly set forth to the Church, the manner in which the Lord carries on his work in the souls of his people as Mr. H. has by his writings. Few of God's people sink to the depths of conviction, and few ever rise to the heights of joy that *he* did, so that he was fitted peculiarly to lay down, as it were, a sort of spiritual chart, in which the tempted and tried of God's people may discern a ray of hope in the darkest paths."

"We may see also, that however zealous a man may be: however benevolent and patriotic: yet, unless the Lord unfold the secret sins of his heart, and brings him to the foot of the cross to sue for pardon, through the blood of the Son of God, he is yet destitute of saving religion."

"Professors of godliness, in Mr. H.'s days, as they are now, were very numerous, and it required a man of his experience to show the rottenness of all fleshly religion, and to unfold the subtleties of Satan in deluding people, by causing them to trust in their own free-will, and holy duties and progressive sanctification. He was, as it were, a sort of directing post fixed on an eminence, to which a traveller may direct his attention, and learn the road which leadeth to life."

Matthew Hutchinson, Esq.

"The call of some ministers is remarkably clear and evident at the first view; their gifts are rare and shining in their first preachings; those of others are obscure and feeble at the beginning, but they become bright and conspicuous in after times. Huntington was an evidence of the first: he was called by GRACE, and the Lord Jesus Christ manifested Himself to him in rays of light and glory, which, to use his own words, "outshone the lustre of a million suns." In about *one year after this*, the same Lord Jesus bestowed upon him, in one moment, the GIFT of preaching His Gospel, and unfolding His grace to lost sinners, for the salvation and edification of His Church and people. In some respects, Mr. H. was a greater man *at first than in the end*, but his gifts were as bright at the first as at the last; it cannot be said of him, 'his beginnings were small.'"

Life of T. Hardy, of Leicester.

J. C. Philpot, M.A., of Stamford.

His Reviews are perhaps the best articles that have appeared respecting this eminent servant of God; they are excellent throughout, and we have quoted from them in other sections, but our limits here forbid more than the following extracts:—

"Few men have had to encounter such a storm of contempt, slander, enmity, prejudice, and opposition as, for many years fell to the lot of the maligned Coalheaver. The only doubt amongst those who despised and hated him was, whether he were a *fanatic or impostor*, and some very quietly and curtly settled the doubt to their own full satisfaction, by pronouncing him to be *both*. The memorable lines of Cowper on Whitefield (or at least some of them) apply to him more forcibly, perhaps, than even to England's great Evangelist. Like him, his predecessor in the path of truth and suffering, W. Huntington

> "Stood pilloried on infamy's high stage,
> And bore the pelting storm of half an age,
> The very butt of slander, and the blot
> For every dart that malice ever shot.
> The man that mentioned *him*, at once dismiss'd
> All mercy from his lips, and sneer'd and hiss'd.
> His crimes were such as Sodom never knew,
> And perjury stood up to swear all true.
> His aim was mischief, and his zeal pretence,
> His speech rebellion against common sense;
> A knave, when tried on honesty's plain rule,
> And when by that of reason, a mere fool.
> The world's best comfort was, his doom was pass'd,
> Die when he might, he must be damn'd at last."

Nor was the storm hushed when his days were finished on earth, and he had run, under the public eye, a lengthened course, on which enmity itself, sharpened to more than its usual watchfulness, could not fix a decided blot. When men die, the world generally leaves their ashes in peace. But it was too deeply stung by the wounds that his grace and faithfulness had dealt out, to leave him calmly and quietly in the hands of the great Judge of quick and dead; nay, even now, after he has been in his grave more than forty years (1856) men cannot mention his very name without spitting forth their enmity and contempt. In this he forms a remarkable contrast to other good and great men who have been valiant for the truth upon earth. Most worldly authors are content to leave unnoticed the great religious instructors and spiritual writers whose works have been made a blessing to the Church of God; or if they *do* casually name them, will sometimes assign a faint meed of praise to their "piety" or "diligence." Bunyan is rarely named without his genius being praised; Owen and Gill have tributes paid to their varied and extensive learning; and Whitefield himself, instead of being slandered and vilified, as when the bard of Olney drew his portrait, is now often mentioned with respect, as the great reviver of the decayed religion of the last century: but Huntington—what good word is there for him? It is but a few weeks ago, since we saw him called in some Review, "that half-knave, half-fanatic."

But if he were thus despised and hated by enemies, he was proportionably loved and esteemed by his hearers and friends, and by many *almost, if not quite, to idolatry*. Indeed, there was much in the man, independent of the grace that rested upon him, and his wonderful gifts in the ministry, to make him the centre and object of the greatest esteem and affection. He was gifted with a noble, liberal mind, abhorring covetousness, and giving away his money with a most profuse liberality. Though born and bred in low state, yet he was one of nature's gentlemen; and we have heard from those who intimately knew him, that there was a dignity in his person, manners and appearance, which commanded respect. He was also naturally of a warm, affectionate spirit, and in his conversation there was a playfulness, though no levity, and a humour without jesting, which made his company very pleasant. That he was most hospitable in his own house, we can see from his letters, in the invitations which he gives to his friends to come and make themselves at home with him; and when he saw and felt the grace of

God in them (and he would have no other company), he could converse with such wisdom, tenderness, contrition, knowledge of the Scriptures, and so open up every point from his own experience, that it was most blessed to hear him. Not but that he had his angry, peevish fits; not but that his natural temper was not one of the sweetest and most equable; but at these seasons he kept much to himself, and fought the battle alone with his own spirit, with many prayers and tears before God.

Where he felt union, it was strong. There were few, perhaps, comparatively speaking, who had crept into his heart. Those who spoke of him as harsh, austere, and stern, only knew him as opposed to errors and evil doings. They knew nothing of the man as spending hours and days in prayer and meditation on his bended knees, before his dear Lord and Master, with flowing eyes and a broken heart. They knew nothing of his confessions in secret, his earnest wrestlings, or of the sweet union and communion with which, in answer to them, he was blessed and favoured.

He possessed, in an eminent degree, *the grace of God.* It was his clear, deep, and blessed experience; his earnest contending for the faith once delivered unto the saints; the power of his ministry; the blessing of God which so eminently rested upon him and it; his bold disentanglement of the meshes of legality in which the evangelical creed of the day had wrapped up many living souls; and his godly, secluded, and separate life, which so provoked Satan, the prince and god of this world, to stir up so much enmity against him. But he had also *a peculiar work to do;* and with masterly ability did he execute it. Whitefield first, and then Toplady, Romaine, and many other good and gracious men had thrashed out the corn, and it lay upon the floor, mingled with straw and chaff. Wesley, with his Arminian zeal and free-will doctrines, and Lady Huntingdon's preachers, with their mixture of truth and error, had added to the heap, and it is to be feared much more chaff than wheat. An able, experienced workman was needed to *sift the heap.* This workman was the immortal Coalheaver, who, by a deep personal experience of law and gospel, could well winnow the floor. This it was which especially made him obnoxious to the professing world as well as to the profane. You may take away almost anything from a man but his religion. To pronounce his faith a delusion, his hope a falsehood, and his love a lie, could not be done without giving deadly offence.

His low extraction with all its attendant circumstances served to raise to a high pitch the contempt and enmity of the educated classes. Then there was his calling and occupation, to think that a man from a cobbler's bench, a begrimed coalheaver, should be raised up of God to be a distinguished servant of the Most High *poured contempt* on the pride and self-righteousness of the profane and professing world, and they in return *poured their contempt* on the object of His choice. That a Coalheaver should stand up in a pulpit in one of the largest chapels in London, and declare again and again that the God of heaven and earth was his Father and Friend, had called him by a voice from heaven to the work of the ministry, and would maintain his cause and honor him in it, which for years was the case, aroused the indignation of the enemies of the sovereign grace of God.

Just enter that large chapel in Gray's-Inn Lane. See the crowded congregation. Mark the solemn stillness that reigns in the place, and see how every eye and ear are turned to that fine, tall, dark man in the pulpit, dressed plainly, but well, in a straight cut coat and a black wig, that too much hides his broad forehead, but well sets off his strong features and flashing eye. Who is that preacher, who without any elevation of voice, animation of action or manner, or any warm appeal to natural feelings, keeps the place as still as the grave, while hundreds are drinking in every word that falls from his lips? Why, a man that with scarcely any education has been taken from the dregs of society, and raised by the rich endowment and grace of God to so high and influential a position.

His singular influence with his congregation was another circumstance which much drew forth the bitter contempt and dislike of the men of that day. The world would not much have minded if the converted Coalheaver had exercised his gift for the ministry among twenty or thirty people in a small town, up a court, or in a little chapel in some City alley. But that he should occupy a prominent position at the West-end, have a large chapel and a crowded congregation, and that when

the chapel was burnt down, another and a larger one should be at once erected, and that such respect, veneration, attention, and *almost worship should be shown him;* this was what the world could not bear. They despised him, and despised those who honored him; wondered at them as fools and idiots; would have liked to crush him and them altogether under the heel of oppression; worked themselves up into a fever of abuse; and then wondered again how they could be so angry with what was so contemptible. His ministry in London was to them a fretting sore. His keen cutting remarks, with mutilated and often distorted fragments of his experience, got into the newspapers and magazines of the day, or were handed about from mouth to mouth; persons of various ranks, and from very different motives, crept into his chapel to hear his strange doctrines, and retailed with many humorous additions, any eccentric expression that had struck their fancy; his books and pamphlets got spread about, and, it is said, were carried under the hammer-cloth of the King's state carriage by the royal coachman, one of his hearers. All this notoriety, at a period when every public man's words and actions were eagerly and anxiously watched, lest he should be a spy of Buonaparte, or an agent of Pitt, fed and kept alive the fever of surprise, contempt, and enmity, which, in tranquil times, like our own, might have gradually died away.

We, indeed, and our spiritual readers, who, as Christians, can see and acknowledge the Sovereignty of God, the superaboundings of grace, the supremacy of Divine teaching, the gifts of the Holy Ghost, and that He *who made the world makes the minister*, so far from despising, admire, and so far from hating, love this display of Divine Sovereignty. To us, viewing matters in this light, there seems nothing so out of the way that a Coalheaver should become an honored servant of God. Peter and John, with their nets over their backs, and their hands all slimy with fish, are not so very far from the coal-sack on the shoulders, and the hands begrimed with coal dust. But the world would not have it so, and contemned the Divine appointment.

We by no means wish to justify every word he used, but we view his general conduct in those troublous times with admiration. He stood by government and order against anarchy and licentiousness. If, therefore, he seemed to lean too much one way, and by his intense admiration of "the good old King" (as he, in common with many thousands, termed George III.) and of William Pitt, to have *almost forsaken the principles of Nonconformity*, let us bear in mind that he firmly believed, that in so doing, he only obeyed the precept, "Fear God. Honour the King."

Gospel Standard, 1856—69.

The distinctive Ministries of Mr. Hawker & W. Huntington: or Diversity of Gifts, but the same Spirit and Grace.

It is not wise to compare good men, but rather to honor each in his separate sphere of usefulness, to which God hath appointed him; and the various gifts are "for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ." A regard to this scriptural principle would prevent many a religious strife, perplexity and wrong judgment, and is very needful in rightly estimating the various labours of gracious men, especially of one, who, like Mr. H., was led into that peculiar line of Divine Truth, in which he was pre-eminent. Notice the following excellent remarks on this point:—

"These two eminent ministers and writers each shone in their distinct and important spheres—"THE PERSON, WORK AND OFFICES OF THE LORD JESUS CHRIST, WERE THE THEME OF ROBERT HAWKER;—THE GRACE, TEACHING, LEADING AND GUIDING OF THE HOLY SPIRIT, WAS THAT OF WILLIAM HUNTINGTON." *Gospel Magazine, 1850.*

They were both men of God and raised up of Him to do a great and glorious work, and are now both before the throne, having each received his "Well done, *good and* faithful servant." The work of HAWKER and KENT entirely differed *in tone and character from* that of HUNTINGTON and HART; but the object of *all was one and the same:*—namely, the glorifying of Jehovah in the grand scheme

of Redemption. Each had his duty allotted him in the Vineyard, in infinite wisdom and boundless love, yet one could *not* do the work of the others. The special sphere of Mr. Huntington would appear to be that of a *Spiritual Anatomist*; he had a deep insight into the human heart, and would tear asunder, into veriest shreds or atoms, the flimsy garb of creature righteousness. Dr. Hawker's peculiar province was to set forth the Lord Jesus Christ in the loveliness of His Person, and the perfection of His Righteousness: to "bring forth the best robe." As a rule, the former had to *strip*,—the latter to *clothe* the sinner. If this difference were more kept in view, how much bickering and strife would it prevent among those, who, after all, are members of the *same* family,—partakers of the *same* life,—taught by the *same* Spirit,—and hope to dwell for ever in the *same* glorious Home."

By Rev. G. D. DOUDNEY (abridged),
Incumbent of Charles Chapel, Plymouth. 1865.

"Onesimus" (G. Terry, Esq.)

Next, is a comprehension description of his natural character and disposition from the pen of a popular writer, known in his day by this signature. He was the author of a work entitled, "THE PULPIT, OR A BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY ACCOUNT OF EMINENT POPULAR PREACHERS; INTERSPERSED WITH OCCASIONAL CLERICAL CRITICISMS." 1809, in 2 vols., bds., 8vo. 21s. He included ministers of all denominations, and from such a work at that period could not be omitted "the celebrated Coalheaver." In the first volume is a sketch of W. Huntington, S. S., by no means fair or just, longer than usual, consisting of 24 pages, with 16 more in the Appendix of other particulars, and replies to two objectors to his statements in a previous edition. We have accidentally a copy, which seems to have belonged to *the author himself*, bound with a pamphlet called "ONESIMUS EXAMINED, &c.," by an EVANGELICAL MINISTER; (being some deserved strictures on the severity of several of his sketches) written with discretion and sense. It contains remarks in his own handwriting, with his signature, and is interleaved as if prepared for a defence. This author's real name was Garnett Terry, Engraver to the Bank of England; he built a Chapel in the Curtain Road, where for a time he himself preached, and his name appears as the Engraver and Publisher of Mr. H.'s singular Hieroglyphical Print (1791) of 54, Paternoster Row. This character of him is much more favorable, and is perhaps as complete and impartial an one as was ever written. It appeared in a small work, a rare copy of which was kindly given to the Editor, and is now scarcely known, published in 1813, and demands this notice as having been *The Only Memoir of him ever attempted*: very meagre as to biographical incidents, containing little more than some particulars from his own narratives, and a few respecting his death and burial. The title is—

"MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE AND MINISTRY OF THE LATE W. HUNTINGTON, S. S., WITH AN ESTIMATE OF HIS CHARACTER, BY ONESIMUS. It has this motto (the same that Mr. S. adopted for his "Recollections.")

"You may believe me, when I say, that despicable and despised as I am, God knows that I envy not the angels of God in heaven, nor is there a human being in existence whose felicity I crave, whose state I covet, or with whom I would exchange my lot."—*G. V.*, 30. *Printed for* J. CARR, 56, *Paternoster Row, Price Two Shillings (for less than* 40 *pages, and no cover).*

This portrait is the more entitled to respect, from its having been drawn from the *writer's personal knowledge* of him, whose ministry he formerly attended: but some differences led to a separation, and Mr. H. opposed his views in a work which he called "ONESIMUS IN THE BALANCE."

"He was an affectionate Father, who at one time struggled hard to rear with scanty means, a progeny, not only numerous but unhealthy; and who looked upon

the unnatural avoidance of such a charge, though common in modern times, as both dishonorable and detestable to God. Anxious to please his heavenly Master rather than his earthly mistress, Mr. H. endeavoured, he said, "as much as possible to live by faith," a lesson which few of the sex have humility enough to learn, and which fewer still find patience enough to practise. If, however, he was not over-indulgent as a husband, but made an help-mate of her who was the partner of his life, this conduct might be owing less to his disposition than to his situation, which precluded him from being able to afford her those comforts and pleasures of life she would otherwise have enjoyed.

His temper was naturally inclined to be *imperious*; sometimes he was capricious and could not always brook the restraints which religion had imposed, yet his real friends at better times, found from him "a cordial reception, good homely fare, an honest heart, and a hearty welcome." *Charity was* (strange though it may seem) *his failing*. He was sometimes, stripped of £40 and even of £100, according to the state of his pocket, time after time, whenever his aid was solicited by any person whom he believed deserving of kindness. It forms the trait most excellent in his character, and ought to be proclaimed upon the house-tops, that the experience of necessity, instead of steeling, had *softened his heart*, which was ever alive to the distresses of those around him, and which more especially to those whom he believed to be of the household of faith, prompted him to be *benevolent even to excess*. In his disposition he was very humane, in all his dealings most just and conscientious. His politics were adopted for conscience-sake: he accordingly opposed himself to such as were 'given to change' amongst his followers with an intrepidity and disinterestedness that did honor to his fortitude and patriotism, and afterwards stimulated them to contribute handsomely to the relief of those who suffered by resistance to tyranny in other lands. He was most loyal to the State. With much charitableness, however, he betrayed occasional symptoms of an avaricious kind.

Poverty was favorable to his piety; it kept him dependent on the Father of Mercies, and led him to be grateful for what he thus obtained. He has been censured for ascribing too much to the interposition of the same Divine Almoner; but surely it is better to trace His hand in EVERY THING, *than not to perceive it in any thing!* Yet he was not uniformly strong in faith, for though he could esteem and declare God to be his Friend and Banker, yet he tells us that "whenever answers to his prayers seemed to be wholly denied, his faith in God's providence began to fail," and that sometimes he declined praying at all. A humiliating confession!

His conversion, though gradual, was *special*; herein he considered himself as one *really instructed by God*. Strange as the position may appear, Huntington's influence was chiefly owing to the ignorance in which he was bred. He was *not led by men*, and with all his faults, instead of presuming to teach the Bible, *he left the Bible to teach him*. Error itself, had in him, something striking. All his notions were his own, as well as the manner in which he imparted them. His pretensions will be found upon the whole to have been comparatively high. Unlike "the pulpit parrots" of later times, the tip-top ministers of our day, as he describes them, he did not obtain a mushroom-like celebrity, but had to buckle on his armour and show his valour in the proclamation of that faith for which he professed to contend. He was continually derided, abused, pelted while travelling, burned in effigy, *and his life not seldom endangered*. "Enduring all things," he surmounted the opposition of decided enemies on the one hand, while by successful perseverance he silenced cavillers. *He conciliated friends, he confounded foes*. Amidst an age inclined to looseness in matters of faith, even his adversaries have allowed him credit for asserting so constantly and consistently the distinguishing doctrines of the Gospel; but it is very wrong to affirm "that in ministerial gifts there were none to equal him," *Those who could not bring themselves to approve of his* CONTROVERSIAL ACRIMONY, *have much admired his* THEOLOGICAL FIDELITY, and given due honor to his assiduous zeal in maintaining true religion. He desired to have a Chapel of his own that he might be enabled more effectually to resist and confute the heresies at that time promulgated in London. He was in doctrine faithful to *the end, and by* no means indolent; he studied for the duties of the pulpit, in which *he was "instant in season* and out of season," and if success be any criterion of *ability, not less eminently great*. Preaching was, however, with him, talking—his

discourses were as story-telling. No labour in his art, no action, his was the agreeable style of preaching, for in speaking as in writing, he seemed frequently to laugh in his heart. Engaging as was this last trait in him, both from the pulpit and the press, it was sometimes carried to excess, and displayed so as to act repulsively. There was certainly much of *misplaced merriment in his character*, which invited the ridicule of the profane, while it occasioned pain to the serious professors of religion.

He possessed a vigorous mind. He was an acute reasoner, and a nervous writer, and though he complained of his memory being treacherous and naturally bad, yet his powers of reminiscence appear from his narratives and tracts to have been scarcely inferior to those of his understanding. "His works," says Mr. Burgess, "will be sought after, and prove a blessing to the Church of God!" This eulogy forms their highest praise.

There were no "*ifs*" *nor* "*buts*" attending his end, but HOPE, AND JOY, AND PEACE. Such then, has been HIS DEATH, WHOSE LIFE WAS ONE OF FAITH. —"*Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!*"

The Percy Anecdotes.

Vol. XXXI. "THE PULPIT" contained one of Huntington, which we find was made up from Southey's Review, we quote, therefore, only these sentences:—

"Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the religious tenets, or the sincerity, of the late William Huntington, it must be acknowledged that the Coalheaver, who, by virtue of his preaching, came to ride in his own carriage, and married the titled widow of a Lord Mayor, could be no ordinary man.

Huntington was a sort of Evangelical Ishmaelite, and in that character considered himself at war, not only with the Church, but with all sects and denominations. His attacks on the clergy were in the general spirit of dissent; but when he fell upon the dissenters, it was with a more acrimonious feeling. Several preachers attacked him, both from the pulpit and the press, with an asperity which he was at all times ready to retort. Timothy Priestley, one of Huntington's antagonists, was treated with coarse severity; but an equally zealous opponent, the Rev. Rowland Hill, met with more deference and respect. He assured him that he "had no desire to take away one sheep out of his fold, nor one he-goat out of his stall." He was, at the same time, not sparing in sarcasm, and spoke some bitter things under the semblance of great moderation."

His Singularity.

This estimate demands some notice of a very prominent and most peculiar feature in his disposition, for which he has always been notorious, and one that greatly influenced his sentiments and conduct, both amongst friends and towards his opponents. We allude to the bold Singularity Mr. H. so constantly affected and cultivated; an error, hurtful to himself and injurious to the spirit and practice of his numerous followers, during and since his day: grievous also to those who, while respecting his grace, could but deem such an assumption as unscriptural and vain. Moreover, it created many enemies and gave ground for some severe and oft-repeated reproaches. He is usually regarded and referred to as an eccentric character, but it would scarcely be believed, did not *his own words prove it*, that he deemed himself to be *almost the only true minister in the land!* This was a sad mistake, but the great prophet Elijah, through despondency, fell into the same, when he lamented, "I only am left!" yet God assured him, that He had reserved seven thousand true worshippers. In Mr. H.'s day, many faithful Gospel ministers could be named, even in London, some with *as clear a call to the ministry* as was his own, if not so striking: but that of good John Newton, then the Rector of a City *Church, whose* labours were greatly blest to a large flock of spiritual

hearers was in some respects, *more wonderful.* None were able to proclaim so powerfully just the line of experimental Truth into which he was led, so needful then after a long period of neglect. Of the great blessing which attended his preaching and writings, he thus wrote in the year 1802:—

"His goodness to my soul. that He shows in the liberty which He gives me, in the power that He displays, and in the multitudes who flock from all parts to hear me has humbled me not a little. Bless God, O my soul! My success is great. Some here have followed me over 70 miles. They wish me to itinerate, and so not continue in one place. This, I do firmly believe, that if God should spare my life much longer,—from Providence Chapel the word of the Lord and the true light will go forth into all this land I am surprised how my books gain ground. I cannot find a soul that has either light. truth. or hope, but what God has given it to them by my books. Once more, bless the Lord, O my soul!" *P. L., No.* 99.

After heavenly revelations and great prosperity, there is the danger of being "*exalted above measure,*" which even the great Apostle feared, and had, as he confessed, "a thorn in the flesh" given him to prevent. "The heart may uplift, *with God's own gift, and grace* become a snare." Mr. H.'s isolation and notion of superiority savored greatly of such spiritual pride, and may have been fed by the unwise adulation of servile followers, so that he became, according to his female reprover, "too great by half in his own esteem;" this rebuke he indignantly resented, but had better quietly have borne. It was no groundless accusation; his over-estimate of himself, and detraction of other ministers was palpable, which weakness must cause regret, wonder, and perhaps a smile. From several of such statements, these are taken; writing to Mr. Lock, he said:—

"I know of *no one in the ministry* except poor Jenkins, till God arrested you, that was acquainted with the plague of his own heart." *P. L., No.* 334.

Again—"Before I began this book (Every Divine Law) I was one day wondering in myself, how it came to pass that, out of all the legions of preachers, with which we are furnished in the present day. *not one should appear to be acquainted with the Spirit's work (!!)* but should immediately fall with violence upon every soul, that appears to be convinced of sin, and quickened by the Holy Ghost. I must confess that. at first, I was astonished beyond measure, but upon examination *I found it to be so indeed!*"

We need hardly say that such rash judgment could have been disproved by many living witnesses, whom perhaps, his exclusive mode of life prevented his properly knowing. We are sorry to have to quote such assertions, which many were weak enough to believe and defend, creating, as they did, a spirit of separation and "condemnation of the just." That he should *publish such an opinion of all his contemporaries* is perhaps more remarkable than that he should actually write as follows, to almost a stranger, which surpasses in self-exaltation all that we have ever seen.

P.S. of a letter, addressed to "My unknown friend," Midhurst, Sussex:—

"Hermes Hill, Pentonville (No date).

"If God has opened your eyes to see through the preachers of the day, it is a favor to you. "They that fear God shall come forth of them all." Be thankful for so great a benefit, for I do not believe that there is ONE SPIRITUAL MINISTER IN LONDON, *nor do I know but* THREE *in the nation!* Presumption. not faith, the letter not the spirit, is the ministry of our times, and such may fill us with bitterness (!!) set us down at ease, keep us in bondage, and that is all."

While there is always cause to lament the intrusion of so many *unconverted* men into the ministry, we may be thankful for every true spiritual one, and the Divine appointment to so great a work may well cause humility, and the *enquiry,* "What hast thou that thou didst not receive?" The following *salutation was in a spirit* of charity, very unusual to him, either by word or pen:—

"Honorable. honored and highly-favored Brother in the Lord. Adieu. The Coal-heaver wisheth all peace:—not forgetting his love to all in Welwyn of *every sect, name, denomination and party* that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth." *W. H., S. S.*

Probably, as it often has done, a better acquaintance with good men, would have corrected so wrong a judgment of them. Besides such written remarks he would thus in preaching, slightingly allude to others. "You will say, 'You are always running down ministers; why don't you go and hear them yourself? (with a laugh). I don't know where to go,—When old Romaine was alive, I used to crawl down and hear *him*, but since his death I know not where to hear a Gospel sermon." We can hardly believe he affected this, as some said, to obtain the undeviating adherence of his own flock, by such warnings against other shepherds; but these insinuations will account for *the bitterness they displayed*, and their unhappy blight when death ended his teaching; for their rejection of all other ministers incurred the Saviour's rebuke,—"He that despiseth *you*, despiseth ME." Thus, some for many years chose to meet and read his works (a means GOD has not appointed nor promised to bless) rather than hear the Gospel from others, so far setting His Word at nought. After his decease the people or Trustees decided that no minister should preach at Providence Chapel, but the few whom he had personally known; and so far did others carry out this narrow-minded notion, that on the death of one of them, his congregation in a Southern County, decided for readings, and several agreed that they would rather come to chapel only to see their old Pastor's shoes on the pulpit-cushion than to hear any preacher that could be found. Was not this an idolatry equal to that of heathens and a sign of greater ignorance? When men are thus exalted *above* the word of God, another proof is given that its light and its Bibles have not yet delivered England from Idols, Superstition and Popery. Many adhere to, and are apt to lean upon those whom God has highly-favored; how soon was this manifest in the church, by the cry of "I of Paul, I of Cephas, &c.," which spirit the Apostle reproved, that they might learn not to think of men too highly, or "be *puffed up for one against another*." I. Cor. iv. 6.

Eccentricity seems to have attached to him in every thing, and it must be owned that he indulged, rather than attempted to repress it; it furnished much matter for the periodicals of that day, and so far as his peculiarities were for the Truth's sake, could not be condemned, but wherein he practised and gloried in them, and the notoriety they occasioned, became a fault; yet he nobly disdained the opinion of the world: its evil report was more than compensated by his personal enjoyment of the Truths he declared, and the approbation of his flock,—his conscience,—and his God. "Onesimus" thus noticed this remarkable bent of his mind:—

"Much does Mr. Huntington owe to the SINGULARITY of his ways; SINGULAR in his outset and career; SINGULAR in his opinions; SINGULAR in his own appearance; SINGULAR in his Chapel; SINGULAR in his style of preaching; he seems to know as well as most men the value of *Singularity*. Nature has endowed him with a vigorous originality of mind, and he wisely employs this faculty in all his pursuits." *The Pulpit.*

When this was written they were at variance, or the Critic might have added, that he was also Singular in his deep and experimental knowledge of the word of God; Singular in his boldness in asserting the Truth, and Singular in his intrepid defence thereof. The exposure of his eccentricities never seemed to annoy, but rather to amuse him, nor did he ever endeavour to alter that he might escape it; many of such charges were false, raised only to bring upon him contempt and ridicule. Safe in the sincerity of his motives,—devoted to his Ministry,—firm and unshaken in his Divine call and

assistance therein,—conscious that his labors were disinterested and for the welfare of his fellow sinners, he was lifted far above the weak shafts of slander and the malice of ungodly enemies. He could "commit his cause to Him that judgeth righteously," and confidently say with the Psalmist, "The LORD is on my side,—I will not fear what *man* can do unto me! The LORD is the strength of my life, of *whom* shall I be afraid?"

The Voice of Years.

But lastly, the most remarkable critique on the various points in Mr. H.'s peculiar character, appeared the year after his death, in a small volume, 3s., bds., 79 pp., with a fair miniature portrait, on steel by Kinnersly. This book is also rare, we only this year heard of, or saw another copy beside the one we fortunately possessed. The Title and Index will give some idea of this singular production:—

"THE VOICE OF YEARS, concerning the late Mr. Huntington, being an *impartial* recollection of his Ministerial Character and Conduct, humbly designed to excite IMITATION AND CAUTION:—Imitation as to what was Right, and Caution as to what was Wrong; by "A DISCIPLE OF JESUS." "I said, Days should speak, and years should teach wisdom." Job. xxxii. 7. *London: Printed for* A. MAXWELL, 21, *Bell Yard, Temple Bar, Fleet Street*, 1814."

CONTENTS—Mr. Huntington's qualities as a Minister, with remarks:—

PART I. GOOD.	1.—Plain and Natural.	PART II. BAD.	1.—Conceited & Dogmatical
	2.—Scriptural.		2.—Tyrannical.
	3.—Experimental.		3.—Vindictive.
	4.—Evangelical.		4.—Infallible.
	5.—Independent.		5.—Inaccessible.
	6.—Contemplative.		6.—Political.
	7.—Laborious.		7.—Anti-Literal.

The remarks on his good qualities are completed in 20 pages, and those on what he calls his bad ones occupy 47. None can deny that he had, with great excellencies and abilities some flagrant faults and erroneous notions, but the propriety or benefit of such an unusual publication may well be questioned. The Anonymous Author was, we believe, a Mr. Croucher, a Solicitor, whose father was a friend and hearer of Mr. H., a Shoe-Manufacturer in London, and the *very person* at whose house, the notable leather breeches were left for him, as is related in "the Bank of Faith." Mr. H. had given this son some reproof or offence, which may have actuated the antipathy manifest in some parts of these personal recollections. We do not admire the spirit of the book, which evidences malignity, and the want of any spiritual esteem for his work's sake: for he seems to have attended the chapel rather as an observant and critical hearer, than as a sincere and devout worshipper: and gained *more knowledge of the Minister, than soul profit for himself*. Nevertheless, it *is of value*, as by a contemporary, affording much information, and narrating some interesting circumstances, which none can contradict. He states in the preface that after expecting some Memoir of Mr. H. and none appearing but the scanty one by "ONESIMUS," which he properly calls "a trifling pamphlet," he prepared this from what he had witnessed *and heard from Mr. H. himself in his public capacity;* since "inconsiderate hearers were inclined to follow some of his ignorant and anti-christian extravagancies." He gives various incidents in support of each feature, whether bad or good, and freely descants on them; the last named, he considers, was *his greatest fault* in spiritualizing Scripture, omitting practical exhortation, invitations and warnings, and not preaching *the whole Gospel, but gives him credit for his* ability and clearness in Doctrine and Experience; *he demurs also to his* regarding the fruits of religion to consist in self-

examination, inward feelings and retirement, more than in practical godliness and love to men. Many are compelled to agree in this, who would not in the spirit of his objections, having more *regard to the grace* bestowed upon him, than to his failings or defects: for divine "treasure is in earthen vessels," to prove that the "power is *not of man, but of* GOD." Some of his censures were too harsh, and their cause capable of explanation; Mr. H.'s followers were indignant at the Author and his "vile book," and say that some sad end overtook him; but in concluding these strictures on Mr. H.'s character, we shall find *in this said book a higher commendation of the subject-matter of his preaching than* we ever met with from *his friends*, which should counterbalance such reflections. In the following testimony to the excellent style, beneficial influence and transcendant merit of his Ministry, we would hope that the writer knew something of that "TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS," which he discerned,—could appreciate—and thus publicly acknowledge:—

"Mr. Huntington's Ministry (so far as he proceeded in the Gospel) was decidedly Evangelical, and was not confined to experimental matter only, as with those that imitated and followed him; but as in many of his writings, Christ was beautifully set forth and exalted, so that it might be said of him, as of Philip the Evangelist, "Then began he at that Scripture and preached unto him Jesus:" and not in name only, but CHRIST THE SON OF GOD, co-equal and co-eternal with the Father, CHRIST the loving, dying, risen and exalted SAVIOUR—CHRIST IN HIS OFFICES AND CHARACTER,—CHRIST as the FOUNTAIN of spiritual blessings,—CHRIST as the only place of *rest* to a guilty miserable sinner. These were Mr. Huntington's common topics, and he often expatiated upon them with a cheerfulness and fluency, which sufficiently testified his own interest in them, and his ardent desire that his hearers should be partakers with him in the blessings of a New and Everlasting Covenant. While he was dilating on these and similar evangelical subjects he was carried above those bitter ill-natured feelings and remarks, which unhappily sometimes tarnished his ministry: for his own language and deportment in the pulpit was *so amiable* as to command the attention and *affection of every unprejudiced hearer. Such preaching could not be in vain.* Mr. Cecil has well observed that, "Christ is God's ordinance, and that although Christ may be ignorantly, blunderingly and even absurdly preached by some, yet God will bless his own ordinance." So many hundreds of working men would not have come from all quarters and assembled so regularly to hear him, if they had not known and felt something of the power of Christ,—*that* Christ who once said, "*And I, when I am lifted up will draw all men unto me.*" Mr. Huntington, in thus preaching Christ, was *of much more value than thousands* who are "qualified" for the office of the ministry, but are ignorant of the "unspeakable riches of Christ." For the same reason, I must also rank him above not a few learned Dissenting ministers, who, in their anxiety to shine and display talent on various subjects, *entirely leave out the Saviour* and forget Him who is the substance of all subjects. For I have heard some go through a whole sermon with ability equal to University men, but *nothing was said concerning* JESUS OF NAZARETH. Then have I felt convinced (and the effects have proved) that the *ignorance of those who* PREACH CHRIST was better by far in God's sight, and to the hearers, than the *learning of those who did* NOT. I sincerely wish that those who "seem *to themselves* to be wise, would become fools for the sake of Christ." *V. Y.*

His Paradoxical Account of Himself.

There are several of these,—one as a specimen of his occasional quaintness, constant pleasantry of description, and readiness in expression, will no doubt prove acceptable to many readers, and form a proper conclusion to this section of our Memoir:—

"Pentonville, Dec. 20th, 1812.

"Happy, thrice happy are we who have the God of Jacob for our help, who makes us wonders *to* the world,—the admiration of angels,—and riddles to our-

selves. I am now an old man, and yet a new creature; I totter and tremble, and yet am a brazen wall and an iron fence; nothing but frailty, and yet possess everlasting strength. A bruised reed, and yet an invincible column; stark-naked, and yet adorned with seven robes; divorced for spiritual adultery, and yet a chaste virgin; near seventy years old, but only forty years of age; a condemned criminal, and yet just before God, conscience and men. Less and worse than nothing, and yet more than a man; often ill, yet possessing saving health, and never sick; Isaiah xxxiii. 24; thrice dead and four times alive.

A polluted leper, yet without spot; an enemy to God, and yet in the highest friendship with Him; a vile sinner, and yet a thrice-sanctified saint; a beggar and yet an heir of three worlds; a worm of the dust, and yet an heir of God. An awful rebel and yet an Ambassador of peace; nothing but evil, yet filled with all goodness; a mass of corruption and yet incorruptible; a child of wrath, and yet a child of God; a cloud of darkness, and yet a shining light. An ignorant fool, and yet a wise spiritual teacher; naturally barren, yet the father of a hundred sons; the last of all, yet few before me; a servant of servants, yet crowned and anointed king; in the lower room, yet in the highest seat.

A native of Cranbrook in Kent, yet born and brought up in the city of Zion; never from the dung-hill, yet always filling a throne of state, Job. xxxvi. 7. The offspring of a thief, yet the son of the King of kings; an incarnate devil, but a temple of the Almighty; a smutty Coalheaver, but a priest of the most high God; a laborer in the vineyard, and a ruler in Israel. A condemned heretic, yet a teacher of the Gentiles in faith and verity; a man of a bad spirit, yet blessed with a holy one; an Antinomian, yet influenced with truth and power; the offscouring of the earth, yet the treasure of heaven; the bane of mankind, and the delight of the Almighty; an ill savor to sinners, and yet salt to preserve them. The Kentish man sends to the man of Kent the compliments of the season, to wit, "a comfortable Christmas and a peaceable New Year." *W. H., S. S.*

CHAPTER V.

His Writings.

"Of making many books there is no end, and much study is a weariness of the flesh." *Eccles.* xii. 12.

IT was said of JOHN BUNYAN that "He lived 60 years and wrote 60 books." In several respects there were points of *similarity* between him and Mr. Huntington, that are readily recognized and acknowledged, and their names are very often mentioned together. They were both taken from an obscure and vicious sphere of life,—the subjects of striking conversion and deep experience,—taught by the Holy Spirit and with but little human learning—filled important stations in the Church of Christ,—honored with extensive influence and great success—popular as preachers, were led into a similar line of vital Truth—and moreover, both were eminent Spiritual writers,—alike also in being voluminous, and diligent, and endowed with easy and powerful gifts of expression in controversy, imagination, spiritual discernment, scriptural knowledge and allegory; moreover each published in his lifetime a detailed narrative of his early days and call by grace, and were similar in their amusing attempts at quaint rhyming and lack of poetry. In other respects they were *diverse*,—the immortal Tinker excelled in a catholicity of spirit, an affectionate appeal to sinners, and practical admonition to believers, which impart such weight, charm, and variety to the pro-

ductions of his pen. The Coalheaver shines in a keen and courageous exposure of false religion, and the delusions of mere profession, exhibiting the blessedness of vital experience, in "the work of faith with power." Moreover, there is another important difference:—not only the ability, but the divine solid subjects of nearly all Bunyan's writings have procured them a *permanence* and value in the Church, shown by their estimation to this time, and the demand for new and large editions; some of Mr. H.'s will no doubt survive, but the greater part being much mixed with personal matter and the various controversial topics which in his day he took up, have already become neglected and obsolete; his narratives and letters are still highly esteemed, and with some of his treatises will certainly endure. Whitefield edited a folio Edition of Bunyan's works, and styled him "Archbishop Bunyan," which Huntington had read and approved. We see in these two remarkable godly men those rich endowments needful for the great work to which each in his day was called and qualified.

Mr. H. published ONE HUNDRED BOOKS, large and small, a sufficient proof of his unremitting application, in addition to his incessant pulpit-labors. So much had he an heart-felt interest in his subjects that he once mentions being "weary at night, after having been hard at writing *for fifteen hours during the day!*" It does not appear that he had assistance, either in their production or in their revision, nor can it be said that he *wrote* them all, as several largely consist not only of his own letters, but of many written by his friends, soliciting a reply to some question, or detailing their experience and profit under his ministry; some of these are very long, *one* in "The Epistles of Faith" occupying 80 pages octavo! There is a surprising freshness and energy of language in his writings, and they abound in clear and powerful truths well deserving the attention of Christian readers. Many have been deprived of the benefit his works might afford them, by the prejudice that has somewhat undeservedly attached to his name, and we shall be happy if this little work tends to remove this, and show his merits as a religious Author. In *his line of spiritual Truth* he has never been surpassed. To this opinion, the following is a correct testimony, among many such, borne even by impartial judges:—

"It is as an experimental minister of the mystery of Christ and the precious doctrines of the gospel, that this extraordinary servant of the Lord excels. There are passages in his works to which we could refer as specimens of what is chaste and beautiful in composition, and glowing and sublime in eloquence. We find him generally holding his pen as a man in intercourse with God, and transferring to paper thoughts and truths, flowing from the abundant treasure of his heart."

Gospel Herald.

We have read some of his works many times, with renewed and inexpressible delight, and can thankfully say, with much spiritual instruction and profit; they contain a mine of experimental Truth, and we believe no sincere enquirer after, or lover of real religion would read them in vain; but not to the *exclusion* of all *other Authors*, as many of his followers have done to their own injury: thus creating in them narrow prejudices. There are various gifts, "some after this manner and others after that," but the same Spirit, and we should esteem each man for his work's sake. There was no vacillation or menpleasing in his writings; he declared what he knew and had tasted and handled of the Word of Life, and could say with the Apostle, "so we believe and therefore speak." He evidently felt the solemnity and importance of his theme, and earnestly labored to enforce it, but was severe and unsparing in his denunciations of error, and sometimes bitter and uncourteous to those *he* considered to be the enemies of Truth. With these general remarks, we refer our readers to Mr. Stevens's "Recollections," which are rather, a "Review" of *his books, for he notices* as many as *sixty* of them, with the warm approval

of a sincere follower and personal friend. In pursuance of our plan, we shall relate some *Unpublished Particulars*, and quote the opinions of competent writers as to their value and character.

First, we give a complete record of his multifarious literary labors, shewing their subjects and extent, and the order and date of publication, stating also the number of the Volume, in which each work may be found in Bensley's Edition of 20 vols. to 1806, and in Collingridge's (formerly Bennett's) of six vols.; also the price of each work from Bensley's Catalogue, &c. This will, we trust, be useful and valuable for information as well as for reference, such an one not having hitherto appeared.

A complete List of his Works.

(Those marked thus* are Controversial.)

		Ben. Vol.	Col. Vol.		s.	d.
1	1780.	1	2	A Spiritual Sea Voyage. A Poem. 1st Ed., 3d.	2	0
2	1783.	2	4	The Arminian Skeleton	5	6
3		2	1	The Naked Bow of God, or a Display of God's Judgments	1	0
4	1784.	3	1	The Bank of Faith. Part I. 1st Ed., 1s.	3	0
5		2	2	Spiritual Birth. A Poem	0	9
6		3	3	An Innocent Game for Babes in Grace	1	0
7		2	2	A Sermon on the Dimensions of Eternal Love	1	6
8		7	2	A Divine Poem on the Shunamite.	0	9
9		1	1	The Kingdom of Heaven taken by Prayer. 1st Ed. 1s.	7	0
10		2	1	The Poor Christian's Last Will and Testament	1	0
11	1785.	5	6	Epistles of Faith. Part I.	7	0
12	1786.	3	6	The Law established by the Faith of Christ. A Sermon, 1st Jan.*	2	0
13		4		Tidings from Wallingford—Rev. T. Pentycross, M.A. *	0	6
14	1787.			Popish Controversy, Letters from and to Miss E. Morton	2	6
15		4		Zion's Alarm, not without cause. *	1	0
16		4		The Modern Plasterer detected—Rev. — Cottingham *	2	0
17		7	2	Music and Odours of the Saints. A Sermon, 2nd Sept.	2	0
18	1788.	4	2	The Justification of a Sinner and Satan's Lawsuit with him *	6	0
19		7		Free Thoughts in Captivity—To Skinner. *	3	0
20		7	6	The Servant of the Lord, described & vindicated. 2 Serms. Feb. 17,18*	2	0
21		7	3	Spoils taken from the Tower of London	1	6
22	1789.	8	6	A Rule and a Riddle. Part I.	2	0
23		8	6	Ditto Part II.	1	0
24		8		The Bond Child brought to the Test—To Wake of Smarden *	1	0
25		6	6	The Coalheaver's Confession	1	0
26		8		A Lawyer's Complaint *	0	9
27		10		Letter to Rev. Caleb Evans, D.D., of Bristol *	3	0
28		11		The Broken Cistern and the Springing Well—To John Ryland, Sen.*	2	6
29	1790.	9	1	The History of Little Faith	7	6
30		9	1	The Cry of Little Faith 1st Ed., 1s.	2	0
31	1791.	11		Excommunication. Letter to J. Ryland, D.D., Northampton *	2	0
32		12		Letter to Rev. Torial Joss *	0	6
33				Hieroglyphical Print of the Church of God	8	6
34				Key to Ditto.	2	0
35		10		The Barber, or Timothy Priestley shaved. Part I. *	3	0
36		10	5	The Funeral of Arminianism. A Sermon, Mar. 2nd *	2	0
37	1792.	11		The Moral Law not injured by the Gospel—To Rev. Rowland Hill, M.A*	2	6
38				The Bank of Charity, for Relieving the Lord's Poor	0	6
39		11		An Answer to Fools and a Word to the Wise—To Maria DeFleury*	2	6
40		10		The Barber, or Timothy Priestley shaved. Part II. *	3	0
41	1793.	12		A feeble dispute with a wise and learned man—To — Bramah, Esq *	1	0
42		12		Forty Stripes save none for Satan—Vessey, of Chatham *	3	0
43	1794.	12		Advocates for Devils refuted—To E. Winchester *	2	6
44		12	2	The Mystery of Godliness—To Mr. T. Loud *	2	6
45		13		Living Testimonies. Part I.	8	0
46		14		Ditto. Part II.	8	0
47		15	5	Moses unveiled in the Face of Christ. A Sermon, Aug. 12th	2	0
48		17	4	The Child of Liberty in Legal bondage. A Ditto, Sept. 9th	2	0
49	1795.	17		A Lying Prophet (Brothers) Examined *	2	0
50	1796.	15	3	Light Shining in Darkness. Part I.	7	6
51		16	3	Ditto Part II.	7	6
52		16		Utility of the Books & excellency of the Parchments. Ser. Mar. 9th.	1	0
53		17		Watchword and Warning. A Sermon, Jer. li. 20	2	0
54		8		Way and Fare of a Wayfaring Man	1	0

		Ben. Vol.	Col. Vol.		s.	d.
55	1797.	18	5	The Breath of the Lord and the Sieve of Vanity. Nov. 7th.	1	0
56		6	6	Epistles of Faith. Part II.	7	0
57		17	2	The Wise and Foolish Virgins described. Two Sermons, Feb.	2	0
58	1798.	17	4	Discoveries and Cautions from the Streets of Zion. Oct. 22nd	1	6
59		16		The Son of God in Triumph	1	6
60	1799.	18	4	Correspondence between Noctua Aurita and Philomela.	6	0
61		8	4	Letters on Ministerial Qualifications. Sept.	2	0
62	1800.	18	4	A Portion to Seven and also to Eight	2	0
63		19	3	The Loss and Restoration of the Image of God in man	3	0
64	1801.	19		Letter to Joseph Britton, of Downham	0	9
65	1803.	3	1	The Bank of Faith. Part II.	3	0
66	1804.	20	2	The Destruction of Death by the Fountain of Life	2	0
67		20	5	The Joy of Faith in the Shadow of Death (Blaker)	0	9
68	1805.	19	2	Contemplations on the God of Israel	5	6
69		20		"Onesimus" in the Balance, or the Eternity of Hope considered	1	6
70	1806.	20	3	Every Divine Law in the heart of Christ	4	0
71			4	Emblems of the Spirit and their Eternal Unction	1	0
72				Coalheaver's Comments on Zion's Traveller—V. McCulla	3	0
73	1807.		4	The Eternal Setting of the Sun	1	0
74	1808.		4	The Saints Seed time and Harvest	2	0
75	1809.			The Coalheaver's Scraps	1	6
76			4	The Heavenly Workfolks and their Mystic Pay	2	0
77						
78	1810.			The Love of Christ always the same. Parts I., II., III.	5	6
79						
80			6	The Apartments, Equipage and Parade of Immanuel. Dec. 9th	1	6
81	1811.		6	Zion's Gates and Pleasant Fruits	1	0
82			6	The Colour of the fields and their fitness for the sickle	1	0
83				The Glory of the Second House. Opening Sermon	1	0
84				Doctrines of Garrett refuted	0	9
85	1812.			Fragments of J. Jenkins, W. A.	6	0
86			6	Napthali, or Holy Wrestling. A Sermon, Feb. 9th.	1	0
87				Lamentations of Satan. Part I.	3	6
88				Ditto Part II.	3	0
89	1813.			The Glorious Ministration of the Spirit of God. Sermon, Isa. lxi. 6	1	0
90				Final Exhortations. His last Sermon	1	6
91	1814.		5	GLEANINGS OF THE VINTAGE, containing 342 Letters, collected by his Son — Vol. I.	12	0
92			5	" II.	12	0
93				POSTHUMOUS LETTERS, consisting of 592, collected by Bensley — Vol. I.	12	0
94				" II.	12	0
95	1815.			" III.	12	0
96	1822.			Ditto, with 143 Letters " IV.	12	0

The following he revised and re-published with Prefaces and Notes.

97	1788.	1	Reviving Cordial for a sin-despairing soul, Life of J. Barry, Dublin.	3 6
98	1802.	2	Particular Redemption, By Ditto	3 0
99		3	Mystery of the Apple Tree, Ditto	3 6
100	1807.	4	The Spirit of Prayer, Ditto	3 6
101	1792.		Free Grace, &c. to Sinners, By John Saltmarsh	3 0
102			Zion's Ornaments and Offerings, By a Sister	4 0
103			Footsteps of Divine Providence, By A. H. Francke, of Halle	3 0

(A few other small Works he wrote or edited.)

Here alone, is the cost of a moderate Library. The 20 Vols. were published at the high price of £12 in boards, and the remainder (making 10 or 12 vols. more) about £7 5s., or nearly £20 without binding! They would be beyond the means of the poor, who formed a large part of his followers. He seems to have studied the *eyesight* of his readers more than their *pockets*, being all printed in pica, a bold type, with wide margins, spaces, and on the best paper. All his followers that could possibly afford it, felt it necessary to possess his works, and had a pride therein, so that they sold well: but it must be remembered, that those persons bought and read but little besides them. Complete sets bound still make about £12, and form a great contrast to the excellent *One Volume* Editions of the *Whole Works* of Toplady, Romaine, Newton, &c., which may be had for less than ten shillings each.

His friend T. Bensley, the King's Printer, seems to have introduced this expensive style, for the *First* Editions were issued cheaply enough, "Th

Kingdom of Heaven" by subscription, for 1s. only, Bensley's was 7s.; this must have restricted the sale of that interesting work. What would he have said to its being published (as it was by Gadsby in 1867) *unabridged for Fourpence*, and the "Bank of Faith," complete, for Two-pence, instead of 6s.? These cheap issues gained a wide circulation, and must have done much good.

Many of the foregoing odd and quaint Titles would puzzle and seem ridiculous to a stranger, though familiar enough to his friends. His reprint of Barry's Life, he called "The Coalheaver's Cousin rescued from the Bats;" and another, "An everlasting Task for Blind Watchmen and Old Women." Some do not intelligibly indicate the nature of the book, indeed convey *an opposite meaning*. Of this, a curious instance occurred a few years ago in a public controversy on "The origin of Sin and the existence of Evil Spirits," when Mr. H. was reckoned an *opponent* of the doctrine, and his book, entitled "The Advocates for Devils refuted" was quoted in proof; whereas his sentiments were quite the reverse, and he made frequent allusions to Satan and his devices. He seldom made corrections in later editions, even it is said when his ear for reports had led him into some mistakes in his polemical works, but he occasionally omitted some parts. He was very tenacious that no alteration should be made, and bequeathed his copyrights to Bensley and a Son-in-law, prohibiting any such interference, but there could be but little danger of any one so doing. His setting aside his own son Ebenezer, who was his bookseller, was strange; some harsh reflections in his Will imply a want of confidence in him, which is said to have been the effect of prejudice, from his new connexions in life. He had the same reliance on the truth of his writings as of his preaching, but the latter was seldom personal, his works were too much so: and he rested implicitly on his own judgment.

As to his astonishing gift and correctness of composition, without any of the advantages of education, even Southey admits that in the whole 20 Vols. he *only* noticed *one*, what he calls, "slip-slop blunder," viz., the use of the word "promiscuously" for "by chance." This tribute from an enemy, himself so learned in the wisdom of this world, is valuable: but however deserved, Mr. H. wrote, not to seek applause from men (indeed he was *too indifferent* as to their judgment), but for the good of his readers and "that best Honour that cometh from God only." John v. 44. His style is powerful and elaborate, and in explaining obscure passages manifests great ingenuity and depth of knowledge: but occasionally he construes a text away from its self-evident meaning, in support of some favorite views.

His admirers have been in the habit of extolling him and his works as beyond all others: but, allowing them their due merits, in some respects they are by no means equal to those of Bunyan, or the able host of Puritan authors; but we must remember, that *they* were men of the highest education and gifts, and their persecutions made the gold of abundant grace to shine, which gave so spiritual a tone to their masterly volumes. Evidences of this super-exaltation is seen in such published opinions as follows:—"GILL and HUNTINGTON—two of the greatest authors that have lived since the days of the Apostles." On some doctrinal points Gill was more full and clear, and had the advantage of extensive learning; God "divideth to every man severally as He will," and each servant had his appointed work. Gill certainly would not have supported Mr. H.'s favorite dogma, for he held "That *denying* or setting aside the Law of God *as a rule of life and conversation* was properly speaking DOCTRINAL ANTINOMIANISM." Again, there is some extravagance in such praise as this:—

"I consider him to have been the greatest man whom it pleased God to raise up in this land, or probably in the world, since the Lord called and sent forth his *servant Paul, for knowledge* of the Scriptures,—depth of experience,—spirituality *of mind,—and the approbation* of his God."

If such remarks from indiscreet friends reached him, it is no wonder that without special grace he would be "puffed up." How contrary was Whitefield's judgment of himself, who lived a life of constant devotion and danger:—"He felt that no man had received so *much* from God, and served him so *little*!"

Freely according to his works their due meed of praise, with thankfulness to God for the blessing derived from them (and for His goodness to the Church in raising up so faithful a witness and teacher), we dare not go with those who consider them perfect, and free from error or defect. To be so, they would be *more than human;* of that which is Divine alone, can it be said "Every word of God is pure." Yet, while allowing that the best of men are fallible, many of his followers have been ready to condemn as heresy, the questioning of any of his views, or disapprobation of any act of his life. In our desire for Impartiality, we are *not* of this class; highly esteeming him and some of his works, we could not blindly attach ourselves to such an "ISM" or human system. Strong in his work, and fully entering into, as he did, those parts of Truth, in which he was so wise a master-builder on the only sure foundation: he was liable, as other good men have been, to neglect or undervalue other parts, and even to slight those fellow-laborers who sounded another note of the same blessed Gospel,—*equally* under the sanction, and blessing, of the same glorious Captain of Salvation. He had *his* "line of things," II. Cor. x. 16, and well did he expound and teach it, therefore this testimony may be true:—"He had such an insight into the human heart, and such a practical knowledge of its inward workings, as we believe no writer since the Apostles' times ever came up to." But "Who can understand his errors?" was the enquiry of the man after God's own heart; and each believer finds cause for the same, with gratitude if they are not wilful, but through imperfection, ignorance or infirmity.

On this important point we shall introduce the opinion of good men, known as *sound in faith and judgment.* The late excellent Thomas Hardy, of Leicester, in his continual itinerant labors, went much among Mr. H.'s people, and had the best opportunity of observing the evil fruit, produced even in those subsequent years, by the omission (manifest in his writings and preaching) of some essential parts of Divine Truth. The *whole* Gospel is necessary to the believer's life, growth, and health. He always owned "That the best Christians he met with in his travels were Huntingtonians," and that he found some, *free* from "the POPISH NON-SUCH ideas," which too often imbued his disciples; their serious consideration is earnestly requested to these two Extracts in which this erroneous principle is pointed out:—

"He (Hardy) held that Exhortations and Cautions, Commands and Precepts, were as much a part of the Counsel of God, as Doctrines and Promises, and that Paul in his Epistles gave equal prominence to all; and it was his firm conviction that if any part of Truth were omitted and *systematically overlooked and disregarded* the Church sustained great injury. He who gave the whole was the only judge of the necessity of every part. He said nothing in vain. The Reformers were practical men, and the Puritans and Old Nonconformists zealously and carefully inculcated Practice, with Doctrinal statements and Christian Experience. But we had higher authority,—that of Christ Himself and His Holy Apostles; through all their discourses and writings the golden threads of TRUTH, EXPERIENCE AND DUTY were kept in perfect symmetry and most skilfully wrought together. The doctrine was reduced into experience, and exemplified in practice. The experience and practice were traced up to, and founded upon doctrine. When Divine Love binds this three-fold cord around the heart, its restraints are not easily broken. It was the deep regard and the universal respect, which Hardy paid to the *whole* of God's most holy word and his extreme anxiety to '*stand perfect and complete in* ALL *the will of* God,' that made him so deeply sensible *of sin, and kept* him so humble before the Lord."

"He did not trace out a particular track, or confine himself to one peculiar line of experience, which Satan can imitate as easily as any other thing. He took an enlarged view, and used the most comprehensive scale in shewing the Lord's diversified and manifold dealings with his chosen, and their leadings into the footsteps of the flock. *The reverse of this, was* ONE OF THE MISTAKES OF HUNTINGTONIANISM, and led to many painful and calamitous consequences. I would that I could remember his masterly pointing out *the defects and errors of that system.* It would be the greatest proof of friendship and love that I could give to that people, though it might subject me to the greatest odium, and bring upon me the severest censures. If they were duly weighed, and rightly attended to, they would have purged away some dross, and removed not a little rust. His statements were undeniable, his arguments unanswerable, his words weighty and oracular. This point of experience was one—the principle of holding it right, rather to contend and buffet with the waves of temptation and corruption, than embrace the plank that would safely bring to the shore—the 'partiality in the law,' Mal. ii. 9. and the *leaving out of many portions* of the Word—the *slavish adherence to a particular system,* and to *certain favorite views.*"—*Life of Hardy.*

The following strong declaration by that well-known able Divine and gracious writer, the Rev. Abraham Booth, will surprise many, and show that there *is* danger from too implicit a confidence even in the best-taught men:—

"In a conversation with a friend a few years before his decease (in 1806) he gave it as his decided opinion that a critical examination of Mr. Huntington's numerous writings was much to be desired, and added, 'Were I young enough, the first thing to which I would devote my time, should be a CONFUTATION of the system of that man. For this, I would read all his works and collect from them as I proceeded, the sentiments he holds on particular subjects, so as, if possible, to ascertain his whole system, and having once made myself master of that, I would to the best of my ability *confute it by an appeal to Scripture,* and in doing this, should feel I was rendering one of the best services in my power to the Church of Christ. It might prevent the unguarded from following his mistakes. But being now too old to undertake it, I have mentioned it to several of my younger brethren in the ministry, yet none seem disposed to enter into the labor." JONES'S "*Life of Booth.*"

Though we rather reluctantly give this passage, we cannot for a moment allow that there *were* just grounds for the censure to the extent implied therein. Furthermore, this *report* of conversation might *not have been exactly Booth's words and opinion*; but we are quite sure that in the sentiments of those two gifted Authors (judged from their writings) there would be found a close agreement in all the fundamental Truths of the Gospel, the Everlasting Covenant, and Distinguishing Grace; though as men, they were very differently constituted in mind and acquirements. Booth also might not *then* have been sufficiently acquainted with his works: but had he so studied them, we think he would have found but little he was disposed, or *able to confute;* he might meet with some unguarded statements—a few rather fanciful interpretations of Scripture,—and the omission of some important practical truths,—but in Doctrine and Experience, few writers have been *more* clear, sound and faithful, than was WILLIAM HUNTINGTON.

1. The Bank of Faith

Has perhaps been more known and read than any of his works, Part I. describes with tender feeling, his extreme poverty and humble dependence on his Heavenly Father. Many of the Lord's people have known and said that they had as much reason to record similar and even *more* remarkable interpositions of His Hand; but it was a novel production in that day, and his *celebrity and gift of* graphic expression caused it to attract great attention *both from professors and* profane. Godly persons hailed it with gratitude and

pleasure; the world, to whom a life of faith is a hidden mystery, ridiculed it, and agreed with Southey, who called it "blasphemous effrontery" to narrate such particulars of providential dealings, even to the fit of his nether garments: but such know not God nor His ways. Pious and respectable persons joined in the chorus of contempt and hatred of such an "Enthusiast! Knave! Hypocrite!" and many who daily read that the God of Heaven "feeds ravens, and clothes lilies," could not endure the account of His feeding William Huntington and his family, and clothing a tattered Coalheaver, who was spending his strength and life in His service, and *without any recompense* from men, travelling on foot to preach the Gospel to his dying fellow-sinners.

Part II. (published nearly 20 years later) is not so striking, and does not correspond or accord with the same title; the dissimilarity is wide and apparent to every intelligent reader, but we have never seen it noticed. The first records *the supply of necessities* chiefly in answer to prayer; the second, often *of luxuries*—horses, carriages, and farm-stock, from rich friends, and gifts towards the chapel. Moreover, he owned that his object in publishing it was to help off the chapel-debt. There was really *more* cause therein for good old Romaine's opinion of the first part, "*That there was too much of self in it!*"

2. His Two Hymns.

Some of his earlier writings consisted of poetical attempts of rough matter, in more rugged and often false rhyme, yet even these were reprinted in his collected works; he admired Milton and could write good prose, but had no more notion of, or love to poetry than to music. If he could not see this, probably some friend convinced him that he was "no poet," for such labor was discontinued, and he seldom even *quoted* verse. Referring to the days of his first spiritual love, he said, "I wrote a few hymns and sang them," but it is scarcely known that there are two Hymns of his composition, which appeared in a good selection by his friend Turner, of Sunderland, now out of print, (Second Edition, 1815) which, if known, might have obtained as they deserve, even for *his* sake, insertion in other selections, and may in future be included. The substance of them (one nearly verbatim), is found in a letter, *G. V.*, 2, written in 1775; the rhyme was revised by Mr. Turner.

317. PRAISE FOR SPIRITUAL MERCIES.

1.
Now Lord our hearts and voices raise,
In faith and love, while Thee we praise,
For all the wonders Thou hast done,
Thou undivided Three-in-One.

2.
But who Thy wondrous acts can trace,
Creator, Lord and God of Grace?
Yet shall our humble tribute rise,
With sweet acceptance 'bove the skies.

3.
We praise Thee for th' Incarnate Word,
For His obedience and His blood;
We praise Thee for thy quickening breath,
For holy love and precious faith.

4.
We praise Thee for our heavenly views,
We praise Thee for the joyful news,
We praise Thee for an open ear,
For blessed hope and godly fear.

5.
We praise Thee for a precious soul,
For grace to save and make us whole;
For power, engaged to defend,
And keep it safe unto the end.

6.
We praise thee for the light of life,
For holy thirst, and lawful strife,
A spirit meek, a broken heart,
A will to choose the better part.

7.
We praise thee for thy watchful eye,
For guardian-angels ever nigh;
We praise thee for thy humbling rod;
We praise Thee as our Lord and God.

318. PRAISE TO THE TRINITY.

1.
Praise ye the Lord, all saints of light,
Praise our Jehovah, day and night;
Praise Him who gave you breath and birth,
Praise ye my Christ, both heaven and earth.

2.
Praise Him who stooped to bleed and die,
Praise Him, who ever reigns on high;
Praise Him in all the hymns you sing,
Praise Him, your Prophet, Priest and King.

3.
Let all mankind from North to South,
Give praise to God with heart and mouth,
Ye saints praise Him, your living Head,
Praise Jesus, Judge of quick and dead.

4.
Praise Christ the Lord from pole to pole,
Praise Him who saved your helpless soul,
Praise the most High from coast to coast,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

3. Publishing by Subscription.

The difficulty of issuing his earlier works and their modest pretensions, as compared with their subsequent appearance and popularity is seen in the announcement to the reader, at the end of the "Bank of Faith," 1784, which was the Original Advertisement of one of his best works, the Narrative of his Life and Call by grace.

"Before I conclude, I must confess that I have a desire to write a little Treatise upon my conversion to the faith of Christ, and to this end, there will be a Subscription-book in the Vestry of Providence Chapel for any one that chooses to put his name down. No money will be required till the book is delivered. The price will be One Shilling. I will put it in the press as soon as 300 persons have subscribed. Already there are 31 at Richmond. A list of names will be printed in the work, and I believe its title will be, "THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN TAKEN BY PRAYER." Until I visit thee, courteous reader, in this intended s ege, I shall take my leave, wishing thee every blessing both of the upper and nether springs."

His publications came out rapidly in that year, and were printed by J. Rozea, 91, Wardour Street, Soho, who was the printer to "The Society for promoting the circulation of Religious Books among the Poor," in which office T. Bensley succeeded him, and also in being Mr. H.'s sole printer. No publisher's name is given, as all the London trade refused his works: only a list of those which had then appeared, and could be had at the Chapel and of his friend Baker, 226, Oxford Street. In 1788, he published "The Justification of a Sinner and Satan's Lawsuit with him," price 6s., bds., with a steel-plate; for this book he had also previously obtained subscribers, whose names were inserted; the following summary will shew the extent and locality of his first followers. There were 490 names in London, some for several copies, among them Sir John Brayne, Rev. John Ryland, Garnett Terry (for 6), Miss E. Morton, Wm. Aldridge and Samuel Turner.

Bristol	.. 80	Chatham, &c...	23	Maidenhead	..	12	
Trowbridge	.. 32	Deptford	.. 16	Portsmouth	..	8	
Richmond	.. 30	Greenwich	.. 15	Wales, 5; Dover,		3	
Lewes	.. 25	Woolwich	.. 15	&c. Total——			754

It was very different in after years; so eager were his people to procure anything he thought proper to publish (which no doubt instigated his pen) that when any new book was expected, a large crowd often waited in the street where they were issued, so that the first supply was bought up, and an edition went off at full price within a week.

4. Miss E. Morton & "The Popish Controversy."

There never was a more masterly exposure of the workings and evils of Popery than in the letters to this lady, evincing the wonderful teaching of the Holy Spirit in enabling him to see into, and condemn this "Mystery of Iniquity" from God's own Word alone, for it does not appear that he ever before came much in contact with persons of that delusion. Many have been surprised that *they do not appear in his works*, but so it is. They were first published in the early editions of "THE EPISTLES OF FAITH," and became so scarce, that a Guinea has been paid for a copy of that one Volume. He thought proper to exclude them (valuable and interesting as they were) from all future editions, and also from his complete and uniform works. This was owing to her having given him offence by a marriage he disapproved of, with a Mr. Spohn, connected with "The Morning Chronicle," and ceasing to attend his ministry. He would not recognize those whose sincere attach*ment to him, he thought* he had reason to suspect, and therefore suppressed *these letters, in which he had* addressed her with some confidence as a true

Christian. This is much to be regretted, for the Truth so well set forth, remained the same, whatever steps were taken by either of the writers (as many were *from her*), but it has been a great loss to the readers of his works. They have been since republished separately, but are still scarce and well worth another Edition. Miss M.'s brother was an Independent Minister of Holywell Mount Chapel, Shoreditch.

When Miss De Fleury published her "LETTER TO Mr. HUNTINGTON," censuring his contentious views, Miss M., with the immature zeal of a scarcely-fledged convert in her first year of Protestant profession, entered the combat with "THE DAUGHTER'S DEFENCE OF HER FATHER." This large and foolish pamphlet, full of admiration of Mr. H., "substituting ridicule and scurrility for sense, sound argument and divinity," was announced and recommended from the pulpit, and sold at his Chapels, but it was easily overthrown in "ANOTHER LETTER TO THE FATHER HIMSELF." Miss M. had soon after to taste of that bitterness she had too eagerly attempted to defend, and incurred *herself*, not only displeasure, but rejection. This often happens after inordinate admiration; Miss De F. wrote, "I cannot regard you as Miss M. seems to do, as infallible, and am really afraid that whatever Popes your daughter has renounced, *She has* ONE *still*."

4. Clerical Prejudice.

At the time of the Papal Aggression, in 1851, the Rector of a large town in a Midland County, had printed and extensively circulated Mr. H.'s striking and well-known piece, "ON THE EXCELLENCY OF THE HOLY SCRIPTURES," commencing "A Nation must be truly blessed, &c." and strongly recommended it from the pulpit to the attention of his people: adding, "that he could not inform them *who* was the writer, *but had no doubt it was by some Eminent Divine.*" A note was therefore inserted in the local paper, "The Stamford Mercury," joining in the commendation and stating, "That the Author was a London Dissenting Minister named Huntington, once a Coal-heaver, in whose works it could be seen, as part of Dialogue XI., of the "HISTORY OF LITTLE FAITH." This announcement gratified many, yet rather perplexed the Clergyman who made no remark, but declined to circulate it any more, and forbade others doing so; thus he cast aside *Truth*, from prejudice towards the writer. It is a full and concise testimony to the power and use of the Bible, and by its unjust ascription to men of more repute (Sir W. Jones and others) he has been often wronged out of the honor due to him,—contrary to all integrity. It can be had of Collingridge, London, and of others, for One Halfpenny, or 3s. per 100.

6. History of Little Faith.

As an instance of the diversity of opinion in persons equally favorable to his views, Mr. S. says "*This is the worst book Mr. H. ever wrote*;" another said thus, "The Dialogues of Little Faith in particular, I think contain such a fund of spirituality, beauty and experience, that I rank them second only to 'The Pilgrim's Progress.'"—*J. T.* They contain some fine passages, but much that is offensive in too familiar a use of natural figures, with harsh censure and judgment; on which account it is no wonder that many dislike the book, which moreover is wanting in precept, and tends to foster a low unhealthy experience, and looking within rather than to Christ; still it may with caution be read with instruction and profit. The account of the marriage with Mara Duplicity is well-written and interesting, full of needful and serious admonition to young Christians.

His Letters.

The EPISTOLARY was his favorite mode of composition; therein he excelled, and from continual practice, it became the easiest to him, and was employed when somewhat out of place. Some of his narratives were thus cast; the Second Part of "The Bank of Faith" was in letters addressed to "The Sparrow alone," which was Mr. Blaker, of Bolney; occasionally he wrote a Sermon, or an exposition of Scripture, in the form of a long epistle to some friend; and that which is considered his greatest work, "Contemplations on the God of Israel," consists of 19 letters to his brother-minister Jenkins. His son Ebenezer and Bensley, each published collections of his Letters: those to his richer friends are in the latter, but some of the best, from Ditton (to his poor companions during his first love) are in "THE GLEANINGS OF THE VINTAGE;" many letters appear in both works, which betray some rivalry. Bensley gave the *Dates* from the Postmarks. On comparing the printed ones with *our* originals, we notice the corrections (in B.'s handwriting) are chiefly in the *spelling*, and but few *other* alterations or omissions. They are almost entirely spiritual, and contain but little secular, or domestic, and *no trifling* matter, needful to suppress; we never saw one on a worldly subject: he wrote for the edification of his friends, and through them for thousands afterwards. They are beautiful compositions, of easy, powerful expression, and on a believer's experience *unsurpassed*; occasionally tinctured with his peculiar tenets, and in some respects not equal to Romaine's or Newton's, or those recently published of his *own hearer* James Bourne. From their superiority in style and matter, and the estimation in which he was held, it is no wonder that besides the number he published himself, they were eagerly sought after, and so many printed since his death: so that probably during these years, in magazines, or in some form or other, *nearly all have appeared.* We are glad to have even TWO ORIGINAL ONES for this work. Their vivacity and earnestness, spiritual tone and feeling, render them among the most interesting and profitable of his writings. Often have they afforded us deep and pure enjoyment and do so still; we can therefore unite (as will also those that know them) in the following sincere,—well-deserved—and high commendations:—

"Many persons object to the publication of 'Letters.' We differ from them. Letters are for the most part free from the stiffness and formality of more general writing. In the latter, you have very much the expression of the *judgment*, in the former the simple, sincere breathings of the *heart!* The one instructs, the other influences; and consequently both have their claims. There is a marvellous diversity in the writings of William Huntington. He was a man of profound natural talents, and these God gave him grace and power to turn to the very best account. In his set essays he treats his subjects with a master-hand; he ranges through the Scriptures with the most perfect ease and self-possession; in Controversy he was a Boanerges, but in his Epistolary writings he becomes a Barnabas; the lion is transformed into a lamb. Heart communes with heart—spirit with spirit. His hopes and his fears—his joys and his sorrows flow as from a fountain; and they bring with them an unction and a dew, and such a soul-convincing power as at once refresh, invigorate and edify. Thus we have found His Letters; they have been to us savory and precious, when in secret, sorrowing moments, we have turned to them; and willingly do we lend our humble aid to honor the memory, and circulate the writings of a man of God, whose name we revere, and whose works we so highly esteem." DR. DOUDNEY.

"We are great admirers of Mr. Huntington's writings. From *his* works and those of Dr. Owen we have derived more instruction, edification, encouragement, consolation, and, we may add, conviction, counsel, reproof and rebuke, than from any other source, except the word of God; and indeed, it is because the writings *of these two eminent men* are so in harmony with the Scriptures, so breathe the *same spirit, and are so impregnated* with the same heavenly wisdom, that they are

so profitable to those who know and love the truth. The Spirit of God speaks in and through them, because what they wrote they wrote under his special influences, and out of the treasure of a good heart brought forth those good things which make them so weighty and so valuable. His greatest work is probably his "Contemplations on the God of Israel;" but for our own private reading, we prefer his Letters to any of his other writings. In them we see the man just as he was in his private moments before God; in them he pours forth to his various correspondents the treasures of wisdom and grace with which he was so largely endowed and blessed. There we see him not as a warm controversialist, nor a keen disputant provoked and irritated, as he sometimes unduly was, by the slanders of his enemies, or the errors of the day, against which he contended with such earnest zeal; but we see in them the breathings of a tender, kind, and affectionate spirit, mingled with such openings of the Scripture and the various branches of living experience as make them full of instruction and edification. As a letter writer he strikes us as unrivalled. Even apart from the subject of his letters, the ease, flexibility, originality, strength, and variety of his language is something marvellous. You never find in them anything dry, dull, and prosy; you are never wearied with long, obscure phrases and periods from which it is hard to extract sense or meaning; but his language flows from his pen with all the freshness and clearness of a summer brook. As his correspondents were in different stages of the divine life, his Letters taken as a whole, touch upon and unfold every branch of living experience, from its first movements in conviction to its fullest joys in deliverance and consolation."

"HIS LETTERS abundantly prove the warm affection and respect, we might add veneration, with which his friends regarded him. They are, we think, the most edifying and instructive of his writings. It is true they have not the grandeur of the "Contemplations," or the details of personal experience as in the "Kingdom of Heaven;" but there is a freedom in them, an entering into many minutiæ of the Divine life, and a drawing forth many sweet draughts from the deep well of his own gracious leadings and teachings, which make them singularly instructive and edifying. There is also in them an absence of controversy, and therefore of that warmth which he sometimes displays in handling an opponent. The kindness, tenderness, wisdom, knowledge of his own heart, of the devices of Satan, of the consolations of the Spirit, of the word of God, and of the whole length and breadth of Christian experience displayed in them, is truly surprising. Even as letters they are wonderful productions. Such originality of thought and expression, such variety of language, with occasional flashes of surprising wit and humour, with such freedom of style, as if all he had to do was to write as fast as his pen could travel over the paper, stamp his Letters as most remarkable compositions. The wonder is, whence he got his knowledge of so many things, his ample and powerful vocabulary, and his dexterity in wielding his words and ideas. When we consider that he had no education but at a common dame-school, where he just learned to read and write, we stand astonished at his amazing genius. We do not say it in a boasting way, but it has so happened, from the bent of our studies in former days, that we have read some of the finest productions of human eloquence, in both ancient and modern languages, and therefore we know what we assert, when we declare that, in our judgment, the description of his deliverance in the "Kingdom of Heaven," apart from the experience there described, as a *mere piece of eloquence, is one of the grandest and most beautiful pieces of writing* that has ever came under our eye."

J. C. PHILPOT.

His Controversial Works.

These were his most objectionable, and least profitable writings: in this opinion most of his friends concur. No doubt he felt called upon to write them in defence of vital religion, and to combat much error in legal preaching and false profession. Disapproving of their style and personalities, and more so, of the rancorous spirit that pervades them, we cannot, as some have done, recommend their perusal; even if considered needful in his day, they may have been productive of harm as well as good, and cannot be suitable or of much profit now. Time and labor might perhaps have been more usefully spent. *He often owned that* there was one spiritual attainment of the Apostle he had *never reached, viz.: to* "take *pleasure* in reproaches;" and that he had not enjoyed

that blessedness the Saviour conferred on "those who could rejoice and leap for joy, when all manner of evil was spoken against them." Instead of filling so many pages in vindicating himself and followers from attacks and opprobrious names, better could he have adopted his Master's rule—"Who, when He was reviled, reviled not again," I Pet. ii. 23; and rested content with *the more effectual reply* he could undoubtedly have given:—

"Assailed by Slander, and the tongue of strife,
His only answer was—A BLAMELESS LIFE."

Some of the topics he disputed were most intricate, and must have been beyond the comprehension of many of his flock, and tended to "strife of words, rather than godly edifying in faith." He had such great power in argument, that few could resist him, and of this he was conscious. Controversy in a right spirit is at times necessary, useful and establishing to the Church, but too often has it degenerated from the proper defence of Truth into *personal bitterness*, recrimination and self-triumph, to the injury of the combatants, and the grief and wounding of many. The late Mr. Philpot owned this error in his polemics:

"He was so unrivalled as a Controversialist in his knowledge and use of Scripture, so acute to discern the whole state of the argument, so keen in his dissection of their legal views, so fearless in his attack, and so thoroughly persuaded that God was with him, and would stand by him, that none of his *opponents could stand before him.* We are free to admit that he *did* sometimes *mingle his own spirit* in his controversial writings, with that Spirit of Grace and Truth by which he was undoubtedly led,—though he himself would not allow this."

Some, as Watchmen on the walls of Zion, are more than others *set* to defend the Gospel and to attack error, and to a certain extent, this is every minister's work. Our friend Hutchinson pointed out this distinction:—

"In one sense a minister may be "a man of strife and contention," as Jeremiah was, xv. 10;—in another, "he must *not strive*, but be gentle unto all men, patient, in meekness instructing those that oppose themselves," II. Tim. ii. 24. In this matter, Mr. Hardy said, he never could read Paul's exhortation, and the account of his ministry, particularly the words in I. Cor. iv. 12, "Being reviled, *we bless*, being persecuted, *we suffer* it; being defamed, *we intreat*;" without deeply lamenting the *contrariety and deficiency* of that eminent servant of God (for as such he regarded him) the late W. Huntington, in this particular."

Respecting his courage and keenness as a disputant, Dr. Doudney, wrote:

"In his ministry and writings Mr. H. wielded the sword of the Spirit with consummate skill, and in controversy, woe, woe to his antagonist! No combatant stood the slightest chance. Humanly speaking, right or wrong, none could wage war successfully with William Huntington. He had a clearness of apprehension —a scriptural knowledge—and a command of language, together with a fearlessness, that were sufficient to intimidate any opponent. He was, as a Controversialist, a Boanerges of the first order."

It is not desirable, nor are we disposed or competent, to describe the many controversial works indicated in the foregoing list; most of them were to explain and defend what was at that time, a novel and peculiar doctrine, that "the Law is not a rule of life to a believer;" by which he *unavoidably* incurred the name of Antinomian. They contain, however, mixed with this, many powerful and instructive passages, brilliant expositions of scripture, and clear delineations of the Christian's life, hope and faith. The apparent animosity displayed, and the severe language he employed, would lead his readers to regard the persons addressed (as we formerly did) to be erroneous and unchristian men: we deem it therefore only justice to their memory to allude to some of them, for their names are still fragrant in the Church of *Christ. Alas!* that *brethren* should ever strive about a mere difference of *opinion, instead of being* fellow-helpers in the Gospel of the Grace of God, for *the good of dying sinners.*

1. The Rev. Thomas Pentycross, M.A.

The first minister Mr. H. attacked (1786) was the Rector of St. Mary's, Wallingford, Berks: to which living Mr. P. was instituted in 1774, at the recommendation of Romaine. It was worth *only* £12 *per annum*, so no one would accept it, but some persons offered to subscribe towards the settlement of an Evangelical minister. God abundantly blest his labors there, especially in 1783, when every Sabbath the power of efficacious grace was felt and owned by numbers all around. Soon after there came a time of trial and winnowing, for Mr. P. almost adored by his people, and perhaps elated with his great success, seems to have gradually declined from the purity of Gospel Truth into some of the vain speculations of what is improperly called High Calvinism; practical preaching was disregarded, and Satan failed not to cherish a spirit of pride, self-conceit, and aversion to personal holiness. This led to a separation, which formed a congregation in Lady Huntingdon's connexion, in whose Chapels Mr. P. had often preached with much acceptance, and soon after another division from *them*, who were visited by Mr. Huntington; for Mr. P. after being warned by a friend, of the dangerous tendency and insinuating nature of his false sentiments, veered round to the opposite error of Arminian and Baxterian doctrines, but did not long continue in them.

His feelings, under this trial, and the circumstances of the division, can best be known from his own words, in a letter to a worthy Dissenting minister:

"Of the people who are withdrawn, several of them were turned out of my society first for receiving *bribes* at elections; others are spouting Christians and rattlers. There are but few of them whom I esteem as possessed of grace, *or ever did*, only I nursed appearances. The flower of my flock adhere to me, and are *happier and more alive than ever*. My congregations are larger, my society more numerous than before, and the seceders are unattended to and forgotten: their number amounts to about twenty. I am not at all moved from the doctrines of free, sovereign, distinguishing personal grace and election, but more *confirmed* in them than ever, on a recent thorough examination. As to popular outcry, it proceeds from *ignorance and mis-information. The method I hope to follow to suppress it, is to* OUT-PREACH, OUT-PRAY, AND OUT-LIVE it. Here join me with your prayers, and believe me always, in the Ever-blessed Jehovah our Righteousness, Your *unworthy, most unworthy* Brother and Friend,

THOMAS PENTYCROSS.

His memoir refers to Mr. H. as a "modern accuser of the Brethren," and to his visit, for the purpose of strengthening the hands of the seceders: and of his then issuing a pamphlet, of which the title should rather have been "SLANDERS (instead of TIDINGS) FROM WALLINGFORD." Above, are the undisguised sentiments of a man, who was, for a long while, branded as an Arminian through the kingdom. Rather unkindly, this tract was sold at the doors of Surrey Chapel, where Mr. P. was preaching to a crowded audience, but he disdained to answer, nor would he suffer a friend who had begun, to proceed. He preferred to exemplify the maxims of the preceding letter, praying for opponents, and endeavouring to return good for evil.

Once in company in London, a friend regretted that his people had behaved in so ungrateful a manner. Mr. P. replied, "How can I blame them, when I neither taught them their duty to God, nor man? Preaching doctrine, doctrine perpetually was the likely way to make them forget their duty to me." He remained firm to the Truth, and his ministry was highly honored and blest of God. Though he had more lucrative offers, he remained at Wallingford 34 years, till "the important hour of death" came, Feb. 1808, aged 60. A few weeks previously he wrote to a friend:—

"I know not whether my Lord is sending for me home by this disorder, but he enables me to be found watching for that event. All my fears are banished and the most *glowing* hopes infused into me by the most adorable Father,

Saviour and Comforter. I am one of the happiest of beings,—though certainly, certainly, and certainly again, *the most unworthy!* Glory to God in the highest, for His Love in giving us a Redeemer, and His Spirit to make that gift effectual,—Hallelujah! Amen. O let us glorify Him in our souls and bodies,—in life,—in death,—and to eternity."

2. Rev. Rowland Hill, M.A.

The intimate friend of the above, deservedly incurred Mr. H.'s rebuke; he addressed him with more respect than usual, and styled him, "Brother Rowland." He is too well-known to require notice here, especially as allusion will have to be made in a future chapter to the unhappy difference, that for so many years existed between them. He hated Mr. H.'s doctrine, which he misjudged, but could not overturn, and remorselessly pursued *him*, against whose character, though repeatedly challenged to do so, he could bring no charge. We mourn over this variance in two good men highly-honored and zealous in God's service, in different ways, and with their various spiritual and natural gifts. As an evidence of diversity in the manners and walk of believers, we will notice a striking contrast in the habit of a spiritual mind in the one, as compared with the seclusion constantly indulged in by the other:—

"It was said of good old Rowland Hill, that people did not so much notice his particular times of retirement, for he was a man who was *always praying, wherever he might be.* You would often find him alone talking to himself, and even in company his heart would be going away to the object of his best love—communion with Christ." C. H. SPURGEON.

3. Captain Joss.

One reason for introducing this eminent man, is that he also had to bear one of Mr. H.'s controversial letters; but there are four others, which render it a pleasure, as well as a duty, to notice him in these pages; 2nd, because it was from *his* lips that Mr. H. first heard the Gospel at Richmond, (and, be it remembered, this was *after his conversion*); so much did the "good news" cheer and confirm his heart, that he told his companion, "he did not believe that Paul could have delivered a better discourse;" 3rd, because Mr. Joss presided at his ordination over the little flock at Woking, on his recognized entrance into his important ministry; 4th, from our high esteem for the zealous and faithful colleague of Geo. Whitefield,—till his death, joint-minister of the Tabernacle; and 5th, as scarcely anything has appeared from his pen (the only publication to preserve his memory being a Funeral Sermon on the death of a Rev. T. Adams, of Rodborough, Glos.) that we might insert a beautiful original letter from him to a near relative, which, with other documents, will, we trust, at least *add* to the value of this work.

THE REV. TORIAL JOSS, originally commanded a coasting vessel, when called by Divine Grace to preach, which he did at various ports where he anchored. Whitefield, hearing of his success and power, tried to persuade him to relinquish his calling, and devote himself to the ministry, this he declined to do; but several calamities in his voyage sounding like a voice in Providence, he obeyed and labored with diligence and honor in London, and four months every year in Wales and the Western Counties. Berridge gave him the title of "THE ARCHDEACON OF TOTTENHAM," and he is mentioned in "THE LIFE AND TIMES OF THE COUNTESS," but no letter of his. Mr. H. believed him to be one of the greatest laborers in the Vineyard of GOD, "yet disputed some difference in views, to which Joss was urged to reply, but contented himself with this noble Christian answer ("The soft tongue that breaketh the bone, Prov. xxv. 15) and a fruit of that true "faith which worketh by love." "No, I will never lift up my hand *against him.* He is misinformed. I love *him still.*" *In his last* illness, he enjoyed a solid peace, his confidence was

never shaken. He said to his wife, "My pilgrimage is at an end," and the last word he was heard to speak was "Archangels." He died April, 1797, aged 65½, and was buried in the Tabernacle, where was, and perhaps is still, a Tablet to his memory. Southey, with his usual venom, falsely styled him in his Review "the most intolerant of Whitefield's fiery Calvinists."* The following verbatim letter, found in our portfolio, disproves such an accusation, and exhibits, better than any eulogium, the truly pastoral and affectionate character of this gracious man:—

"To Mr. Morris, at Dr. Davey's, Cliffe, Lewes, Sussex.

London, March 10th, 1777.

My very dear Mr. Morris.—I feel an heart-union with you through the bond of the Eternal Spirit, as I do with all my brethren of every denomination, whose "trumpets do not give an uncertain sound," and whose hearts are filled with "faith unfeigned." Gowns, surplices, bands, coats, &c., are of no more weight with me than the fringes annexed to the Israelites garments: and there are many who wear them,—and others who do *not* wear them, at whose feet I should think myself highly honored to sit, and learn "instruction in righteousness," deeply sensible of my unworthiness. This spirit abstracted from party affairs, and all trifles of (what is called) regularity, the Lord imparted to me on my first coming out to preach the Everlasting Gospel, and this spirit, blessed be God! I still retain, GRACE—GRACE—GRACE!

I hope you are not inclined to look upon my delay in writing to you as proceeding from any inattention to my promise, or want of love. Multiplicity of affairs must be my apology. I have had some epistolary engagements on my hands, of importance, which I have been obliged to fulfil. These, added to preaching *almost every day* and travelling about to five different places every week, have laid me under the disagreeable necessity of being hitherto silent. Being this day at liberty from preaching, I rejoice in an opportunity of transmitting my cordial love to you, and all the dear people with you. May the doctrine delivered to you, from time to time, "drop as the rain, and may it distil as the dew, as the small rain, upon the tender herb, and as the showers upon the grass:" and your hearts feel their influence, as the thirsty parched ground does that of the refreshing, fructifying rain. Amen! Amen! Hallelujah!

My sincere love to dear Holmes, I hope his "rod buds and blossoms," that it may bring forth much fruit to the glory of God and the salvation of many souls, is my ardent prayer. Give heart-love to my kind, very kind host and hostess, many thanks for their loving epistle. I am very glad to hear of dear Miss Davey's recovery, may the Lord strengthen her more and more in soul and body. Pray give a whole lap-full of comfort to dear King, and tell him from me, that as night and shadows are good for flowers, and moonlight and dews are better than continual sun, so is Christ's absence of *special use;* and hath some nourishing virtue in it,—giveth sap to humility, and putteth an edge on hunger, and furnisheth a fair field for faith to put forth itself, and to exercise its fingers in grasping an unseen object. John xx. 29, and I. Peter i. 8.

I beg most cordial love to Mr. and Mrs. Harben, Mr. J. and Miss H., my prayer is that they may "Go forward, and Grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Thus have I given you work enough, besides tiring you with my poor scrawl. I trust that the coming of the Rev. Mr. C.— to Lewes, is a gracious prelude of much good, and that the Lord hath much people there. The Lord's blessing be upon him, and upon his labors; Amen. Cordial love to the whole society,—keep up your meetings, and God will bless you, and, Oh, remember the least and unworthiest in our Father's House, but

Your's most affectionately, in our sweet Lord Jesus,

Poor vile,—but saved—

TORIAL JOSS.

* The Countess's Biographer says, that "Southey had access to documents, which had he been disposed, would have corrected the *numerous blunders, false statements*, and wilful *misrepresentations* against those noble men, called Methodists, with which his work everywhere abounds." *Vol. I. p. 475.*

4. Rev. Timothy Priestley

Was for nearly 20 years a minister at Manchester, afterwards of Jewin Street, London, and Editor of "The Christian Magazine." Lady H. had a high opinion of him and appointed him to take charge of her Chapel in Dublin. He wrote "THE CHRISTIAN'S LOOKING-GLASS, or the timorous soul's guide, being a description of the work of the Holy Spirit upon the heart, intended for the relief of the disconsolate." This treatise Mr. H. attacked successively in a work of two parts, called "THE BARBER, OR TIMOTHY PRIESTLEY SHAVED AT HIS OWN LOOKING-GLASS," full of coarse, insolent invective, unworthy of one Christian minister addressing another. An author of Mr. H.'s views thus refers to Priestley: "He was an Independent, not perhaps a very powerful preacher, but I firmly believe a gracious one, though ill-judged of by some good men, who could not tolerate any out of their own immediate sphere."—*J. G.*

His brother was the celebrated Socinian Philosopher, Dr. Joseph Priestley, of Birmingham. Of these brethren, so opposite in their faith, two singular anecdotes are worth preserving. They were unawares nominated by the preachers of the previous year, to deliver the Bartholomew Lectures at Oldbury, Lancashire. This mortified the Doctor, who wrote to ask his brother to decline; Timothy replied, that "his honor was at stake: and he wished the world to see, that though differing so widely, they could on such an occasion, preach together, promising that nothing angry should escape his lips;" but the Doctor knowing that his brother, who was a zealous Calvinist, would not conceal his sentiments, himself refused to be present.

On his death, Timothy had to preach his funeral sermon: many attended anxious to know how he would perform so difficult a task. He said:—

"Curiosity has brought numbers to hear what I say of his eternal state. This I say,—not one in heaven, nor on the road to that happy world, will be more glad to find him there, than myself. When I consider that the praise of the glory of free grace, is that which God principally designs: and that we find in divine revelation, some of the chiefest offenders have been singled out, and made monuments of mercy,—such as Manasseh, Paul, and others; and also that He who can create the world in an instant, and raise the dead in the twinkling of an eye, can make a change in any man in one moment; *here, and here alone, is founded my Hope.*"

He died at Islington, April, 1814, aged 80, and was buried in Bunhill Fields. Mr. George Burder preached *his* funeral sermon.

5. Joseph Britton, of Downham.

Some of the questions Mr. H. was led and able to dispute, were too deep, perplexing, and far-fetched to be of any essential service to, if within the understanding of those that were enquiring the way of salvation. The controversy with Britton, was, as to his asserting "that Adam was *not* a spiritual man before his fall," which Huntington denied; it is mixed up with other inexplicable, and unprofitable topics, and the usual personal sarcasms. An able defence of Britton, entitled "THE RAM'S-HORN TRUMPETER AT THE WALLS OF JERICHO," was issued by his friend, Thomas Ladson, of Needingworth, Hunts, who at his death had been 56 years in the ministry.

6. Miss Maria De Fleury.

Against our wish or intention to allude much to his various controversies, *we notice this one,* at the urgent request of a well-known literary character. *This lady was of a family* of French Protestant Refugees, and had consider-

able poetic gift, as well as ability in argument. She met Mr. H. at tea, in the house of a mutual friend, to whom she expressed a wish for further conversation with him, which *he* arranged for the following Tuesday. That he might not mistake her object in desiring an interview, Miss De F. wrote a sensible note to say, "It was from a wish to remove certain prejudices she felt, *not against him personally*, but on account of some erroneous views he held, and the censorious spirit he manifested towards some ministers whom she esteemed." He did *not* keep the appointment, but *two days after* wrote her a letter, expressed in terms which neither manners nor religion could justify. She therefore published her objections, and said, "I do not question your being called of God, both as a Christian and a Preacher, neither do I dispute your being possessed of gifts and abilities," but denied the soundness of some doctrines he held, and the accordance of his spirit with the precept in II. Tim. ii. 24, "The servant of the Lord must not strive, but be gentle, &c." In two Sermons on this text, which he published as *One* (see list No. 20), he rather unfairly used his pulpit to reply to her tract, and to condemn *her*. In no way dismayed by his denunciations, she wrote "A SERIOUS ADDRESS, WITH REMARKS ON MR. H.'S SERMON," in which, with the growing heat of religious (?) strife, she lost all her former calmness, and rashly styled it, "A flood of bitterness and wrath, a whirlwind of rage and revenge, and that upon scripture authority, not one word of it flowed from the dictates of the Holy Spirit." Here she betrayed her *own* bitterness and error, for the chief part of it is truly excellent. She said, "He did not wound *her*, but *himself*, in the use of weapons which "disgraced a good cause, and quite ruined a bad one," and that he had failed in his "Vindication." She exonerates him personally, from any charge of Antinomianism, but begs him to consider the *tendency and consequences of his doctrine*. At his disdain of instruction and reproof from a woman, she shrewdly reminds him of Priscilla teaching Apollos, and that he had once *described himself*, as "A fellow-pupil with Mary Magdalene." The controversy continued on *her* part, by "ANTINOMIANISM UNMASKED," and afterwards by "A FAREWELL TO MR. H.;" on *his* by "THE BROKEN CISTERN, &c." and "AN ANSWER TO FOOLS;" in both of which he jointly assailed her friend, Rev. John Ryland, Sen., Baptist minister, and subscribed himself, "Your ready and willing Antagonist in Zion's Controversy." His hymns are well known, and with some of hers, (which are good), appear in various selections. She was not equal to an encounter with so powerful an opponent: and if his implications as to her intemperance, in the last mentioned work were true, she had far better never have taken up her pen against him: for he turns the charge of Antinomianism against herself and friends, and proves that what *he was in name only*, they were *in fact*. Without doubt, he in that sense gained the Victory over *them*, but not over *the acrimonious spirit* manifest throughout; his own character however stood unimpeachable.

Very near, but wide apart. Why?

This controversy (on the Law) like many others, may well cause grief and astonishment, that *good men*, agreeing on important and essential points, should differ so strongly on minor and immaterial ones, and in consequence treat each other with more severity than those whose sentiments but little accord. But so it has often been—in proof of human weakness, and the prevalence of *self*, instead of that grace which "endeavours to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace." The old motto is good, scriptural, and safe;—"*In essentials*, UNITY; *in non-essentials*, LIBERTY; *in all things*, CHARITY." This strange evil in the Church is accounted for, in the following *judicious remark*:—

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"The two parties were of one mind as to the doctrines of the Gospel, but differed as to some lesser matters: and it has often been seen, that the *more minute* the ground of distinction is, *the more bitter* against each other are the parties that it keeps asunder. The mind magnifies the occasion of difference, to justify separation to itself and the world, and loses sight of the great points of *union wherein they can cordially agree.*" *Evan. Mag.*

Saltmarsh, on "Free Grace."

This re-publication of his has been thus referred to:—

"There is a book to which I owe much, called "GLAD TIDINGS TO PERISHING SINNERS," written by Abraham Booth, upon whose soundness no suspicion has ever been cast: on the contrary, he has been generally considered as one of the most orthodox of the divines of the last generation. William Huntington, also, in his lifetime prefaced and published a book by John Saltmarsh, with which he was greatly pleased, entitled—"FREE GRACE; OR THE FLOWING OF CHRIST'S BLOOD FREELY TO SINNERS:" the marrow of its teaching is just this, in his own words, "'The only ground for any to believe is, 'He is faithful who hath promised,' not any thing in themselves, for this is the commandment, 'That ye believe on his Son Jesus Christ.' Let me say, that among all the bad things which his revilers have laid to his door, I have never yet heard any one blame William Huntington for not being *high enough* in doctrine; now, if he himself printed such a book, I marvel how the followers of either Huntington or Booth, —how men calling themselves Calvinists can advocate what is *not free* Grace, but a legal graceless system of qualifications and preparations. In this, Crisp also agrees. I mention not these men as authorities, "To the law and to the testimony" we must go; but I *do* mention them to show that divines holding strong views on election *did* see it to be consistent to preach the gospel *to sinners as sinners*,—nay, felt it inconsistent to preach it in any other way."

CHARLES H. SPURGEON, 1863.

Francke's "Footsteps of Divine Providence."

The Editor of the "Evangelical Magazine," (1814) thus reviewed his reprint of this work. "To this Edition is prefixed a short preface by the late Mr. Huntington, which as it adds nothing to the value of the tract in *our* esteem, neither can it detract from it. Were any thing necessary to guard against the suspicion of Fanaticism, it may be sufficient to say that a former edition was recommended by Dr. Josiah Woodward and Dean Kennett."

We close this record of his numerous and varied writings, with one other testimony, which quite accidentally but we felt *opportunely*, came under our notice while this sheet was in progress, in a popular magazine for this present month, August, 1871. It expresses the esteem in which a large number of Christians of different names still hold and value the rich legacy, which in his works he left to the Church of Christ, and by which he "being dead yet speaketh."

"Between thirty and forty years we have read the works of the late William Huntington; and we reverence and sacredly love the name and labors of that singularly-gifted man of God beyond any we have ever known. There was a divine originality,—a Scriptural developement,—an experimental discrimination and decisiveness in them we have never found in any others, except the word of God itself. We can never look into any of his volumes, but there is still the same *demonstration* of the *Spirit's power;* the same *living witness* speaking so expressly to the heart, as to make us stand in awe,—believing the Lord was pleased to dwell most richly in that great man's soul. Since his days we feel there has been a gradual declining from the mighty grace and power of the Holy Ghost in the ministry of even the best of men. We should like to see a cheap edition of his works, in the hope that they might give thousands to see *the difference between Chaff and Wheat* in religious profession." *C. W. B.*

CHAPTER VI.

Lady Sanderson.

VERY little has hitherto, or at least of late, been known beyond the fact itself, and nothing ever published respecting his extraordinary marriage, influencing as it did, his position, and the character of his last years. Men of great grace, eminent for great usefulness have been left to manifest great weakness on some points, to show that they are but fallible, and not to be idolized,—or *that* glory given to *them* which is due to God alone, who condescends to employ and honor them as instruments for His work. We shall therefore proceed to lay before our readers the result of many years' enquiry and observation, in a variety of particulars connected with this union, which cannot fail to be interesting and instructive to many, and tend to exonerate Mr. H. from blame that in some respects has attached to him relative thereto. Should any be disposed to object to, or censure even a *plain statement of facts*, we would in reply invite their serious attention to the following conclusive remark of that most able Puritan Divine, W. Gurnall,—and pass on.

"In the histories of Scripture, no self-love is found,—the Evangelists did not *wrong the Church* with a lame, *mutilated* story of Christ's life and death, to save their own credit: but interwove the *sins and weaknesses* of one another, all along their narrations. Some human authors carry their pens with an even hand in writing the history of others,—the making known whose faults, casts NO DISHONORABLE REFLECTION *upon him that records them.*" *Christian Armour.*

He seems gradually to have been entangled, and at last compelled into this match, contrary to his judgment and resolution, at a former time strongly expressed. The world looked upon this marriage as a *great elevation*,—which, strange to say, most of his friends regarded and freely spoke of as a *serious fall:* so differently is the same matter judged from different aspects. They felt pained at a step which completely alienated his own family, and gave much ground for animadversion and reproach from those ever ready to condemn him. For one once so poor, and a minister of the Gospel, to marry a lady of title, and property, who was the widow of one eminent LORD MAYOR OF LONDON, and also the daughter of another,—was a notable circumstance, likely to call forth much uncharitable criticism as to motives. There is sufficient proof that it was not *a congenial nor happy union*, and if it added to his rank in life, it did not in some respects promote his comfort or peace. The following remark was no doubt near the truth:—

"It has been stated that his second marriage was contracted for filthy lucre's sake;—though we doubt not he was *deceived in the character* with whom he formed an alliance, we believe that *temporal gain was never his object*, nor do we think the connection was the *slightest advantage* to him. From certain facts that have come to our knowledge we are of opinion that the *reverse* was the true state of the case." *Gos. Mag. 1843.*

LADY SANDERSON was a zealous professor of religion, connected with many actively-benevolent persons in prison-visiting, care of orphans, &c., fond of hearing a variety of preachers, among others the excellent John Newton. As to her first knowing Mr. H., "Onesimus" states "That Lady S. was understood to have first repaired from motives of *curiosity* to Providence Chapel, with the view of *ridiculing that preacher* of whom she afterwards became the wife." It was in July, 1802, that she introduced herself to his notice, and we cannot do better than quote *his own* account of the manner of her doing so, and of her sentiments at that time:—

"Last night came a woman to me from her mistress, a Lady by title; and there are but *few of them*, as Paul says; however she has long been seeking rest, and going from place to place to find it; of late she has been to hear *me*; and is coming to-morrow morning early, to have a little conversation. She is zealously affected with preachers;—though she reads my books, which caution her against them. She says she is in sad bondage to the fear of her rich friends,—but having a great desire to hear me, when she set out, all fear was taken away, and she came boldly, and felt much melting of soul when she entered the chapel. Some things made her tremble, while others encouraged her." *P. L., 523.*

She was a very small person, which is the reason why he so frequently addressed her as "My little one,—My little scrap of honor, &c." His letters to her (all written *previous* to their marriage) have long been before the world; there are more than forty of them (*P. L.*, No. 239, &c., and 278 to 316). They are all on spiritual subjects, and evince sincere interest in her soul's welfare, and earnest prayerful desires for her growth in grace, and endeavours to detach her from a formal empty profession, and trust in her good works, to *his* views of vital, experimental religion, and that she might be a true believer. There are some expressions of natural regard; but he strongly *rejects* her offered gifts.*

Lady S. was of a Welch family, and in early life had been a *Quakeress*, this is seen in this sentence, which also shows his solicitude for her:—

"I have long prayed, entreated, travailed, watched, and waited to see some fruit of my labor in thy behalf; and every revival affords me some encouragement: while on the other hand I have dreaded every appearance *of the warp or the woof of Quakerism.*" *P. L., 301.*

At this time she had been four years a widow, and was 37 years of age: Mr. H. was just 20 years older. Her first husband was Sir James Sanderson, Bart., M.P., the head of a Banking House in Lombard Street. He was a

* Our rule of Truth and Impartiality requires us to notice here a blameable "respect of persons,"—for on what other grounds was such unremitting attention paid to Lady S.'s religious welfare, in granting her hours of conference and long epistles constantly: when even a short interview was refused to others in spiritual exercise or trouble whose souls were of equal value, and who earnestly desired counsel which they could not obtain, and were often rudely denied? This was not an imitation of his Lord and Master, who "*regarded not the rich more than the poor.*" In excuse of this blemish in his pastoral character, we would name his great unwillingness to be interrupted in his studies or literary work, still Lady S. and a few favored ones were frequently allowed to break in upon them. A footman, *still living* confirms to us this statement, and moreover that he was often offered handsome bribes by visitors to *procure them an interview* with Mr. H., which he dare not accept or even attempt. This is the "bad quality" described in the "Voice of Years" as "INACCESSIBLE;" and while we regret to observe such a failing, none should *blame* us, for naming what neither his son nor Bensley deemed improper to publish; nor can they *question* the evidence we produce, for he is *his own witness* in the following account which we take from *his own handwriting now before us* in a letter to our ancestor, Mr. T. Hooper, partly printed, *P. L.*, 197, and which without any compunction he also wrote to others, *G. V.* ii. 10. It forms a painful and unaccountable contrast, but this partiality was too well-known and lamented by his flock.

"About eight months ago a young lady remarkably well dressed came to Providence Chapel to hear me, I suppose out of curiosity, however God met her, and in time brought her out. She had been a hearer of the word thirteen years, but said she never till lately heard for herself. Several noticed her uncommon attention: she was a stranger and never spoke to anyone of the wonders God had done for her, except often to the pew-opener, who informed me. About ten days ago she came to my door to see me (N.B. five or six miles journey) but I was engaged in my study, and the name being strange to me, I could not see her. This she told to the woman of the vestry, and said "she would *come again*" but *before the next Lord's-day she was dead!!* Her parents wrote me a letter about the happy end she made, and the person that brought it was too much overcome to relate it, but she was in endless glory before she closed her eyes in death. One of her brothers has attended ever since.—Thus you see we obey the Divine command which says, "Be fruitful and multiply and replenish the earth" (!!)

Was there not room for some other and *more appropriate reflection?* Alas! what is man *of* himself in his best state. Diligence in one duty may hinder another perhaps more requisite *and important. Oh,* what grace and wisdom do God's children need for every step, when those *so highly-favored fail!*"

native of Yorkshire, and came to London to seek employment, which he procured in the hop trade; and was afterwards clerk to Mr. Judd, a Hop-Factor, where his diligence procured him favor and a partnership, and his person, the hand of his master's daughter, who was much his senior. Judd made a large fortune and retired to Chelmsford; but his successor eagerly aspired to be a *distinguished* rather than a *rich* man. In the riots of 1780, he took an active part in the protection of the water-works and other public buildings, and afterwards raised a volunteer force. He was elected Alderman of London, in 1789, and knighted; he gained the favor of Pitt and the Government by his zeal, and soon after suppressed a Debating Society. He had boundless ambition and, not content with Civic, he longed for Parliamentary, and even Court honors, and got himself elected M.P. for Hastings. In reward for his services, Pitt offered him the honor of moving the Address to the King, which nothing but extreme vanity would have allowed him to undertake; however, it was his *first and last speech* in the house, for it was so full of bad grammar and bold assertions that it created general laughter. He was made a Baronet during his year of Mayoralty, in 1792; and shortly preceding his death he married Miss Elizabeth Skinner, the daughter of "the patriotic Alderman Skinner," the great difference in whose politics, and also in the ages of the lovers (23 years) caused it to be much talked of as a singular match. He took a leading part as one of the congregation of Mr. Price, of Hackney. He died in 1798 after a lingering illness, leaving one daughter, Eliza, and was interred at St. Mary Magnus' Church, near Old London Bridge, of which parish (previous to the ejectment of 1662) the renowned Puritan author, Thomas Brooks, was the Rector. On the South wall inside there is a handsome marble Tablet (which the Editor by mere accident saw some years since) with the following Inscription.

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF SIR JAMES SANDERSON, BART., M.P. He served the office of SHERIFF OF LONDON AND MIDDLESEX, 1785, and was elected LORD MAYOR, 1792, in which high station, he displayed a spirit of fortitude and prudence in checking the then rising spirit of faction and revolt, which highly merited the gratitude of the present age and the remembrance of posterity. After a conspicuous exertion of eminent talents directed to the service of this City, and his King and Country, he consummated a great and beneficial character by dying in the faith, in the profession, and in the hopes of Christianity, the 21st day of June, 1798, aged 56 years, leaving issue an infant daughter by his second wife, Elizabeth, daughter of THOMAS SKINNER, Esq., of * * late Lord Mayor of London."

This high office *he* held in 1795; he was much opposed to his daughter's religious notions, and especially to her acquaintance with Mr. H., who advised her thereon. The correspondence shows the growth of a friendship which grieved his friends, and was certainly reprehensible in her frequent visits to the house and intrusions on his time,—which also much vexed Mrs. Huntington: but that which caused the greatest reproach was *her accompanying him* (sometimes for weeks together) on journies which he had to undertake in the discharge of his ministry, every Autumn, to several large and attached congregations in the country, and where he was made very useful. Travelling then was by post, both difficult and very expensive, so that the offer of her carriage was accepted, being far more convenient and economical, and affording greater facilities for his staying and preaching at various places in Cambs, Lins., Notts., &c., and once into Yorkshire, as far as to Helmsley. These visits were all paid openly and *among friends*, so that it does not seem that *he* either saw or felt any harm in them, being taken in God's service, for he was preaching almost daily; nevertheless, it is strange that he did not discern an impropriety *so apparent to others*, and which opened the mouths of the *enemies of religion*, and so "abstain from this appearance of evil." *Even if his conscience* did not condemn him, it was a bad example, and must,

one would think, have had an injurious effect on his mind: and moreover was conduct which most pastors would feel bound to reprove in their flocks. Lady S. was at Cricklewood at the time of Mrs. H.'s death, in Dec. 1806, having removed from Clapham, to Charlotte Street, Portland Place, to be near the Chapel. Her increasing influence caused great apprehension, if not perceived by himself; but even great grace, needs continual upholding and renewing power. His positive denial in answer to his friend Brook's kind caution will be seen hereafter, and to one who rallied him on the probability of marriage, he replied with this somewhat inelegant simile: "I no more want a wife than a toad wants side-pockets!" Though decided then, he was afterwards *overcome;*—those that "think they stand" are most liable to fall: and that crisis *foreboded* by many, but *favored* by a few, was suddenly brought about by her informing him of some grave charges against their morality: to which their *apparently* improper intimacy had, without any wonder given rise,—and the ready tongue of slander was only too ready to circulate. The spiritual solicitude had, during *six years* of such friendship, become mixed with natural regard, and grown on Lady S.'s part, to a design and a freedom sufficiently familiar for her to say to him one day, "Oh, Mr. Huntington! what do you think the world say of us now?—That you and I make one —." This stung him to the quick, and with his usual impetuosity when excited, he replied, "Oh, do they? then I'll pretty soon put a stop to that," and forthwith offered her marriage, which was at once accepted. On Saturday, Aug. 13th, 1808, he wrote to Mr. C. Martin, of Downham, to say he would preach there on Sunday, 21st, and notwithstanding the fears and objections of his people, and the solemn scriptural warning given to him by Mr. Brook in the previous August, the union suddenly and really took place *two days afterwards*, according to this Certificate: obtained after much fruitless enquiry, even of his intimate friends, as to *the date* (a most important point in his history) and the place of marriage.

PARISH OF ST. MARYLEBONE, MIDDLESEX.

"No. 1656. The Reverend WILLIAM HUNT HUNTINGTON, of the Parish of Hendon, in the County of Middlesex, Widower, and DAME ELIZABETH SANDERSON, of this Parish, Widow, were married in this Church BY LICENCE, this 15th day of August, 1808, by me,

BENJAMIN LAWRENCE, Curate.

This Marriage was solemnized between us, { WILLIAM HUNT HUNTINGTON, ELIZABETH SANDERSON.

In the presence of { THOMAS FIELDER, REBEKER BUTEN.

It was on a Monday, and there had been six couples previously united that morning. His name was unusual but legally expressed, and his signature unlike his general one, in a very small *and most trembling hand*,—hers was firm. The wrongly-spelt name is of her servant, who was called her "bridesmaid" in this hasty match: the other most likely of her footman. One circumstance connected with the ceremony, was much talked of, not merely as gossip, but for years furnished a proverb among his friends. Mr. H. and his party were first at the Church, and it was some time before the arrival of the others; so he sat down in a pew and was soon lost in meditation; at length arousing from his reverie, he stood up, and addressing Mr. Bensley who was near him, said in a very serious tone, "WHAT WAIT WE FOR?" Mr. B. replied, with a bow, "*For the Lady, Sir!*" "Oh, indeed," said Mr. H.. They left London for Ely, and the news of the event came after all with much surprise on the congregation, at his absence on the following Sabbath. Great was the consternation at the Chapel, and as one who was present informs us, "*One and all ascribed it to her* attention and many acts of kindness to him." His letters show that he believed her to be a Christian woman: she had been a

regular attendant and also a member at Providence Chapel; and Miss S., who was at that time 11 years of age, also became a member afterwards.

It is no wonder that an union thus carried on and consummated, did not prove to be a good one: for inequality in manners, station, age and disposition prevented that unanimity essential to mutual comfort. His studious habits made him recluse to an extreme, so that *she* sought society in a circle of friends, as distasteful and uncongenial to *him*. This is seen in the following characteristic anecdote, which Mr. Turner often related in our hearing. He once visited him at Pentonville, and with a friend then present, much enjoyed his conversation in the study. Tea was announced: Mr. H. expressed regret at the interruption, and said confidentially, "There's a set of them there I cannot endure, and do not want to hear their talk,—so mind get done as soon as possible, and let us be quit of them." Mr. H. quickly took two cups of tea, and scarcely spoke. Lady S. asked him if he would take more; "No more," said he: so also replied the others, according to his wish: on which Mr. H. turned to them, and said, "Well! as you have finished, we may as well go," and rose and walked into the garden, as if glad to escape. He went into an arbor, and sat down with one on each side. "Now" said he, "There is an honest man between two thieves." After a short pause he proceeded, "No, my dear brethren, we are *all three thieves;* Oh, have we not *robbed* God of His glory and our souls of comfort?" and continued from that remark to speak in a most sweet and solemn manner, his heart fully engaged in the subjects of such holy converse, that neither were willing to speak, to interrupt him, and felt it a sacred season, never to be forgotten. This was not long before his death, when he was much favored with a holy, happy frame of mind, as many witnessed.

Another great annoyance was Miss S.'s playing on a harpischord: his unreasonable aversion to music was well known, as is seen by a letter to Miss Morton, in which he condemned *her* for using one, which he found open when he called upon her, and harshly styled it, "The devil's rattle." To avoid this noise and other disturbances, he adopted the singular remedy of having built a large summer-house in his garden, detached from the house, with thick walls, and *double doors and windows*, so as to exclude all sound and protect him from the weather. In this substitute for his "Cabin" of former days, he hoped to escape interruptions and unwelcome visitors; but like most earthly schemes, it failed, and did *not* afford him perfect quiet and retirement, for, being built on the garden-wall, it overlooked Copenhagen Fields where the idle and dissolute annoyed him with shouts, and either from mischief or enmity broke his windows, as Mr. S. relates, and also of his so violently punishing one transgressor, to his own wounding. The Editor, well knew a poor godly man, who was admitted to frequent interviews with him in this room, where he pursued his delightful employments of meditation and correspondence. These facts go to prove the foundation of his rash remark to his gardener on Brook's death (see next chapter). But the greatest vexation to him was a wide dissimilarity in disposition, Lady S. was considered mean and penurious, so contrary to his own exceedingly generous hospitality, which led to mutual annoyances; this is seen in his violent but not admirable mode of showing disapprobation. Once on returning home from one of his journies and needing a meal, he was much vexed to find no provisions: on which he went into the kitchen, and taking down the plates that were standing in order upon the shelves, began to throw them down one after another, breaking them on the brick floor. This strange proceeding made a clattering noise, which soon brought down her ladyship in great consternation and fright to know what was the matter: amazed at seeing her favorite crockery lying about in shivers, she asked whether he was mad, and what he meant by doing so? Mr. H. replied in some such words as these, "I mean that

plates are not wanted for *ornament*, so if there is nothing to put upon them they are useless things, and may as well be got rid of." On another occasion, wishing to entertain a visitor he was told that "There was nothing in the house;" after his departure, he went into the pantry and finding a meat-pie, in like manner, flung it on the floor. She also made fruit wines, and mortified him by giving them to his guests instead of foreign; though he took neither. He once, without knowing, invited Mr. Bensley to take more, saying, "It was real Mansion House Port." "It may be Mansion House," said Mr. B., "but has never yet seen Oporto." Another evil result was her great influence over his mind against his own children, to which to their grief and loss, he too easily yielded; though in the variance, *they* might not have been altogether free from blame; but she thought they depended and encroached on her means. They were not allowed to call, and could seldom see their father, except in the pulpit,—a very unnatural result. Many visitors were also denied, without informing *him* (even some he would be willing to see) for which *he* was unjustly blamed, and to avoid the constant enquiries from the anxious solicitude of his hearers in his last short illness, was the cause of the arrangement to remove at such risk, to Tunbridge Wells, to the great inconvenience of friends to see him, and afterwards to attend his funeral. In respect to the management of a somewhat large household and establishment, there *is* reason to believe that he found in the marriage, great relief, as compared to the former negligence and incompetence, which was frequently most painful and mortifying to him, so that he owned "he had *never till then* in that sense, known domestic comfort."

Her personal friend and companion, Miss E. Falkland, in her account of his death, attempts to extol Lady S. and defend her from some charges or reflections, that had been entertained and expressed, and which may *not* have been altogether deserved; these arose from others beside his family, who had likewise to mourn the complete alienation her influence effected. At the funeral she refused to ride with any of them, or in a mourning coach, but insisted on following in her own private carriage with her daughter and Miss F., which gave offence. In her letter to Mr. Bensley respecting his death, she mentions him not in the most affectionate terms generally used of a *husband*, but as "*Our dear Friend*" *(!)* To his honor,—and as an effectual reply to the imputation of his marrying from pecuniary motives, he *made no use of her property*, but had *added to it* at the time of his death: which fact is unanswerably confirmed by his own assertion in the will he dictated, during the last week of his life, wherein he bequeathed the whole back again to her absolutely and *undiminished*. Her income, with her daughter's independence was about £1,500 per annum. His disposition inclined rather to pride and rank than to covetousness.

Another singular feature of this union has puzzled many, viz., her *retaining her surname*, contrary to all custom and the law of society; but it was her strange stipulation (and not such an one as love would sanction), NOT *to take her husband's name*, which would have made two eminent "LADY HUNTINGDONS," in the religious world, though *not* contemporary. That this wish of hers was unlawful, is shewn in her being designated in *legal* documents as "LADY ELIZABETH HUNT HUNTINGTON." Moreover, as the *widow* of a Baronet merely, her strict title was "DAME." This desire savored of vanity, for she lost no opportunity of recording her *former name and title;* it was inscribed on her tomb, and just after the marriage a cottage was built at Hazleden Hill, on the high road between Staplehurst and Cranbrook, for three of Mr. H.'s sisters, in front of which a stone was fixed and can still be seen, with this inscription, "MY LADY'S COTTAGE, 1809;" as they could not agree *it was divided into* two tenements. Lady S. resided at Tunbridge Wells, and *survived him but four years*; her end was caused by riding on a damp cushion *in a chaise; she died* on Nov. 9th, 1817, aged 52. There is a curious

coincidence in the *day* of her death being on "LORD MAYOR'S DAY," as her title and position arose from Civic honors.

In addition to some singular features in her career, not the least was her strange funeral and eccentric *place of interment*. Miss S. had married Mr. Robert Burdon, a Solicitor, and son of Sir James Burdon, formerly Clerk to Lord Chancellor Eldon, who became acquainted with her as a Ward in Chancery. After all Lady S.'s former connexions, Mr. B. was *the only mourner, and had himself to read the funeral service at her grave;* for which she had chosen an unconsecrated spot,—having positively directed her burial to be in some corner of the garden behind this said cottage, which Mr. H. had bequeathed to her: and where her tomb, a handsome one, well-preserved and enclosed in iron railings may be seen, even by passers by on the high road. We saw it this summer, and copied the Inscription:—

"Within this Vault lie the remains of LADY SANDERSON, widow of the late Sir JAMES SANDERSON, Bart., her first husband, and of the Rev. W. HUNTINGTON, S. S., her second. Born August 4th, 1765; Died in the Lord, Nov. 9th, 1817. 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.' Her son and daughter, who sorrow rejoicing, have erected this Monument."

Her remains were brought from her residence at Tunbridge Wells, and numbers witnessed their being deposited in this strange *place and manner*. The tomb is constructed for three persons, expecting her daughter and son-in-law would also be interred there. We are informed that they are still living at Newcastle-on-Tyne, where his son, Mr. Robert Burdon-Sanderson (Lady S.'s grandson) was elected Mayor in Nov., 1870. Mr. B. assumed the name of Sanderson in *addition* to his own, on inheriting her property, and the same double name is still seen in lists connected with some London benevolent societies. Mr. B. was the author of several religious works, among them, "Lord's-Day Literature, or Illustrations of the Book of Psalms," 12mo., 6s., published by E. Palmer; he was also a frequent preacher. The use of the cottage and premises was granted for life to Mr. C. Bradley, formerly butler in the family, who went there in 1850, and still occupies them. For a time it was converted into a beer-shop, and named in honor of himself, "The Persecuted Politician," in remembrance of some opposition and ill-will he had to endure, like many others, in consequence of his taking an active part in various political and parochial affairs.

Mr. H.'s Will was drawn up much in Lady S.'s favor, which Miss F. states to have been done *without her knowledge*. She was of course anxious that her own property should be secured against any claim from *his* family. The bequest to her of *the entire income of the Chapel*, chargeable with only £200 per annum, for the minister thereof, was palpably unjust; she took no advantage of it, but in reality (apart from the non-execution of the deed) it was utterly worthless, from the subsequent scattering of the congregation. Moreover, he gave and bequeathed "*to her, her Executors, &c. the, Chapel itself and premises* for the remainder of the term," (!!) merely adding his request that "she should settle it for the use of Protestant Dissenters," without specifying of what denomination or doctrine. None can wonder that such a bungling disposal of property, *paid for by a religious body*, should lead to confusion and trouble.

It will be gathered from preceding statements, that Lady S. had *not* the esteem or confidence of his people, from whom, except a few respectable professors, she had always kept much aloof. Her subsequent estrangement evinced (as in the case of many mere personal admirers of his gifts) but little attachment on her part to the cause he had so long and diligently labored to raise,—wherein during his life God had so honored him,—and of which community she had herself formed a part. In such matters, there is great liability to err in judgment, peculiar circumstances have to be considered; persons will form their own conclusions from the facts that have been honestly stated. ONE only "Searcheth the heart, and trieth the ways."

CHAPTER VII.

Rev. William James Brook, B.A.,

THE VICAR OF BRIGHTON; AND CHAPLAIN TO H.R.H. THE PRINCE REGENT.

"A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city, and their contentions are like the bars of a castle." *Prov.* xviii. 19.

"A whisperer separateth chief friends." *Id.*, xxi. 28.

HUSH! say some, DO NOT SPEAK OR WRITE OF THE IMPERFECTIONS OF THE GOOD. You cannot SAY that they have no existence, yet SEEM as if they had none.—But does any one suppose that thoughtful people are deluded by SUCH SEEMING? NO! NO!—GOOD CAN NEVER COME OUT OF A TRUTHLESS CHARITY!"—Dr. RALEIGH.

This candid sentiment must answer any objections (should they be made) to this sketch of an eminently gracious minister,—if the interesting incidents it contains,—the salutary lessons it may convey,—and the scriptural example it follows—are not sufficient to make it welcome. Among the unhappy consequences of Mr. H.'s second marriage was the sad loss of the friendship, assistance, and communion of one of the most notable men that had become attached to him during his career, and who was also an honored seal to his ministry. Their endeared Christian fellowship had to suffer a lamentable and unreconciled breach, which greatly affected the latter years of each, and imperatively demands notice in a record, which professes to give a faithful narrative of that period. Though too well known at the time, and still well remembered by a few, some passing hints only, but *no published facts*, have hitherto appeared. Several of the particulars in this chapter were communicated to the Editor by a late dear relative, who was called by grace under his ministry, and as an intimate friend and also as companion to Mrs. B. during her husband's absence, often resided for several weeks in his house,—so that their authority is unquestionable.

The Rev. WILLIAM JAMES BROOK, B.A. was the Vicar of Brighton, Minister of St. Nicholas, the old Parish Church of that once obscure, but suddenly, and in his time, fashionable watering-place, the seat of a gay and licentious Court, and the residence of the Prince Regent, afterwards George IV., whose memory as a man and a Sovereign is anything but bright. The Prince had a great regard for Mr. Brook, and appointed him the Minister of the Pavilion Chapel, where in his necessary attendance on the forms of religious duty, he often heard him preach. Like too many clergymen, Mr. Brook had entered the Church from family connections (his grandfather was a Prebendary of Rochester) and sought to fill creditably a respectable profession, the solemn responsibility of which he was afterwards called to feel, by a better teaching than Universities can give, viz., the work of the Holy Spirit on his heart. Thus made faithful to God and to his conscience, he bore a faithful testimony of that Truth he had felt,

"Anxious mainly, That the flock he fed *might feel it too.*"

Speaking as in the sight of God, he was delivered from the fear of man, and seeking a *higher* reward than earthly preferment, did not *Court a Monarch's Smile, nor fear a Monarch's Frown.* The Gospel is full of good news and consolation to the repenting sinner, but God's word has solemn warnings to the impenitent;—and such powerful appeals had this young, but faithful servant

of Christ to proclaim in the ears of licentious Royalty, that the Prince was once so much affected by the truth and application of the message, as to be overheard saying to Sir Benjamin Bloomfield, the Chamberlain of his Household, after hearing him,—"Oh! Sir Benjamin, if BROOK *is right*, WE *are all wrong;*" and on another occasion when some notoriously voluptuous scenes at the Pavilion called for reproof, he spoke from those words, "The wages of sin is death," and showed the fearful end and responsibilities of a sinful life in such a manner that the Prince said, "If what this man preaches is TRUE,—(and who dares to say it is not?) we are all damned to a man!" Thus the true minister is "unto God a sweet savor of Christ in them that are saved, and in them that perish. To the one, the savor of death unto death; and to the other, the savor of life unto life" II. Cor. ii. 15, 16. Though so young in years, and naturally of a timid disposition, he was endowed with the rare gift of grace and courage sufficient to discharge a duty so mortifying to nature, as in the sight of God, and not as pleasing or fearing men,—so that he might be clear of the blood of souls. Thus he could "Rebuke, with All Authority,"—THAT HIGHEST, FROM THE KING OF KINGS.

It appears that Mr. Brook had seen and felt the difficulty of his position, and the errors of the Church services, *before his acquaintance with Mr. Huntington*, which began in Feb., 1805. He had strong conscientious objections to remaining a Minister of the Establishment and using its forms of prayer. On one occasion at the interment of a gentleman of evil character from India, whom he had visited, and whose end (we believe by his own hand) was hopeless: when he came to that part of the burial service "*In sure and certain Hope* of the resurrection of Eternal Life," he so felt the falseness of the words his lips had to utter, that his voice failed,—he trembled, and but for the Clerk's assistance would have fallen into the grave. This circumstance, with others, led to his final resolution to resign his living, and no longer to sin against God and conscience. In quitting the Church he cast aside the brightest earthly prospects, for a *Mitre was almost within his reach, as his Successor*, Dr. Carr, was created Bishop of Worcester, in Sept., 1813, and of Chichester, in May, 1824. He, however, *counted the cost and reckoned the gain* of giving up a certain income of £700 per annum, with an influential position, to labor amongst the poor of Christ's flock, with liberty of conscience, and the approbation of God. He was offered a large increase of salary as an inducement to remain in the Establishment. Doubtless he became "a fool for Christ's sake," yet lived to prove the truth of the Psalmist's words, "It is better to trust in the Lord, than to put confidence [even] in PRINCES."

His hearers at once built a Chapel for him in Church Street, where he might fulfil his former vow to "feed the souls committed to his care" in another sphere, free alike from Legal fetters as from State pay. His pulpit-gifts were considerable, and he had a good congregation of attached friends. The intimacy between Mr. Brook and Mr. Huntington seems to have commenced while the Chapel was building, and it will be interesting to quote here *the words of each*, in reference to an event of such importance in their respective histories, as better evidence than mere statements. Mr. Brook was then aged 30, and had reason to regard Mr. H. (then aged 60,) as a spiritual father. In his work, "Every Divine Law, &c.," published in 1806, Mr. H. wrote:—

"There is a Clergyman who has lately left the Establishment, one that has long labored under the bondage of a broken law, strong convictions and various temptations, under which he began to preach alarmingly, when all sorts of Evangelists flocked about him,—some of my Lady's men, others belonging to the Establishment, and some of the Tabernacle connexion, Presbyterians, Baptists and Independents, none of whom failed to warn him against a bad spirit, Antinomian principles, &c. But under all this raillery God bent his heart towards us. He read some of my writings, and soon after came twice to hear me at Lewes. He afterwards sent me

a few lines to Bolney and desired an interview, which I granted, and deeply wounded in spirit he appeared to be. From that time we became acquainted, and he has since been in London, when it pleased the Almighty and ever-blessed God to send the Holy Spirit as a Comforter upon him, and to set his soul at liberty under the Antinomian at Monkwell Street Meeting, while I was preaching from this text, "And Abraham called the name of that place JEHOVAH-JIREH; as it is said to this day, In the mount of the Lord it shall be seen." Gen. xxii. 14.

To Mr. H., Brook thus wrote:—

"Brighton, April 2nd, 1805.

"My dear Friend and kind Benefactor in the bowels of Jesus Christ. * * *

"I cannot longer delay expressing some feelings of my heart. It has pleased God in His manifold mercies to make you instrumental in bringing me out of my country, from my kindred, and my father's house by sending some of your books to me when my mind was first awakened, and I began to fall into trouble. I clearly perceived that 'God was in you of a truth,' nor could all the opposition nor reproaches of hypocrites ever move me from this persuasion; so far from it, they drove me closer towards you." (He then gave an account of the effects on his mind in recently hearing Mr. H. in London three times, once on Lord's-Day, and on Monday and Tuesday Evenings, the latter being the joyful occasion Mr. H. refers to) and proceeds. "Receive this as a slight token of the union and harmony my soul delights to find in every remembrance of you, as of *one whom God pointed out to me as a guide some years ago, &c.* * * I had written thus much when your letter was brought in to me; and I thank you most cordially for all your kindness. We were very full on Sunday, when I failed not to publish to them of Gath and Askelon the wonderful things God hath done for us. This together with the Inscription in front makes some gnash, they cannot contain their displeasure, but I know they cannot hurt me, but do me good. I am happy to hear of your success in letting down the net. May the Most High bless you more and more,—both you and your children: So prays, Yours affectionately,

W. J. BROOK.

The inscription alluded to was not quite appropriate to a place for the worship of God, exhibiting the *names of men*, similar to the fault reproved by the Apostle, "I of Paul." The Chapel also had the same name as Mr. H.'s and upon it may still be read—"PROVIDENCE CHAPEL,—Erected by the Rev. W. J. BROOK and the Friends of W. HUNTINGTON, A.D. 1805." The congregation in London having with their usual generosity, at Mr. H.'s request, helped him, may account for such an acknowledgement, though objectionable. He wrote:—"We have got £200 for the poor young man at Brighton, and I have no doubt that we shall gather enough to finish the chapel by the assistance of our friends at Lewes; he has gone home in high spirits." Mr. H. preached at the opening.

So strong was their mutual attachment and confidence that he wrote, "The dignified and the Coalheaver are now *one* in Christ, and I believe *never more to be parted* (?) all scruples are done away;" and alludes to him as his true Yoke-fellow, and even depends on him as "*the Heir to his Pulpit*" after his death; but alas! a union at first so hearty and sincere, was but of short duration, although based on the best foundation of Christian Love. All earthly friendships death will surely,—and often to *our* views, too soon dissolve: but this, cemented as it seemed to be by the strongest ties, was doomed to an irreparable rupture, some few years *before* that event occurred to either. The younger was the first to hear the Divine call, "From earth away"—the elder had to bear the sorrow of his loss, and at a time when other afflictions were upon him, then the bitterness of reflection that such an event consummated was added to his cup.

The roaring lion laid in wait to rend asunder these brethren in Christ and *fellow*-laborers in the Church of God. ONE really in heart, they *lived—divided, —separated by Satan's* devices,—the heart's evil,—pride,—and the whisperer's *venomous tongue.* Grieved, indeed, are we to have so gloomy a page to

record, but truth needs no disguise. During their short friendship, Mr. B. occasionally supplied at Providence Chapel, with much acceptance and profit, as so few other ministers were admitted to that pulpit. He saw the increasing intimacy and influence of Lady S., who was so much in his company at home, and on various journies, that he believed his friend's feet were slipping into a snare laid for him, and in which he was evidently entangled, if he perceived it not, or relied for resistance on his own strength. Perhaps few *dared* to warn him,—but his young Brighton friend, who had not shunned to declare the Truth when it reproved his King, did not shrink from acting the part of a faithful friend to one he so highly esteemed. At one interview he kindly told him, "Sir, you are surrounded with hypocrites who are doing you injury,—why encourage their company?" Mr. H. replied, "If God has given you, Brook, discernment to see it, He has not shewn it to me." "Then," said B., "the time will come, when you *will* assuredly find it so." Mr. H. proved this admonition true, and owned it in the case of some, and of others who departed with but little evidence of spiritual life. Mrs. Huntington died soon after, and from Lady S.'s ascendancy there was every reason to fear a marriage; this in common with his *best* friends Mr. B. seriously felt, and shunned not to warn him of the probable result, as not likely to promote either his personal peace and comfort, or ministerial success. He received a decisive answer in some such words as these, "God forbid, Brook, that I should ever marry her,"—which satisfied him as to his mind at that time. However, in August, 1807, he went to London to fulfil an engagement of three Sabbaths during Mr. H.'s visit to Grantham, &c., when, to his surprise and sorrow, he found *her* superintending various alterations at Cricklewood (*P. L.*, 310) where he stayed. This, after the previous denial, so affected him, that he felt unable to meet Mr. H. on his return, and therefore positively refused his daughter's request to stay: yet felt constrained to discharge the duty of a friend, by *one warning more*, conveyed as he thought, in the simplest form, and in this unusual manner. On her asking what reason she should assign for his departure, he handed her apparently a sealed letter, saying that "he would not trouble *her* to excuse him to her father, but she had only to give him that." It proved to be a sheet of paper, upon which *not a word* was written beyond *this One* passage of Scripture.

"*Ye shall not take their daughters unto your sons, or for yourselves. Did not Solomon, King of Israel sin by these things? yet among many nations was there no* KING LIKE HIM, *who was* BELOVED OF HIS GOD, *and God made him King over all Israel, nevertheless even* HIM *did* OUTLANDISH WOMEN *cause to sin.*"

Nehemiah xiii. 25, 26.

With an irritable temper, impatient of any criticism on his conduct, and unaccustomed to reproof, Mr. H. had *not* learnt to "submit himself to others in the fear of God." It is no wonder, therefore, that he felt stung by this rebuke, joined to his friend's apparent want of respect and abrupt departure. It *might* have been between themselves alone: the fault of making it public lays at Mr. H.'s door, for instead of receiving it quietly, he warmly denounced Brook as "a hypocrite!" to others. This was, to say the least, injudicious, unjust, and unkind, for Mr. B. had ever proved *the opposite* of that, yet did not realize the sweetness of the true proverb, "Rebuke a wise man, and he will *love* thee." Mr. H. was in the habit of resenting censure by applying the above epithet to any one that dared to offend him, or as he said, "To speak against him." Even faithful reproof (which best evidences sincere friendship) is not always acceptable, and much grace and humility is needful to *administer*, as well as to *receive* it, in the spirit of the Psalmist, "Let the *righteous* smite me, it shall be a kindness, and *let him reprove me*, it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head."—cxli. 5. Mr. H. may have deemed it presumption in so young a man, and contrary to the *Apostle's advice*, "Rebuke not an elder, but entreat him as a father," for-

getting how even *a child* was once commissioned with words of warning and rebuke to an aged man, in that exalted office held by Eli, as the High Priest of God over all Israel. Mr. B., no doubt, deemed the bare quotation of *one Scripture* (which all believers profess to take as their rule and guide), the mildest and least objectionable mode of causing reflection and recovery: but however unequal and unsuitable, the expected union might *to him* appear, and perhaps proved, the application of this text was very severe, and *Mr. H.* would feel them entirely misapplied: for his letters to her, with an acquaintance of five years, shows that whether deceived or not, he *regarded her as a Christian*, and had felt great interest in her spiritual welfare; therefore in his view would *not deserve* the comparison to "an outlandish woman." Moreover, Mr. B. might not have had the best opportunity for judging, yet with many others, had not a high opinion of her religion or that of her friends.

After this, it can easily be understood how *interested* parties would sympathize in the resentment and wounded feelings such a rebuke aroused, and so widen the breach thus began. From the deep exercises of soul, and the solemn responsibility Mr. B. felt in the ministry, such acquaintances would be very opposite to his own mind, yet from the confidence placed in him as a minister to that large congregation, his message was entitled to a better reception, and more respect. In a sermon just previously preached at the Chapel, from this text, "All things are for your sakes," he had expressed some thoughts in reference to this matter, which though in a gentle and guarded way, one who heard it says, "the reference was apparent to most of the hearers." He spoke on Sunday Evening, August 30th, 1807, from Isaiah xxxii. 2.—"A man shall be as an hiding place from the storm:" a friend now living heard it, and owns its remarkable power and ability; this, to the regret and loss of many, proved to be *his last in that pulpit* if not *his last in London*, as no mention is found of his preaching there again; thus one evil produced others. So acceptable had his ministry been made, and so anxious were some to hear him again that many went to Brighton occasionally, and three men in those days of expensive travelling, actually *walked there and back* in Sept., 1810, for the services of one Lord's-day, but found the effort to be one more of bodily labor than of soul profit.

Notwithstanding this close reproof and sundry other remonstrances and checks, the marriage was in the following August hastily consummated, as described before; the Sanderson party installed in power by such a connection, effectually shut out the hopes many entertained of a reconciliation. Mr. H. *once* offended was inclined to be implacable, and was known to say that "he never wished to set eyes again" on any person he had once discarded, or who was unfortunate enough to incur his displeasure, though perhaps from a groundless report. Many had to suffer from this error, which also injured himself and others by its evil example and fruits. So vehement was the flame and so wide the separation in this case, that Mr. H. announced that, "No one who is a friend to Brook can be any friend of mine." "Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth!" it led to party strife and evil reports, and professors on either side fanned and added fuel to the unholy flame. A friend remembers hearing Mr. H. speak unadvisedly one Sunday Evening, and with others was perplexed and enquired the cause, which he found to be some ill-natured and ill-timed reports from Brighton just communicated to him by a professed friend.

With a sensitive mind, and so strong a spiritual attachment and sincere love to Mr. H., Brook had much to endure;—"Had it been an *enemy*, then he could have borne it." Our relative who was much with him at this time, *described it as* "almost crushing him," so wounded was his spirit; yet he felt *after all that was said*, "he had *done nothing in enmity, or contrary to a spirit of Love, therefore his* heart did not condemn him, and he had confidence towards God." *I. John iii. 21.* Persecution from the world or *natural* relations, is

painful, but when it comes to us from those we love in the faith, it bears *its keenest sting;* this every such sufferer knows, yet this vehement fire may even purify the gold and prove our work.

The state of his mind under this trial may be judged by such remarks in his letters as these:—

"I had thought of writing to Mr. H. plainly, and began, but after prayer, declined doing so. I must leave it to the management of Him who is 'the Advocate with the Father.' Psa. xxxviii. 11, 12, &c. 'I feel inclined to enter into *no controversy* with any one.'...'My spirit is broken, so that I can neither strike with tongue or fist, but am led on in much supplication.' 'No doubt remains respecting the uprightness of my heart, the clearness of my views, the truth of my judgment. I find much in Habakkuk, especially in the first chapter, which bears on the case, he said he had a good conscience, and by God's mercy was kept from 'rendering evil for evil, or railing for railing.'"

The fourth verse of this chapter is a remarkable passage, which he much felt and often quoted in reference to this painful division, perhaps no words could be found more singularly applicable to the cause of its continuance.

"*Therefore the law is slacked, and judgment doth never go forth: for* THE WICKED DOTH COMPASS ABOUT THE RIGHTEOUS; THEREFORE WRONG (*marg.* WRESTED) JUDGMENT PROCEEDETH." *Hab.* i. 4.

Mr. B., with wounded spirit, bodily weakness and failing health, labored during the few years of his ministry at Brighton, Chichester, and occasionally at Leicester, &c., with signal success; he loved his work, a deep weight attended his preaching, and as a dear friend testifies, "he never knew one who had, he believed, a more tender regard than he for the honor of God and the purity of His Truth." He had but little time for authorship, but he wrote and published a Sermon, entitled "THE SAINTS' LIFE SUPPORTABLE, BUT THEIR DEATH A BLESSING," and referring to its publication, wrote in the expectation of its being sharply criticized:—

"If any remark on my book, *let them remark, I shall make no reply. I know* what I have written is TRUTH, and shall not alter a sentence. WHAT IS TRUTH WILL BE MAINTAINED BY GOD; what is false may and must *fall, I think there is no error*, but this book is not the Bible."

In Oct., 1808, he went, with his wife, my mother's sister and another friend, a tour through the Isle of Wight, and wrote a poem, giving a pleasing description of the places visited, entitled "TRACES OF PROVIDENCE;" it was published by Bensley, is inferior as a poetical composition, and now scarce.

The following quotation (from a presentation copy given by the esteemed author to a dear relative) supplies a specimen, and will introduce a circumstance demanding record in this history, viz., *Their Only and Last interview on earth*, after this unhappy breach. He thus referred to their passing Chichester:—

"The tall Cathedral spire is now in view,
And to our thoughts thro' ages give a clue,
When superstition rais'd with ease the pile,
The lofty steeple, and the lengthen'd aisle.
A few poor souls are here by man despised,
Who yet by God himself are highly prized;
These for a place wherein their God to meet
Long earnestly, and labor hard to get;
Slowly the sums come in, and very small;
And oft thro' unbelief the spirits fall,
Lest they at last should destitute be left,
And of their mod'rate wish should prove bereft.
What buildings thro' the land has ignorance raised,
Where God's not known, nor the Reedeemer praised;
While they who spiritually seek his face
Can with such difficulty find a place
Wherein to meet!—In temples made with hands
The service of our God no longer stands.
Cathedrals, churches, chapels too abound;
But in the heart God's habitation's found;
And buildings such as these ne'er strike the eye,
With outward grandeur caught, men pass them by."

The congregation there was chiefly gathered by his ministry, and the sight of the City, recalled to his affectionate remembrance, his flock, and the work they had earnestly at heart: important to *them*, but humble indeed, compared with the Cathedral, whose spire met the travellers' view. This Chapel (also named Providence) was finished in the following summer, and opened on Wednesday, 6th Sept., 1809, just *two* years after the separation occurred,—since which, this was the only occasion of their meeting, and we are glad to be able to show as some palliation of the grievance, that it evidenced mutual regard, notwithstanding the outward alienation, and that without doubt, love still held some place. Mr. H. having been engaged to open it, arrived at the Chapel before the Afternoon service, and went into the Vestry behind the pulpit, where several ministers and friends were waiting for him, among them was Mr. Brook, interested as he *must* have been in the event of the day. After some friendly and general salutations, Mr. B. politely said, "As you have to preach, Sir, you may like to be alone, and we will leave you." Mr. H. replied, "*All go but you Brook.*" The interval was necessarily short and the precise nature of their conversation is not known, but is said to have been mutually pleasant and friendly. Mr. H. then preached from I. Cor. iii. 10—13. "Other foundation can no man lay, &c." and again from the same text in the Evening. No further correspondence or intimacy resulted from this meeting, however much it might have been desired by each; this the influence of the Sanderson party and attendant circumstances no doubt forbade and proved what is too often true, that "He that is married careth for the things that are of the world, how he may please his wife." I. Cor. vii. 33. This Chapel *is within* the City walls, and has ever since been honored with the preaching of several faithful men: among them E. Parsons and J. Vinall as pastors.

But death, the busy archer, who sooner or later is commissioned to put an end to every earthly tie, was near at hand. This keen trial was too much for him, and *it literally broke his heart;* this his friends knew, and is testified by living witnesses now. Just two years after this interview, the suffering and faithful Brook, after a short illness (a severe bilious affection), away from home, returned to Brighton and finished his course, to his eternal gain, and to the grief and loss of a numerous and attached flock. He expressed entire submission to the will of God, and would have been glad of renewed health only for His service. His last words were remarkable—"THEY REST FROM THEIR LABORS! THEY REST! THEY REST! THEY REST!" His death, on Saturday, 21st Sept., 1811, at the early age of 36, closed all hopes of the healing and reconciliation which godly friends on either side had hoped for. "Satan the adversary" had succeeded in "devouring" their peace, and was permitted to wound, grieve and separate, those that were really *one in heart*, and might have been fellow-helpers in their work. How mysterious are such circumstances, proving the weakness of even the best of men; yet some wise purpose may be hid, even in "such dark unfathomable mines."

Those that feel any interest in these memoirs will, no doubt, be anxious to know *how* Mr. Huntington *received* the intelligence of this sad event. This wish we can gratify on the authority of a poor godly man, often a visitor to him, who more than once narrated it to the Editor, having received it from the gardener himself, to whom the following emphatic remark was addressed. This man was working in the garden at Pentonville early one morning, when Mr. H. as usual came out, he felt reluctant to disclose the news and asked if he had lately heard anything particular from Brighton, "No," said he; "Then," replied the gardener, "I have to tell you, Sir, that *Mr. Brook is dead!*" He heard and felt it like a sharp blow, which completely overcame *him, and to hide his* feelings, without uttering a word, walked on thoughtfully. *Coming round* to the man again, he stopped and said, with strong

emotion, "So Mr. Brook is dead, is he John? well, mark this—JAMES BROOK IS GONE TO HEAVEN, AND MY HOUSE IS A COMPLETE HELL TO ME." (His own name being William, he had accustomed himself to call him JAMES). The propriety of such a remark to *a servant* may be questionable, but uttered so freely, under deeply-excited feelings, was full of significance on two very important points. Their connection at this crisis proves how vividly his memory recalled the faithful entreaty of his departed friend,—his own rejection of him on that account only,—and also the realization of his fears as to the result of that somewhat untoward and precipitate, though perhaps at last, *unavoidable* step. Nothing can gainsay the clear evidence, couched in that expression *from his own lips* (if there were no other), of at least *some* of its consequences. The following verse from a sort of memorial poem printed at the time, signed "EBED-MELECH," will shew, and with some truth, the lamentation and sympathy of his friends in his severe persecution:—

> "Thy foes were numerous, but thy heart was firm,
> Thy faith was strong, although thy flesh infirm;
> With hypocrites beset, *with saints likewise,*
> *Thy friends forsook thee, and thy work despised;*
> Thy foes strove hard, to put thy soul to flight,—
> The wicked curse, THE ELDER BRETHREN SMITE,
> Though much opposed, and earthly friends but few,
> JEHOVAH-JESUS, brought thee safely through."

Much he needed in such a trial, the sustaining hope he thus expressed on his dying-bed:—"If the Lord is pleased to take me I am content, there is but One real Refuge,—but One true Friend."

His funeral took place, at his own request, at *six o'clock in the morning*, and he had particularly desired that he should be *carried by good men*, and not taken in a hearse. He was interred in the ground attached to Brighton Church, where he had formerly ministered. His grave was discovered with difficulty after some long and anxious search,—and for the information of others, we will state that, it is an upright stone near the sexton's house: *not* in the chancel, the usual place for the interment of the Incumbents. The inscription as follows, asserts his "fidelity," but bears no allusion to his *quitting* the living; no doubt this omission was at the wish of his relatives, who could neither appreciate his motives, nor approve his dissenting principles.

"In memory of Elizabeth, wife of the late Rev. CHARLES COLDCALL, A.M., PREBENDARY OF ROCHESTER, and Vicar of Ashburnham, &c. She died on the 13th of February, 1808, aged 80 years.—Also of Rev. W. J. BROOK, B.A., Grandson of the above. He died Septr. 21st, 1811, aged 36 years. HE WAS THE MINISTER OF THIS CHURCH AND PARISH, WHICH OFFICE HE ATTENDED TO WITH ZEAL AND FIDELITY.—Frances Ann Brook, the beloved daughter of Ann Wilmshurst, by her former husband, the Rev. W. J. Brook, died May 23rd, 1818, aged 14 years and 7 months."

His death occurred about *three months* after the opening of the New Chapel in Gray's Inn Lane; there is not the slightest allusion to his illness or death, in any of the letters as published, such parts were probably suppressed. Two letters (without date or name) were evidently written to *him*, *G. V.* II. 6 and 7.

In *less than two years* Mr. H. was summoned to his reward;—often does a death-bed powerfully recall some particular event in life,—and it was so *with him*, as the following remarkable incident (scarcely known and for obvious reasons not published), is an instance. In the sole record of those solemn hours by Miss F. and Lady S.—appears a statement, which, though in general terms goes to verify this fact, so important and characteristic in his history.

"It was at supper-time on the *evening preceding his death* that, for *the first time* during his illness, he alluded to his church and congregation" (by which it would seem that though *certain*, he had not considered his end so near). "He spoke of *those* who had stedfastly abode by his ministry, and said that the bless-

ing of God would ever rest upon them;—of others who had felt offended, because without reserve, he had declared the whole counsel of God * * * of the different *characters of professors* among the congregation; and of the blessings and *judgments from God which would come upon them, he spoke in a strong and decided manner.*" *P.L.*

It seems plain that he *named* several, among the rest, and to the surprise of his attendants (Lady S. was present) he emphatically exclaimed, "And now, mark my words, all of you, and see if they do not come true,—'*Cursed will that man be, who separated me from* JAMES BROOK!'" The person referred to had encouraged the marriage and fomented the variance with Brook, by whispering and carrying reports; he had been kind and liberal to Mr. H., and was much with him, even in his last illness, as appears in the same letter. However, he had some misgivings as to his sincerity, for once when travelling in Sussex, his companion appearing asleep, Mr. H. aroused him, by saying, "Come Edward, don't sit there sleeping, open your eyes, and admire this fine prospect." "Ah, Sir!" said Mr. A., "I was thinking of 'the King in his beauty, and of the land that is very far off.'" "Nonsense, man," said Mr. H., "Don't tell me,—more likely of buying timber." Allusion has been made to his denouncing judgments on individuals; whether or not this prediction remained a secret with the *few* hearers, it proved sadly true: for this person, esteemed wealthy, is said to have suffered the loss of property and of reason, and come to a grievous end. We are informed also, by a still surviving friend of Mr. H., that he applied to him this passage, "*He shall go to the generation of his fathers; they shall never see light.*"—Psalm xlix. 19.

About the same time he dictated his Epitaph, and there is a connection therewith and his breach with Brook, which we have never heard noticed; but the second phrase, "BELOVED OF HIS GOD" occurs in the very passage from Nehemiah, which Brook applied to him, and which application (or calling his attention thereto), gave the first decisive blow to their union, and became the ground of offence.

His favorite hymn was that of Hart's 10th, commencing "My God when I reflect." He left two children, the daughter whose death is recorded above, and a son, James, whom, in our youth we frequently met. His widow afterwards married Mr. Wilmshurst, of Cranbrook.

A gracious friend, who knew and esteemed him, thus wrote in 1834:—

"Mr. Brook, of Brighton, sacrificed more for Christ,—suffered more for Christ,—and shared more of Christ's secrets, especially touching the state of the Church, and the world, what awaits them, and the portions of the word of God that apply to the present eventful period,—than any man I have heard of in modern times."

This is a true and honorable testimony. In contrast to the desolation and loss that fell on Mr. H.'s Chapel, those built for Mr. B. in Brighton and Chichester, have been honored with the faithful ministry of Truth to the present time.

Reviewing the suffering caused to each of these good men by this unhappy rupture,—and the reproach brought upon religion, by the sport of its enemies, and the grief of those who loved God and mourned the divisions of Zion, we confess the pain and sorrow we have felt in recording it. Beyond its interesting details, there is abundant instruction and gracious admonition, which may be of real profit. Many waters (and some of them bitter ones), cannot entirely quench that spiritual love which, though damped, can never die, but will eternally bloom in that better land, where nothing that defileth can enter.

This chapter will well conclude, with an excellent original unpublished *letter by Mr.* Brook, which will no doubt be acceptable to our readers, *as exhibiting his* spiritual and practical sentiments, and style of writing:—

"To Mr. Jos. Wallis, Leicester. Brighton, Dec., 1808.

"The last letter of my son informs me, he was feasting upon fat things; the Lord of the household having 'abundantly blest the provision, and satisfied the poor with bread.' Where he is now I know not, but being secured in the Covenant, he must be under the blessing. I am often anxious about the welfare of the family, which God has given me in this world. I, like doting fools of fathers, am over anxious; *they* cannot leave them with Providence, nor *I* with the God of Grace. But the Covenant is ordered in all things and sure; that will stand fast for ever, and the seed of our spiritual Jacob must be blessed in it. If you are still rejoicing, the exhortation is, 'Go thy way, eat thy bread with joy, and drink thy wine with a merry heart, for God now accepteth thy works.' It is this which knits the soul to Him, and so, having all our happiness and satisfaction in Him, *we choose, we want no other*—being 'acquainted with God we are at peace.' Though these seasons do not usually last long, yet are they very sweet, being a foretaste of that eternal rest which remaineth, when this troublesome scene of things shall be no more. ENOCH WALKED WITH GOD—he, perhaps, had no earthly companion to walk with, and if so, he made the most of the Heavenly One, and truly, no better could he have; and if he *had* a companion in the flesh, God was better to him: and I find daily, my son, there is nothing like cultivating the most social intercourse with this *best of friends*, and most familar of all bosom companions. If we are grieved, He will hear our complaints,—if we are needy, He will attend to our wants,—if we are helpless, He will stretch out instant relief,—if we are happy, He will partake of our joy. There is *none* like *our God*! The *company*, even of good people is, for the most part, irksome to me, except it be a choice opportunity, when God has brought us together to fulfil his promise, that 'where two or three are gathered in my name, I will be in the midst.' By far too much gossip is there under the sanction of religious intercourse. I find, and you may, too, that these five things will occupy all our time. 1st, Diligence in our lawful business: 2nd, Prayer to God in private: 3rd, Reading and meditating on His word: 4th, Waiting upon Him as our necessities arise: and 5th, Watching His hand how He answers our prayers and fulfils the desires of our waiting souls. Stick close, my beloved, to these, and you shall find your advantage in it. When it is well, you need no spur to this work, but feel it is good to be here and fear to lose this best of guests. But there are dates when *nothing either draws or drives*, and therefore God has appointed us 'tribulation in this world, that in Him we may have peace.' The promise is, 'I will leave an afflicted and poor people; and they shall trust in the name of the Lord.' Trials under His hand drive us to God, beat us off from all human refuge, confidence, and resting places, to seek after Him as our only good: and how far preferable is the heaviest suffering attended with this effect, to the *most easy* state of soul, unaccompanied with a sense of God's favor; and how kind it is in the Most High to provide such a variety of means and ways to bring us to make up our happiness and delight *in Him!* If He hides his face, it is only to make Himself more precious, desirable, and sweet to us. and if He tries us with enemies, it is to make His friendship valuable,—if He *denies* us what we ask, it is better we should *not have it*,—and if He grants us the desires of our hearts, it is that we may have no other delight than Himself, knowing that every other is vanity and vexation of spirit. In affliction, no other company will do but His. 'In my *distress*, I cried unto the Lord,'—as soon as David got into a strait, 'he enquired of God, and when he found Him, 'Whom have I in Heaven but Thee! none on Earth I desire besides Thee.' My counsel then is, that of James—'Is any afflicted, let him pray,' for God has promised to be with them in trouble; 'Is any merry, let him sing psalms.' Thus both sides, adversity and prosperity have *God for their end*, and 'blessed is that man whose God is the Lord, in whose heart are the ways of them; they go from strength to strength, every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.' I have had a strong desire for one thing, to have this Christmas time all my children round my table from the N., S., E., and W., I think I should outnumber Jacob. But this cannot be: if I have them *round about my heart*, this is enough. "The Spirit of the Lord caught away Philip, that the eunuch saw him no more;" nevertheless, 'he went on his way rejoicing,' and Philip to his labor of love. God bless thee!

Yours ever, W. J. BROOK.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Charge of Antinomianism.

"Ye are not under the Law, but under Grace."—*Romans* vi. 14.

PREVIOUS chapters have allusion to this reproach, which he incurred from some, who misrepresented his advocacy of the superseding power and influence of the Gospel of the Grace of God, and the saints' completeness in Christ. He vigorously maintained that salvation came *not by the works of the Law*, but by the *hearing of faith*, and that the believer's obedience was *not* in the oldness of the letter, but in *newness of life*, walking *not* after the flesh, but *after* the spirit. For this vital truth, "as a good steward of the mysteries of God," he felt called to contend, and endeavour to counteract the mass of false profession, and notional faith which abounded in his day, after the great revival under the Evangelical ministry God had so blest through the land. His work was to sift the chaff from the wheat—to "take forth the precious from the vile,"—and to show the Church "the difference between the clean and the unclean." This brought upon him much opposition: but strong in the Lord, and in the Truth realized in his own soul, he manfully stood his ground, and none could successfully resist him. One has said, and many felt "This was a controversy that should never have been begun," wherein his zeal at times, carried him beyond the bounds of propriety and moderation; still he was firm and faithful to the end, and had to "endure much hardness as a good soldier of Jesus Christ." As to the position in which this question placed him, this is correct:

"Mr. H. stood much alone, the generality of ministers viewed him with disdain, and treated him as an Antinomian, and that which more particularly caused him to be counted as such, was that he "denied the Law to be the believer's rule of conduct." However, he never succumbed in the least to any of his opponents."—J. T

The term "ANTI" *against*, "NOMOS" a *Law*, strictly applies only to those who are *against* the law of Christ as set forth in His precepts: who deny holiness, or abuse the liberty of the Gospel, for an occasion to the flesh. Such persons were found in the Apostles' days, and were justly rebuked, but Mr. H. never held any such unclean doctrine; few lived a life of more communion with God than he, or came nearer to a fulfilment of the Apostolic exhortation, "*Meditate on these things*—GIVE THYSELF WHOLLY TO THEM, *that thy profiting may appear to all.*"—I. Tim. iv. 15. In this, few, if any, of his antagonists could bear comparison; proofs abound that, "to him to live was Christ." Added to which, his real sentiments sufficiently vindicate him from so unjust a charge: for we could multiply quotations from his works and letters, as evidence, such as the following, which will afford every spiritual reader the same satisfaction and delight that the transcriber has found in them: being as sublime in sentiment as they are in expression:—

"It has been my daily and hourly employ, for upwards of thirty years, to watch the hand and handyworks of the Almighty, in directing my steps,—supplying my wants,—fixing my residence,—supporting my soul,—instructing my mind,—shining upon my way, and delivering me out of innumerable adversities. He hath caused His goodness daily and hourly, constantly and invariably, *to pass* before me; while I have followed Him, believing and hoping, *watching and waiting*, weeping and wondering, trembling and rejoicing, confessing *and acknowledging*, blessing and praising; and with astonishment at His unde-

served goodness, asked Him where He would lead me *to?* These things, in our days, are matters of jest and ridicule; but I am at a point, yea, *more than sure* that all short of God and the fear of Him, is destruction and misery, vanity and vexation of soul." "Never did his Providence appear so conspicuous, and so replete, never were his visits more frequent, never was my success in conversion so great. I have had the accounts of *five this week.* My sweetest moments are those spent in secret, and the sweetest company when quite alone. He makes my study a Bethel, and my pulpit the field of Victory, my heart his storehouse, and my tongue both a piercing sword and saving health." [We cannot withhold this one more]. "The Religion of Jesus is the glory of our land, the cause of God, and the salt of the earth; it makes this world a bauble, one's own heart a principality, one's house a Bethel; it gives up our conversation to another world, it leads us to correspond with invisible realities, makes crooked things straight, and rough places plain. It makes a sick-bed easy, and the day of death to be better than the day of one's birth, because it shuts out all infirmities and complaints. 'The inhabitants are no more sick and are forgiven all iniquity.' The spirit of Jesus never leaves us without a friend in this world, nor without a father, brother, and some token for good. The God of Heaven is for us, who can be against us? And what can harm those who have the God of Jacob for their portion?"—*G. V.* 30,173, 131.

Nor was he less solicitous that his friends should seek after and enjoy the same invaluable blessings:—

"If the dear Redeemer indulges thee with access to Himself, with union, communion, and fellowship with Him, this will keep thee out of the world, and from the company of it. It will be thy only refuge, refreshing, delight and felicity here —your home will be a sanctuary,—your closet a banquetting-house,—and God in Christ, a fountain of living waters to satisfy every desire of thy soul. Therefore, trust thou alone in Him—for "without Him thou canst do nothing;" no fruit except we abide in Christ. I would advise my dear friend not to get into company, nor to contend and dispute with them that are unacquainted with the power of godliness. This often strips us of our comfort, joy, and peace. It is best to examine ourselves and prove whether we be in the faith;—they that pray in secret shall be rewarded openly, and come forth shining in light, wisdom, and understanding, with a healthy conscience, and a cheerful countenance, with joy in their soul, with Christ in their heart, and Heaven for their hope. This, my dear friend, is the RELIGION OF JESUS. Be this religion mine! and God grant it may be thine also." *G. V.*, 113.

Dare any one say that this life was Antinomian? and to persist in calling such a man so, in that sense was a gross calumny. But it was *then* and is *now* very unjustly used against those who hold the doctrines of Free Grace, imputing to them a disregard to holiness, and even to morality: and in this way has been applied by many who know not the truth in the heart, nor have felt its sanctifying influence. Some *good* men have even fell into this error, and there is a curious contrast worth noticing in connection with this subject, viz., the different manner in which Mr. H. was regarded and treated by two brothers, eminent at that time in the religious world, the one as a Christian author, the other as a minister,—we allude to Sir Richard Hill, Bart., M.P., who died Nov., 1808, aged 75; and the Rev. Rowland Hill, who died April, 1833, aged 88.

The latter in his enmity to what he falsely judged of, and wrongly attributed to Mr. H.'s sentiments, lost sight of all that was due to himself, as a gentleman, a minister, and a Christian. He stubbornly rejected every attempt at explanation and reconciliation, and persisted for many years in applying to him very abusive epithets, and many false statements, not only in private, but in preaching. At various places in the country where Mr. H. went, Mr. Hill followed to warn the people against him (but to little purpose), and refused to supply where they also invited *him.* Rowland Hill was the *first* person who called him "an Antinomian," on which account he often styled him his Godfather, for "giving him this name," and to such a

length did he carry out his unprovoked animosity, that Mr. H. had cause to bear this true witness against him publicly, in a letter addressed to him, so early as the year 1793:—

"I have been in the ministry almost 19 years, and you can *prove no charge* of evil against my life or testimony: nor could you overthrow by the Scriptures one doctrine I hold, if you were to preach or write a thousand years. Nor was I ever once left of God, in the whole course of my ministry, to deliver a discourse so inconsistent as this one of yours. If you will lay aside your prejudice. and controvert the point. I will undertake to prove *to your face* that there is *not* one page in it consistent with the oracles of God." And again in the same letter:—

"You have cast upon me the vilest names....You hope to preach half-a-dozen sermons on 'Sanctification;' but if you were to preach *twelve dozen* upon the subject, unless you were more explicit than in your last, there is not a soul living that would understand your meaning....The Gospel gives no licence for such hard speeches as you utter against a servant of Christ, who you know far *exceeds* you in experience, power, knowledge, usefulness. and conversation; *whose doctrines you cannot overthrow,—whose usefulness you cannot deny"—whose life you cannot censure.*

Hill was a mere child compared to him in spiritual understanding,—the knowledge and use of Scripture,—or power of argument. Aware of his deficiency and inability to cope with him on fair grounds, and perhaps envious of his greater power, he resorted to the constant and unworthy employment of unmanly and calumnious abuse. Doubtless it *was* mortifying to nature's pride (but should have rejoiced a gracious heart) to observe the *greater success* attending a brother's ministry, though an unlearned, but Spirit-taught Coalheaver, in the West of London, than he with his high birth and college education (though very useful and diligent) could lay claim to in the humbler and more populous districts of the South. But God chooses and employs just *such* instruments as He pleases: and whoever "plants and waters," and however zealously, "the increase" is His free gift alone. When he accidentally saw Mr. H. in the street he used to run away, and would not meet him. Most of his party have been forward in denouncing and condemning Mr. Huntington as "a man of a bad spirit;" admitting that in some disputes he did *not* display due moderation, yet *herein* he appeared to honorable advantage. Let any one judge to whom, in this case, such a character *most* applied, since nothing whatever in him provoked or deserved such malignity. He always treated Mr. Hill with particular respect—bore his revilings patiently—addressed him as a "Fellow-laborer," and often sought peace and reconciliation, which Hill never did, but rudely rejected: continuing to the last, the same unchristian course. Mr. H. therefore had cause to allude to his treatment seven years later, in thus writing to a friend, Sep. 4, 1800:—

"My venerable and *most pious* Godfather has cleaved to me with full purpose of heart, and I question if he has ever lost sight of me in any one sermon preached by him *during the last* 26 *years*; and I firmly believe that he has been forced to tell a thousand lies in the name of God, only to *blacken my character* and to *render my labors useless.* But what honor can redound to God, or what good can accrue to the souls of men by such ministrations is more than I am able to make out, and therefore must conclude with David. "Let him curse." But I cannot believe that God has led my soul through the confines of hell, and then set me down on Mount Zion. and given me a sight of the King in His beauty, for no other purpose than to furnish pulpits with reproach, and fools with sport." *P. L.* 53

Nothing could be pointed out in Mr. H. so bitter and censurable, that would compare with the enmity Mr. Hill cruelly and unjustly manifested towards *him.* Such conduct on the part of one eminent useful minister against another, brought much scandal on religion from the worldly, whom it amused, while it grieved the friends of peace on either side. The well-known anecdote, so accordant with Mr. Hill's character, is no doubt true, that when Mr. H. once sent him a letter and a book, in the hope of *removing*

his vindictiveness and gaining a better understanding, he had the footman up in his room, took it from him with the tongs and thrust it into the fire, saying he might tell Mr. H. that, "That was the answer!" and then called after him loudly, to his own servant, "Watch that man down stairs! lest he should steal the silver or anything he can lay his hands on, because his master does not hold the Law to be a rule of life." By his influence the Coalheaver was excluded from the Tabernacle at Greenwich, and after succeeding in this, he refused to supply that place himself; this ill-natured step compelled Mr. H.'s friends to build another Chapel at Deptford. He had to endure this violent persecution *all his days*, and addressing his "friend Rowland" once said, "That you may sound the gospel-trumpet *more*, and your own trumpet *less*, is the desire and prayer of him, who freely *forgives you all* that is past, and hopes to *take patiently* all that is to come."

On the other hand, his brother, Sir Richard, the able defender of vital religion, whose memory is still honored in the Church, *highly esteemed* Mr. H., and was *often his hearer* at Providence Chapel. In his valuable little work, entitled "DEEP THINGS OF GOD," there are two articles, the best we have seen on that side of the question, well worth the attention of enquirers thereon. He does not agree with, or clearly see Mr. H.'s drift, and feared (as many did, and with good reason) its consequences; without doubt, this observation had reference to *him*:—

"We lament that any worthy, laborious ministers should *get themselves* branded with the name of 'Antinomian,' and greatly *hurt their own usefulness*, by 'denying the Law to be a believer's rule of life,' whilst in reality, they are zealous for good works and strenuous advocates for vital godliness,—as well as crucified to the world, and exemplary in their lives and conversation." In stating very concisely and clearly his own views, he asks:—"Is it possible for any man to be a true Christian and not wish to be under that law as his rule, which requires 'LOVE TO GOD AND TO HIS NEIGHBOUR?'—Does faith in Christ teach us *any other* obedience than what is briefly comprehended there?—While *both* parties agree that the *Love* of God is the believer's grand principle and motive, is not this dispute merely about words?" [And so it really was as between *some* of the parties.]

Sometimes Mr. H. did not seem to mind the name, but used it himself: at others he indignantly resented it. He felt his power as a disputant and enjoyed his triumphs. Some of his opponents no more looked for salvation through the Law than himself, but honored it as a part of God's Word, believing that what was "*written aforetime* was written for our learning," nor was he *less* an advocate for personal holiness than they, though from some defects and omissions, he was misrepresented as opposed thereto; and some *did so pervert his doctrine*, in setting aside therewith the obligation of Gospel precepts. One great evil was its causing needless *division* among believers, and even now a distinction which few of Christ's flock have wisdom to comprehend (much less to define), is made *a condition of Church membership*, for which pretended order, there can be no scriptural warrant. A singular instance of this is seen in Hardy's Life, who was excluded from fellowship on this ground alone; it forms an interesting illustration of such a practice, and may be a useful caution. It also led to a Confession of Faith, on this subject, more clear and conclusive, in a few words, than volumes written on either side. With such a declaration we are glad to enrich our pages:—

"Previous to his becoming himself a preacher Mr. Hardy attempted to unite with the Baptist Church at Leicester, under the pastoral care of Mr. Varley. He had given in his experience before the church, which was perfectly satisfactory, and his conduct and character highly approved. But when about to be united in church fellowship, it was discovered that his views on the subject of the moral law being a rule for the believer's walk and conduct in the world, did not agree with those of Mr. V., who held *the Huntington and Gadsby doctrine in this matter*; there arose some difficulty or cavils against his admission, and which in fact

did prevent its taking place. This was surely a strange conclusion to come to, and one, in my poor opinion, without the *shadow of a foundation* in scripture, or the practice of primitive churches. Mr. Hardy *never embraced* these *views about the Law*, but *altogether renounced them as contrary to the word of God.* Indeed *to admit that they* are *scriptural and true*, would tacitly say, that he who was TRUTH itself, yea, the GOD OF TRUTH, *was mistaken* when he preached the sermon on the Mount, and that Paul did not write Romans xii., by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. But let Mr. Hardy speak for himself. He is a competent, able, and faithful witness. *Not long* after this rejection, he wrote as follows in a Declaration of the Faith and Practice of the Church of which he became Pastor.

'Our *conduct* also in the world and in the church must ever be as *becometh the Gospel; we must walk in the Spirit, we must do all we do in the name of the Lord Jesus, as His servants, His redeemed, and His beloved.* And as for RULES OF OBEDIENCE, *we hold it is no part of* OUR DUTY, AND NOTHING TO OUR PROFIT, *to differ about* SOME, *while we are* WALKING BY NONE. *But we hold ourselves* BOUND *by the high authority* OF CHRIST, *to observe* MOST STRICTLY EVERY PRECEPT OF CHRIST, *and* ALL THINGS WHATSOEVER HE HATH COMMANDED. *Moreover we are to be instructed in righteousness, and thoroughly furnished unto good works by* ALL SCRIPTURE. *And whatever was at any time given by God for the well ordering of the conversation of the faithful (as far as their circumstances and ours are alike)*, IS SO FAR AND IN LIKE MANNER BINDING UPON US. *And though we be dead* TO THE LAW BY THE BODY OF CHRIST, *and consequently loosed from* ALL ITS CURSES *and all the* CONDITIONS *of the Covenant of works, yet have we not thereby a licence to violate* ANY OF ITS PRECEPTS, *which are* HOLY, JUST, *and* GOOD; *but rather, the knowledge, enjoyment, and assurance that we are* BLESSED IN CHRIST, *with every good we can desire or need (under the power of the Holy Ghost, by whom alone they are communicated) does produce in our hearts* THAT LOVE OF GOD, *which is the* FULFILLING OF THE LAW; *and the* BELIEVER WALKS IN CONFORMITY TO ITS PRECEPTS, *under the gracious leadings of the Spirit, while he is* TOTALLY DELIVERED FROM ITS COVENANT CONDITIONS and TERRORS.'

These are the views, and this is the faith he held when he offered to join Mr. V.'s church, and from them he never swerved a hair's breadth to the day of his death. To me they appear perfectly scriptural, and altogether incontrovertible. This controversy SHOULD NEVER HAVE BEGUN, and ought to be buried in oblivion, as 'a strife about words. to no profit;' but it is a remarkable fact that Mr. Brook and Mr. Robins (by far the greatest men that have moved in the connexion referred to) *never said one word on this matter. The latter assured me that he never would notice it.*"

These remarks by Mr. Hutchinson, his biographer (whom in early life it was the Editor's privilege to know and esteem), shews that this topic did *not meet* with the acceptance, nor even the concurrence of some of Mr. H.'s best friends,—if they were not really *opposed* thereto. No doubt he felt called to enter upon it from the mixed and shallow truth, the errors and legal sentiments on the other side: but the weapons of religious pamphleteering have been seldom effectual, while sound Controversy is at times most needful and beneficial, if conducted in a right spirit, to maintain Truth, and in "the defence of the Gospel." But little has been said of late, even by his friends in favor of this war. Just as it began (1787), he wrote in a letter to Miss Morton in terms as true as they are indisputable:—

"MAKE THE WHOLE WORD OF GOD YOUR RULE OF FAITH AND PRACTICE and lay your experience, your principles, yea, every sentiment, every impulse, every trial, every change, and every cross and every spiritual sensation *to that*, and so 'Cleanse your way by taking heed thereto, according to God's word.'"

It has been admitted (and his works show), that there *were* some classes of scriptures, Mr. H. was seldom, if ever led to notice, quote or preach from, *though* so great on some points; this partiality may be noticed in others *equally eminent in one* line of Truth. The hackneyed statement that, "we

have nothing to do with the Law," and that it is not a rule of Life, *is strictly true*, and yet in another sense, *it is not true*, but dangerous, and likely to lead into error and carelessness.* In his own Chapel there was an inconsistent practice, which gave *some* ground for this charge, in the minds of many. The sale of his books on Sundays, was openly carried on, thus making "the Lord's house a house of merchandize;"—besides disregarding the proper observance of that sacred day. Not merely by the pew-openers, (and the money dropping at prayer-time) but a very changeable professor, a bookseller in the City, had charge of a stall and shelves near the door, who boasted of taking over £20 on a Sunday. None could justify this, and many highly disapproved. Some congregations in his connexion are still known never to hold Church fellowship of any kind, nor prayer meetings, nor week services, and more than that, do not observe, either the ordinance of Baptism in any form, nor the Lord's Supper in any way, and have for many years thus neglected them. "What can we say to these things?" His own teaching and example, would never sanction such flagrant disobedience, but it *was* prostituted to such unholy purposes.

In his zeal to enforce the important and proper distinction that the Christian's obedience was the love of a child, springing *from life* through the Gospel: and not the mere duty of a servant *seeking life* by the Law, he ran into a drift unknown among the best religious authors, the Puritans of the 17th Century,—if not discordant with the holy tenor of their writings.

"Antinomianism is an error which sets up THE GRACE of God, in opposition to HIS GOVERNMENT: accordingly it makes light of the evil of sin—the necessity of repentance—and the evidence and excellence of holiness; and all this upon the specious pretence of exalting and glorifying the work of Christ. But His work was not only to die *for* the sins of His people, but also to save them *from* their sins, and to put His Law into their hearts. The truth therefore *as it is in Jesus* respects what He does *in* them as well as what He did *for* them; but as half of the truth is a lie, so is the lie of Antinomianism, that mystery of iniquity. Pride will lead the Pharisee to object to the humbling tendency of Gospel DOCTRINES; and corruption will lead the Antinomian to resist the obligation of Gospel PRECEPTS. But one error is not to be cured by another error—but by Truth."

REV. RICHARD CECIL. A.M.

"This name has been frequently fixed on persons by way of reproach, who have repelled the charge. Some have pronounced Antinomianism to be nothing more than Calvinism abused,—applying to its more rigid advocates who pervert Calvin's doctrine of absolute decrees to the worst purposes, by drawing from it conclusions highly detrimental to the interests of true religion and virtue. The late *very singular and eccentric* William Huntington was generally deemed one of this class, but *he himself utterly disclaimed it.* When the Rev. R. Adam applied to him for an account of the Antinomian sect in England, he did not reply. Speculative sentiments of any kind ought not to be carried to a degree, which might endanger, *even in appearance*, the sacred cause of morality."

Evans's Sketch of Religious Denominations.

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* This apparent contradiction is shown in an anecdote related to the writer by an excellent minister, Rev. Joseph Irons, whose judgment accorded with this statement. In a London omnibus he found two persons engaged in a warm discussion on this question about the Law. At length, being as far as ever from agreement, they asked for his opinion. He firmly replied, "*You are both right, and you are both wrong!*" "Oh, no," they said, "that could not be!" "But I will show you that you are." Addressing the advocate for the Law, he quoted from Matt. v. "Love your enemies," and asked him if "*that* was a part of his rule of Life?" "Unquestionably," he replied. Then where do you find such an exhortation in the Law? Then turning to his friend who rejected it, he took a Bible from his pocket, and said, "Pray, sir, is this Book your rule of Life?" "Indeed, it is," said he. "Then, by what authority do you exclude the xx. chapter of Exodus, and other parts?" They each owned, *with thanks, the correctness* of his views and the folly of their controversy.

The following liberal admission by one of the most eminent ministers in that section of the Church, whose errors (as he considered them) Mr. H. felt it his duty, most frequently and strongly to oppose, contains a volume of Truth, and manifests a truly spiritual discernment:—

"We hear much in our day (written in 1808) of Antinomians. Such I am persuaded there are. But I dare not set down every one as deserving this reproach, who incurs *the name*. We ought to consider much *from whom the charge comes*, for it may so happen that the censured are deemed excessive, because the censurers are themselves *defective;* and I cannot but fear, lest some of our young and less experienced brethren, in avoiding one extreme run into another, and from a laudable concern to *guard* (?) the truths of the Gospel, *impoverish* them, and feed their flocks in such poor and sparing pasture, as to tempt them to break bounds and enter the rank grasses of *pseudo* doctrinalists." Rev. W. JAY, *of Bath.*

CHAPTER IX.

Baptism: his Views and his Practice.

"What saith the Scripture?"—*Rom.* iv. 3.

"If thou believest with all thine heart, thou mayest."—*Acts* viii. 37.

IN devoting a Chapter to his sentiments on this subject, nothing is further from our desire than to revive the arguments and lamentable feelings that have so frequently arisen from this much-vexed question in the professing Church, and which has so much divided Christian brethren: but to introduce under this head, some original and authentic anecdotes from our collection, which will tend, we think, to show more clearly *than has ever yet been known*, what were Mr. Huntington's actual sentiments and practice relating thereto. Some incidents are yet unknown,—others have rested on incorrect reports, but, when shown to be founded on good authority, they will carry their own evidence, which is better than a host of mere conjectures. It is admitted that by far the greater bulk of those who adopt and follow his views of experimental Truth are now included in a particular section of the Baptist denomination, while very many in the Church of England and in various other sects cordially receive and highly esteem his writings and ministry. His immediate followers, who still glory in his *name*, are now but few; these were, and are much *opposed* to the ordinance of Believer's Baptism and practise Infant Sprinkling: in both they *exceeded* their leader, imitating more his custom, and led by what *they supposed*, than what *were* his real opinions; for it will be seen that *his* adherence and practice as a Pœdo-Baptist or Independent was very slender and feeble, and his regard to Baptists and their sentiments was characterized by a candour unusual in *him*, and by a liberality such as we never heard of in any other minister.

One thing is certain, that soon after he began to preach, he was led not only to consider this ordinance, but so far to approve, as to determine to observe it; and having heard but little from ministers favorable thereto, one would suppose such a resolution came from his constant and close study of the word of God. This intention his friends have thought proper to *dispute* whenever referred to, because *he did not relate it himself.* If there *is* any published record, it is obscure, but *the Fact is unquestionable*; for were there no *other,* the evidence of one, so well-informed and correct as the author of "BUNHILL MEMORIALS," should be sufficient; this, we now present, *and in his own words.*

"Mr. HUNTINGTON AT ONE TIME HAD INTENDED HIMSELF TO BE BAPTIZED BY IMMERSION. Mr. Richard Burnham, late of Grafton Street, then a Baptist Minister at Staines (the author of some excellent Lymns), *was engaged to baptize him.* The time was fixed, and Mr. Turner, of Bagshot (whom I well knew), intended to have been baptized with him. Mr. Huntington *changed his mind*, and Mr. T. was baptized alone. I HAD THIS ACCOUNT FROM MR. TURNER'S OWN MOUTH."

City Road, Dec., 1857. JOHN ANDREW JONES.

As to the cause of his drawing back, the following reason was given by Mr. F. Silver, and *may* be true:—That he was at that time much blest in his soul, and being in prayer, was impressed, as though a voice spake to him, "William, what are you going to be baptized for?" To which he replied audibly, "For £40 a year, Lord!"—upon this he arose, and determined *not* to be baptized. He was often apt to be decided by impressions, which it must be owned have often proved to be unsafe guides, and the root of strange errors; God's word is the best light to our path, and "through His precepts we get understanding." He was then about being settled over a congregation of Baptists, consequently his own baptism might be a necessary qualification; this might make him mistrust his motive, and so on that account refuse to take this step. He was soon after ordained over a small Independent Church at Woking, and he mentioned the person chosen in his stead, as having been baptized to get a wife and the pastorate, and not wearing well. There is also another story connected with this turning-point in his history, viz., that Mr. Burnham called one evening for conversation on the subject, when he went to him at the door with a lighted candle in his hand, which the wind blew out, and he said, "Ah! I see how it is—your water will put out my light," and that he himself named *this* as a reason, lest the observance of an outward ceremony should damp his spiritual enjoyment. This must have been about 1780, five or six years after his call by grace, and a remark in a letter alludes to this period, but perhaps is too strongly expressed.—1796:—

"I know that my stay is not long in this world; as soon as I am out of debt I will set my house and affairs in order, for I have *strong impressions* that I shall not ascend *another* May-hill (but he lived 17 years longer). Few and evil have the days of my life been;—many months distracted with the pains of hell;—seven years in hunger, cold, and nakedness;—almost three years in legal bondage in the pulpit that I might speak to those in that state;—when out of this, heretics were let loose upon me at Farnham;—Free-will Baptists at Woking;—*Burnham tore us limb from limb at Woking;* and Arminians at Richmond." *P. L., No.* 4.

We cannot believe that Burnham deserved such an accusation, even in a private letter. His life and character is well known to have been that of a gracious minister, and however much he might regret Mr. H.'s turning aside from what he deemed to be a Gospel ordinance, he was not the man to ill-treat him, as such words imply. He died Oct., 1810, aged 62. Mr. H. after this fancied the Baptists were *against* him, and therefore, perhaps, did not wish to gratify them by joining that denomination. Soon after, he went to London, and his disposition would not incline him to unite with *them* or any other party: but to stand alone, singular and independent of all. Still the obedience of love should surmount all such scruples and obstacles.

Now, as to his subsequent practice as a London Minister, be it observed that *he never administered the ordinance in public, but always in private,* and for those only whom he chose or thought proper, chiefly the infants of respectable friends, and often *refused to do so at all;* consequently he was *not* a thorough sprinkler. Indeed so *indefinite and undecided* was the general information respecting his views on this subject, that about 14 years ago, this enquiry appeared in a popular Magazine,—"DID MR. HUNTINGTON SPRINKLE?" To which Mr. Jones also gave a reply, which is of value on this point, *and confirms these* remarks:—

"In answer to the question, '*Did Mr. Huntington sprinkle?*' I reply, that *he did occasionally*, at the particular request of some of his people, *but not frequently.* I myself well knew an instance—A lady residing at Farnham, in Surrey, sent her servant (a day-laboring man) to London with a present of a hare, requesting of Mr. H., *as a favor*, to baptize her child. The poor man did not like to approach 'THE DOCTOR' *one-handed*, so he bought another hare and went with a *brace*. A verbal message was returned that if she would bring the child up, he would attend to her request. It caused much gossip at the time, and not a little merriment at the poor man's folly." JOHN ANDREW JONES.

A Clergyman now living, also related *his mode*:—

"Mr. Huntington baptized my dear sister when she was twelve years of age. I went with my father and her *into the Vestry*, when Mr. Lock brought in a basin of water; Mr. H. then prayed, and taking her by the hand, sprinkled the water with his fingers upon her forehead, 'in the Name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.'"

He was once asked what he intended by the baptism of infants, when he replied that it was, "*to show that they stood in need of conversion.*" Rather a novel reason, but true. On another occasion, driven hard for a scriptural warrant, he gave this enlightened quotation; as in the Church of England and some others, *the name is given at the same time*, "Oh!" said he, "don't you know that Zacharias called for a writing-table, and wrote, saying, His name is John. And they marvelled all." And may not *we* well *marvel too*, at so able a disputant using so poor an argument?

Having seen how weak was his advocacy, and how indifferent his observance of his own custom (which perhaps perplexed him): we shall shew with what remarkable favor and generosity he treated those whom he has been wrongly thought to oppose on this ground, from some harsh expressions he was apt at times, unadvisedly to use respecting them: but so he did of other sects. The Baptists as a body, came in for a share of his censure, but *not the ordinance itself*, for a friend who heard him for years, confidently states that "*he never heard him say a word against it.*" He would sometimes represent them as a set of hypocrites, depending upon an external ceremony instead of the inward work of God on the soul, and declared that, "It would do a man no good, to be dragged through the water from Dover to Calais." Our Baptist friends would no doubt cordially agree in this remark: we never heard of any of them advocating such immersion as that.

Application for membership at Providence Chapel was attended to by private interviews *with the pastor alone*, and granted or not, as he thought proper; on these occasions the question of baptism often arose, and we are able to give reliable information of the manner in which it was met, which proves the open-heartedness before alluded to, and which should in justice to his character, be more widely known. A friend had been well acquainted with several of such candidates who, when they expressed a wish to be baptized, instead of any cold rebuff or attempted argument against it, received some such kind reply as this, when he was satisfied with the account of their conversion:—"By all means do; here, go to Mr. Franklin and give him this (handing a guinea and sometimes two), with my love, and *ask him to baptize you*, as soon as convenient." Such generosity, certainly evinced no opposition but a *positive sanction and approval of Believer's Baptism*, and a noble respect to the *conscientious* convictions of his disciples. Jonathan Franklin was the minister of Red Cross Street Chapel, near Grub Street, Cripplegate, where Mr. H. preached on Tuesday Evenings, and Mr. F. often heard him; he esteemed him highly, though on some points they differed. He died May, 1833, aged 72. In like manner, some candidates were sent to Mr. Jas. Upton, *of* Blackfriars, who died Sep., 1834, aged 74, with the usual guineas, as fees *or offerings, or if not then*, they were punctually given afterwards. Such liberality *is remarkable*, and as "actions speak louder than words," we

commend it as evidence of his convictions, to the consideration of his followers and friends;—confessing that we have never heard of an imitation of so honorable an example. It was, however, very gratifying to meet with an instance of the same generous spirit in one of "*like precious faith*," in this paragraph on the cover of the "Gospel Magazine" for April, 1853, by the Editor, in reply to some correspondent.

"With respect to Baptism, we admire the conduct of the late beloved WILLIAM NUNN, Rector of St. Clement's, Manchester, When he saw a poor living soul in his 'church within a church,' exercised about Baptism *he would send such* with a note to William Gadsby, *asking him to baptize them*, and again heartily receiving such into his own communion."

What a pleasing contrast to the unholy bitterness this subject has often engendered to the wounding and distress of believers, whose views on this point have been diverse; yet alike subjects of the "One Baptism," and partakers of "One Faith" in the same Lord.

On a candidate once expressing this wish,—Mr. H. asked, "*Why* do you want to be baptized?" "Because, Sir," was the reply, "I think I can see JESUS *in the water*." "Do you?" Then said Mr. H. "by all means go there after him: I know I would, *or any where else to find him*." It may surprise some to know that he went a step further, even towards Strict Communion, and would say, "But surely, my friend, after you have been baptized, you will not like to sit down with *us*." But being generally persons called under his ministry they expressed no objection. A fact, in reference to his writings we never saw noticed, but it *is* worthy of remark, that he never *wrote* anything *against* the ordinance, and in his round of controversy, most of those he attacked were of his own sentiments on this subject, and one a clergyman; although many Baptists (among them the celebrated and intelligent Abraham Booth) were as much opposed to his peculiar views, as those who came under the lash of his pen. Moreover, when he reprinted the Life and Works of James Barry, it is very significant that he *refused to re-publish* the treatise called "The Falseness of Anabaptism," which is reckoned to be one of the strongest on that side; but it was afterwards, in 1817, issued at the request of some friends, by his son Ebenezer.

We have endeavoured not to give offence in this chapter, which even *the bare statement of facts* is liable to occasion on such tender ground; if so, that could *not* be avoided. In addition to the foregoing authentic and interesting incidents, we now publish for the first time, a very valuable and original anecdote which we received from the wife of a minister, who was the *niece* of the person concerned, whom she had frequently heard relate it, and could therefore vouch for its accuracy. The relation of this circumstance will, we doubt not, gratify many.

A young man from Lincolnshire, named John Blinkhorn, during a visit to London, was much blest under Mr. H.'s ministry, who took much interest in him, and allowed him several interviews. After taking leave to return home, he found to his regret that he had neglected to name a subject that had been much on his mind, and resolved to make an effort, by using the *only* opportunity left, to obtain Mr. H.'s views for his guidance. Accordingly he walked to Cricklewood, a distance of six or seven miles, but unfortunately it was Saturday, a day on which he would not see visitors, so he was refused. Apologizing for his importunity, he sent word that if Mr. H. would kindly see him *this once*, he would detain him with *but one question*, which he was very anxious to submit. Mr. H. still refused, on the ground that others might claim the same breach of his rule, but offered to send a reply by the footman, to whom, as a confidential servant, he might entrust his enquiry. "Well, then," said Mr. B., "Will you say that I have been much exercised about

Baptism, and how sorry I am that I did not ask Mr. H. his opinion: but being so desirous to know, as I shall have no other opportunity, I have come up on purpose to ask." The man left and returned with this excellent and memorable answer, well deserving the consideration of all other enquirers on this subject. "That if he wished to know his mind, he had only *to go home and read carefully the Eighth chapter of the Acts*, where he would find enough to satisfy him, or any one else on that matter." Mr. B. returned his respects and thanks.

This chapter containing the narrative of the Ethiopian Eunuch, and the evidence of *faith* in Philip's preaching, "that they were baptized, *both men and women*" v. 12, (it does not say infants) was as clear a direction as *any Baptist* could give or desire.* The writer has been able to verify the person that obtained from him this scriptural testimony; he preached in the villages around Folkingham, chiefly in the Countess's Connexion, and if not himself a Baptist, was buried at the Baptist Chapel, Heckington, near Sleaford, inside of which is a tablet with this inscription:—

"Sacred to the Memory of JOHN BLINKHORN, who departed this life on the 28th day of January, 1811; aged 29 years."

The date agrees with the mention of Mr. H.'s residence, &c. His appeal to the word of God alone, was candid and right, and evinced no desire to have dominion over the faith of another, which in every matter, should stand *not* in the wisdom of men, however wise and gracious, but in the power of God and according to His word. Several friends of his, also used to own that, "it is of no use arguing with Baptists, for they had all the word of God on their side." In his work, called "LIGHT SHINING IN DARKNESS," Mr. H. expounds I John v. 8. "There are three that bear witness, &c.," which text many take to favor infant baptism; he does not consider it has *any reference* whatever to this ordinance, and though mentioning both systems, withholds his own sentiments on either side, but speaks of baptising "persons," not infants, and that "Jesus had been thirty years in the world, *before he was baptized* by John." One of the last occasions of his sprinkling children, *and privately as described*, was in the minister's vestry behind the pulpit at Jireh Chapel, Lewes, after preaching the funeral sermon for Mr. Jenkins, when he christened two cousins of the Editor, to whom has been communicated by an eye-witness (an aged relative now living), the following interesting occurrence. At the same time he christened a poor girl, and afterwards asked after her parents, she said, "I have neither father nor mother, sir." With his usual kindness he said, "Well, my dear girl, may God be your Father, and take this, you will find some need of it," giving her a handful of loose silver, which he had taken from his pocket. Like his gifts to the Baptist ministers, this was a very unusual Baptismal fee!‡

* Advice very similar even to that given by a very popular Baptist minister himself of *this* day, who once spoke thus. "I intended this morning to have said something to you about Baptism,—but there is no time, and not much occasion,—for there is a little book printed, which you can obtain anywhere for Fourpence called 'THE NEW TESTAMENT,' which *will tell you all that is necessary.*"

‡ Some may be surprised at the apparent inconsistency which these incidents betray between his sentiments and his practice;—but it is an incongruity, by no means uncommon, even among intelligent ministers, who continue to follow this custom of men, against their own convictions, which without disguise, *they themselves* NOT BAPTISTS *utter and publish.* We take these few from very many that are extant. 1. Rev. H. W. Beecher (of America) affirms "That Infant sprinkling is a SUPERSTITION, but it does *the parents* good; and that they are not so ignorant as to believe or *try to prove* that it *is* scriptural, but it is beautiful. 2. Rev. J. Palmer, of Hackney (Independent), "*There is not a precept for, nor example of, this practice* through the whole New Testament." 3. Professor Jowett, of Oxford (Episcopalian), "It has sufficient grounds; the weakness is in attempting to derive them from Scripture." 3. Dr. Hoffner, of Basle (Lutheran), "It was unknown to the Apostles, but is an important improvement (!!) on the Apostolic practice." And 5. Dr. Campbell, London (Independent), in his Prize Essay, called "JETHRO," "It is *every way unprofitable*, and nothing supports it but *blind custom;* when we walk abroad among the Churches in quest of proof, we nowhere meet *with an atom of fact* to bear it out." (!!)

Mr. John Vinall, sen., the successor of Jenkins, and who was a violent opponent of believer's baptism, would often in preaching call out angrily when speaking of Baptists,—"Watermen!" and in his published farewell sermon (1857) actually said, "That the Anabáptists *could not point out one great man* of their persuasion." He must have forgotten *one of the greatest*, and a favorite of his own, John Bunyan, but passing such as Brine, Gill, and Booth, they are, we suppose, content to appeal to the precept and example of our Lord Himself and His Apostles, as set forth in the Scriptures. Mr. V. *did* own, "That there *were* good men among the Baptists, but he was against having any of them to preach in his Chapels." Our parents were very intimate friends of Mr. V.; we were christened by, and much esteemed him, as an honest faithful minister.

The incidents narrated in this section, while they exhibit some regard to his early convictions, display a striking candour and liberality to those sentiments and that denomination towards whom, we think, he has been *wrongly represented* as strongly opposed. Such conduct (unusual in his natural character) tends more to his honor and conscientious faithfulness than his unzealous practice. May his followers imitate his kindness of feeling (for few *could* shew his liberality if they *would*); this is more accordant to the Christian name and charity, than bitterness and opposition to those who at least *desire* to be guided by, and in all things to follow the Word of God alone.

CHAPTER X.

Notices of his Friends.

"Call no man your Father upon the earth: for one is your Father which is in heaven. Neither be ye called Master: for one is your Master even Christ, and all ye are brethren."—*Matt.* xxiii. 8.

"A friend loveth at all times."—*Prov.* xvii. 17.

HE had a large and extensive circle of friends, but those admitted to intimate acquaintance were comparatively few: these he sincerely loved, and manifested a deep interest in their welfare in every respect, as is seen in his correspondence. He kept much company, many friends from the country partook of the hospitality of his house, his footman corroborates this, and he had often to allude to it as "harassing his mind and interrupting his studies." A neighbour mentioned his entertaining nearly a hundred persons to dinner one Christmas. It redounds greatly to his honor, and shows the kindness of his disposition, and that he did not always deserve the charge of moroseness, that he was at all times ready and glad to recognize and help his early friends, the companions of his days of adversity. A noble contrast this, to the disdain often manifested by some who by any means have been raised to a higher station. Southey could not help admiring this affectionate and pleasing feature in his character, and of which his letters afford frequent evidence, such as this:—

"Dear Betsy,—Grace, mercy, and peace be with thee, and all that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth. I have heard that you are coming to town at Christmas: I beg that you will make *my house* your home, as long as you stay.

You visited *me* when I was a beggar upon the dung-hill, and the good Lord having raised me up from that state of real want, I shall be as glad to see you *now as I was then:* and that you may share in what it hath pleased God to give me; for I hope that *no worldly prosperity will ever make me forget either the* COAL SACK *or the* COBBLER'S SEAT." *G. V.*, 14.

And to another aged Friend:—

"Dearly Beloved in the Lord.—I was and still am grieved to see you, so ill as you are, attending to *that* shop; you really hasten your own end and deprive yourself of a little wholesome air, which in your state is so much needed. I have now a comfortable bed and a good room entirely at your service; and there is no want of any thing, nor creature in the way to make you uneasy,—all love you and you know it. It is my earnest desire that you would write to N., and let him come and weigh, and take your goods, as you will want nothing here but your wearing apparel, and here are drawers upon drawers for all your clothes. * * And now, my dear James, as God has prepared a way for you, and provided a room for your reception, a dutiful and affectionate son to receive you, *do* come and bring Mrs. B. with you, it is *my wish.* God bless you! Ever yours in Christ Jesus the Lord." *G.V.*, 92. W. H., S. S.

We will add some short notices of a few of his intimate friends, which will comprise some original and interesting incidents.

1. Rev. Jenkin Jenkins, W.A.,

Is a name more often mentioned than any other in his works. He was a native of Wales, and had been originally a student in Lady Huntingdon's College at Trevecca, but embraced Mr. H.'s views, who thought much of, and was devotedly attached to him. He was the first minister of the Chapel at Lewes, a very plain brick building, behind some houses in North Street, on the front of which is this curious inscription:—"JIREH CHAPEL, erected by J. Jenkins, W.A., with the voluntary contributions of the Citizens of Zion. A.D. 1802." In his love for titles Mr. H. styled him, "THE WELCH AMBASSADOR," which he said his neighbours unkindly interpreted as "Wonderful Ass." His disposition is said to have been very morose and unhappy, on which account Mr. H. was apt to allude to him as "His pettish and peevish Excellency." He was unmarried, and an extremely stout man, and imitated his patron by occupying a large house with some grounds, called "The Vicarage, in Malling," where *he* had also some farming stock. Mr. Hooper was his executor, and we find in his papers, that his personal effects realized £1,120. He suffered much from bodily illness and infirmities, and also from doubts and fears, and appears after to have relied very much on Mr. H. for support and consolation, who tells a friend in a letter:—

"Poor Jenkins has been long ill, and writes almost enough to employ half my time in answering him; however the good work goes on, although he has most bitter conflicts between." Three years later:—"Jenkins is very ill, and has been exceedingly low in his mind; I have had unabated epistles from him to attend to. I want to wean him, but cannot, and I do at times think that he will go sucking to the grave; he is such a dear friend to Moses." *P.L.*, 555.

After all he applied to a friend after his death for a testimony concerning him. He died on Sunday, Sept. 2nd, 1810, aged 59, and was buried on the following Sabbath morning, in the small burying ground (a quiet spot well kept up) behind the Chapel, which contains but one large tomb. Jenkins had given directions for his funeral, among others, "I should wish that *nothing be said over me* at the vault, except my good old friend, 'the Doctor' should happen to be there and feel himself inclined to speak." He was *not* present, consequently his remains were silently interred. Mr. H. preached a funeral sermon for *him* (a rare occurrence) on Sunday, Sept. 23rd, from

I. Thes. iv. 16. "The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, &c.," which he afterwards published as a memorial for the benefit of J's niece, including many letters, with 47 of his own: as usual, and to the reader's perplexity, without dates. A relation now living heard this sermon, and informs us how, contrary to his general self-command, his feelings often overcame and hindered him, so that he stopped and said, "I don't like this! I can't bear it!" This tenderness might have been *one* reason for his objection to funeral sermons,—the difficulty of mastering his feelings in referring to departed and much-loved friends. Mr. Vinall succeeded him, and during a zealous and useful ministry of 45 years, was the Pastor, and also of other Chapels at the same time; although for a long period thereof the subject of a severe paralytic stroke.

2. Rev. Algar Lock.

Mr. H. having always held himself so much aloof from all other ministers, found great difficulty in obtaining suitable substitutes during his engagements in the country, and few *could* take his five full services every week; sometimes poor country preachers of his own religious sentiments supplied, and appeared in strangely unclerical dress before a London congregation; one J. Tugwell, of Crawley, used to go into the pulpit in heavy hob-nailed boots. He had had assistants for small places in and near London; one Richard Hatton left a diary, which was printed, and contained reference to conducting such services, at Richmond; and frequently at a place then much used for preaching, well known as "The Old Barn," in Bartholomew Close. Losing them and afterwards Mr. Brook, for several years before his death, he was glad to have the assistance of Mr. Lock, who was a good man of a quiet spirit, but with inferior ability, especially as contrasted with Mr. H.; many would not hear him, but when he unexpectedly appeared in the pulpit, much to his discouragement, they went out.

There was something so remarkable in the manner of his becoming connected with Mr. H. (which he often related, even in preaching) that the account is well worth recording and preserving here. He had been a member of Mr. Brewer's Church at Stepney, and became an itinerant preacher, but from sore temptations (especially that he had committed the unpardonable sin) he was so troubled that he gave it up. One day, when walking in Cheapside, he was so distressed in mind that he almost fell to the ground, and, to save himself, caught hold of a post at the corner of Bow Church. A little old woman, who for many years sat there selling tapes, &c., saw him, and, thinking he was taken suddenly ill, invited him to sit down on her little stool, which he did. Suspecting from his manner, that it was more mental than bodily suffering, she asked him: and he said it was. "O" said she, "you must go and hear the Coalheaver, Sir; he is the man that will suit you, he preaches near here, every Tuesday night!" God inclined his heart to attend the next service. Before commencing his sermon, Mr. H. remarked that he did not like to have a text *given to him*, but that he had received *three letters*, each requesting him to preach from *a particular passage* (the one he was about to take) and as the parties lived at a distance from each other, he felt it *must* be of God, and he hoped they were *then present* to hear him. He then gave out these words, "All manner of sin and blasphemy shall be forgiven unto men, but the blasphemy *against the Holy Ghost* shall not be forgiven unto men." Matt. xii. 31. No sooner were the words uttered, than Mr. Lock, fearing he should hear his condemnation, started up, saying, "*Let me out! Let me out!*" but the chapel being so crowded, he could not leave and was obliged to resume his seat. Mr. H. said, I shall divide my text thus—1st, Show from Scripture what this sin is; 2nd, Describe the characters that have committed it; and

3rd, The fears and temptations some of God's people labor under concerning it. Under the second head, Mr. L. kept saying, loud enough to be heard by those near him,—"That's not me!"—"I'm not there!" and under the third division, the word was applied with such power to his understanding, and with such peace and comfort to his heart, that all his fears, bondage and temptations fled away, and the kingdom of God, which stands in righteousness, peace, and joy, was set up in his soul.

A few days after he called on Mr. H., then living at Paddington, and related what God had done for him. Mr. H. received him most affectionately and was deeply moved by the account. He invited Mr. L. to stay at his house when next in town, which he did, and to particular enquiries, said he should commence preaching again. Mr. H. offered him a salary if he would help him, and wished him to consider it and let him know, informing him "that as his ministerial gifts were small compared to his own, he must not expect to be so acceptable to the people: but that the poor in spirit would hear, and receive him kindly;" for said he, "God has given me great light to open the Scriptures, and many hear me to feed upon that light, more anxious to get their *heads informed, than their consciences wrought upon.*" On his next visit he *acceded* to the proposition;—on which Mr. H. burst into tears and feelingly exclaimed, "God be praised! for when you told me how God had blest my ministry to you, these words sounded through my soul, "Take Lock to help you! Take Lock to help you!" so powerfully, that had you refused, I should almost have doubted if ever God had spoken to me." Mr. L. often said he had never repented of the decision, and that Mr. H. had never deceived him; they worked together in peace and love to the death of Mr. H., after which Mr. L. continued for over 20 years alternately with Mr. Burgess, to minister to the gradually-declining remnant of his flock. His last sermon was on the Sabbath morning, only a day or two preceding his decease; the hand of death was *then* evidently upon him, and at his request many friends went into the Vestry, when he told them that he should never preach to them again, and gave them his last affectionate blessing and farewell. He died Sept. 15, 1835, four days only after Mr. Bensley, and was buried at Lakenheath, Suffolk.

3. Joseph Francis Burrell

Was born in 1770, at Molsheim, a small town in Alsace, on the borders of France and Germany, and was brought up in the abominations of Popery. At an early age he went to Paris where great worldly prospects were attended with many dangers, from which he escaped, and came to England at the age of 18. He was saved from a course of dissipation and immorality by the good pleasure of God convincing him of sin in a singular manner without the use of means: in which he went to the brink of despair. In Dec., 1792, he was delivered by reading a "Life of Christ" in scripture words, and often referred to the wonderful manifestation he had of Jesus being crucified for him; he then heard Mr. Huntington, and found such a blessing that he went to tell him of it. Mr. H. received him roughly; however, feeling, he said, that love to him, which "endureth all things," he bore it and persisted in telling him how he was brought to love the Lord. Mr. H. relented, and heard his account with deep interest and feeling, and noticing therein some features like *his own* deliverance, asked him "if he had ever read his "Kingdom of Heaven?" he assured him that he had *not*, nor even the Bible, but promised to procure one that day. He continued to hear Mr. H. for 20 years, notwithstanding a behaviour which caused some to leave him. Mr. B. admonished such, and showed how by that want of forbearance, they *robbed themselves* of the blessing of his powerful ministry, in attending other

places where there was more of form. At Mr. H.'s death Mr. Burrell (evidently called to the work of the ministry) commenced preaching to some of the best of his people, and did so for 40 years at Great Titchfield Street, near where Mr. H.'s *first* chapel stood. He followed the professions of music and painting, and was son-in-law to Mr. H. by marrying his daughter Naomi, widow of Mr. Wayte, to whom he was united 35 years, and after her death to the sister of Mr. Blake. He was four times married, and preached nearly to his end, which was one of happiness and peace, Oct. 20, 1853, aged 83, and was buried at Kensall Green, where a monument erected by his congregation may be seen.

4. Rev. Samuel Turner,

When a young man in London, was originally a cabinet-maker, and afterwards a printer. Mr. H.'s ministry was greatly blest to him; he sent him out to preach, and his labors were acceptable in many places. Perhaps none of Mr. H.'s ministers so closely imitated him in voice, manner, the matter of his discourses, and also his actions in the pulpit, even to the shifting of his handkerchief and laying down his Bible. Eventually he settled in Sunderland, and for many years was the esteemed pastor of the Corn Market Chapel; his ministry was valued by an attached people and made useful to many. He was sound in the Truth, and of a more liberal spirit than some. His preaching gift was not great, but pleasant and remarkably quiet in delivery, yet attended with unusual physical labor and exhaustion. Once Mr. H. heard him, and afterwards said to him abruptly before others, "Why Turner, you were as dry as a basket to-night." This was anything but encouraging to a young minister, and he keenly felt it; Mr. H.'s presence embarrassed him. He published many works, and following his patron's example, they were chiefly letters. He wrote narratives of the death of his wife and *all* his three children, whose removal he keenly felt, dictated by much natural affection, with a good hope in their end. He supplied Lewes Chapel, after Jenkins's death, when he became acquainted with "Philomela," and was her most attached friend. Often did he allude to his visits to Mr. H., and to that fickleness he in his later years manifested, which Mr. S. refers to, and was so painful even to his best friends; occasionally caused by reports often untrue, to which he was too apt to lend an ear. Sometimes he would receive him with cordial affection and enquiries after his family and church, and on leaving, give him a lot of loose cash from his table drawer. At another, coolly greet him after a long interval, and direct his conversation to some talkative stranger. The Sanderson breach influenced this caprice—Mr. T. always esteemed Mr. Brook, and the letters *to him* appeared in "the Gleanings." The cause at Sunderland, like most others, greatly declined, but worship is still carried on in a new chapel called "Salem." Mr. T. died on Wednesday, May 10th, 1854, aged 76.

5. Thomas Bensley

Lived in the house which the great Dr. Johnson formerly occupied, in Bolt Court, Fleet Street. He was latterly Mr. H.'s sole printer and publisher. The last vol. of the P. L. is a rare specimen of his expensive style and blank pages, containing 143 letters (several only short ones) for 12s., this did not appear till 1822, owing to a large fire on his premises, to his great loss. Allusion has been made to the manner in which many of Mr. H.'s followers relied on his grace and gifts; we were much surprised to see such evidence of this dependent spirit in one who might be reckoned, from his calling and position, a more intelligent hearer, by a letter among our papers in Mr. B.'s own writing. In it there is more reference to the servant in personal regard,

than in spiritual attachment, or of faith in the Master; it is suggestive and instructive. His manner and style was said to have been somewhat vain and pompous:—

To Mr. Jos. Morris. "London, 3rd Sept., 1813.

"Herewith I return my dear friend the letters he was so kind to favor us with, when he reads them in print I persuade myself he will find that we have not abused his confidence; may the perusal be as acceptable as they have been to the printer. I cannot help thinking that epistolary correspondence was the line wherein (if there be any difference in the style of his writings) he more particularly excelled. By them, he is to me especially endeared: and perhaps more so than during his life-time, his absence having deprived us of the benefit of oral communications, a privilege for which I cannot be sufficiently thankful, and I now feel it most poignantly. . ...I heard of the sweet frame with which my dear friend was indulged lately, though languishing in body, and apprehended *he* was about to slip away after our dear departed friend, to enter on the promised rest, and leave us behind toiling in the wilderness, and surrounded with dogs, bears, wolves, and tigers (!!) ever ready to destroy the sheep, who are now more than ever exposed. But we must look to the Chief Shepherd whose eye is (blessed be His name) ever over the righteous, and his ear open to prayer. Though I assure you we feel like *cripples* who have lost their *crutches*,—children who have lost their leading strings, invalids who have lost their support; or like *patients* who have *lost their 'Doctor!'* May the good Lord provide us such another, if so great a blessing be yet in store for us, of which, however, I cannot say that at present I see any cheering prospect.

"We are much pleased at the *loyalty* (!) of the Managers, in refusing to sell at their chapel such a mutilated publication of one of the greatest discourses that has perhaps been delivered from the lips of any preacher since the days of Paul. This wretched *outline* is, we think, a full justification of that precautionary clause in the good man's will, which gives such great offence. I wish that all our friends would take the matter up in the same light as you have done....."

Yours in sincerity and affection, THOS. BENSLEY.

The disparaging allusion in the last paragraph was to Mr. E. Huntington's publication of his father's Last Sermon under the title of "Final Exhortations;" it was taken down, and written out by Mr. Eedes on his return home from hearing it, and so far from its deserving Bensley's jealous condemnation, was considered a very faithful outline, if not the substance of a discourse that would be of such interest to his surviving and beloved flock; as to mutilation, the last part referring to the times, was deemed too political, and had been suppressed at Mr. B.'s own request, to the regret of many. He died Sept. 11th, 1835, aged 76 years, and was buried in Bunhill Fields.

6. Henry Peto

Was a large builder, founder of the firm of Peto, Brassey, and Co., the Railway Contractors, with which Sir S. M. Peto, Bart., M.P. for Norwich (his nephew) was connected. He built the Custom-House and other public buildings. The following interesting incident is told in connection with laying the foundation-stone by the Earl of Liverpool, then Premier, accompanied by Lord Bexley, and others. He observed Mr. Peto on handing him the mallet and trowel offer some words of prayer, which before such a company so struck him, that after the ceremony he took him aside, and enquired his religious profession. Mr. P. told him that he was a hearer of Mr. Huntington's. On the following Sunday the Earl and several of his friends were seen to enter Providence Chapel, and remain attentive hearers during the service. Mr. Peto was unmarried and died about 1830, from the effects of a wound to his foot, caused by treading on a rusty nail, which produced mortification. He was buried at Chobham.

7. "Philomela" (Mrs. Mary Hooper),

Was the wife of Mr. Thomas Hooper, of Ringmer, and afterwards of Lewes, where she resided in North Street, close to Jireh Chapel. She was perhaps one of Mr. H.'s chief and most-admired correspondents, as her letters, written with considerable ability, testify. They were published with many others from him to her, under the signature of "NOCTUA AURITA.' (The Listening Owl) of the Desert; hers "PHILOMELA" (The Nightingale) of the King's dale: and one from Jenkins signed "VESPERTILIO TUMULIS" (The Bat among the Graves). This work was entitled "CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN, &c.;" and, as usual, *not a single date.* She expressed rapturous joys, and much of her changing feelings, with intense devotion to *him:* his are valuable from their felicitous freedom and spiritual power; No. 28 is a magnificent description of Prayer. About ten years after Mr. H.'s death, she fell into distressing despondency, almost despair, which continued with but slight alleviation for seven years preceding *her* death in Nov., 1833, aged 77. The Editor well remembers her sorrowful countenance and nervous depression, as she sat for hours by the fireside: her few remarks betokening cheerless grief. She read but little, and wrote but seldom, and in great conflict, sometimes dating her letters "From the Fiery Furnace," and marked her books with self-condemning words. She could endure no allusion to Mr. H. or to her former experience, and her spirit was truly unhappy. It is much to be feared that she had relied too much upon him as an instrument, and at his departure was thus left to sink. He *did* warn against this evil (to which many were so prone from his great abilities and grace), and exhorted his hearers to trust to, and hope in the Lord alone. He once wrote, "Looking *out* brings the comfort in, and then we look *within*, till all his lost; this is our folly." To another, "Do not hug your chains; they are *not the Saints' Ornaments, but the Criminal's Disgrace.*" *G. V.* II. 46, is full to the point of not poring over one's feelings, but to look to Christ. A gracious relative, who knew "Philomela" well, called attention to a fact well worth observation, viz., her undervaluing her former religion when she became acquainted with Mr. H., as being probably a second cause of her painful state. She had been a member of Mr. Geo. Townsend's Church at Ramsgate, which was her native place,—her letters evidence humble faith; in the one before us, 1781, she wrote:—

"O what a privilege to have an interest in the dear Redeemer! What are all the transitory things of time and sense, on which so many poor souls are placing their affections, to those rivers of pleasure that flow from Christ Jesus, our glorious Intercessor! What a mercy, dear friend, that the Lord has opened your eyes and mine, to see our state by nature, and to flee to the great Physician for a cure!"

By her high regard and firm adherence to Mr. H. she gained much favor, though she *did* most strenuously object to the publication of her letters, but was at last overruled by Mr. Jenkins's persuasion, in the hope of their being made useful to others: we have his letters thereon. Mr. H., however, did not by any means, *reject her first profession*, although he told her it seemed to him "defective in evangelical repentance." Many, after all, considered the first religion which she slighted was real, and *far better* than the one she took up. As a striking contrast, it was stated that her sister-in-law, Mrs. Cleeve Hooper, highly esteemed Mr. H. and his ministry, but would never disallow what she believed God had before done for her. Though not so highly thought of in the connexion, she lived happily in the Gospel, and as her husband's letter, in our hands, dated "Lambourne Hall, Essex, May 8th, 1823, states:—"her dismission was very tranquil and peaceful, indeed, during her whole illness, her hope in the Lord Jesus appeared stedfast." It is well to magnify the work of God in the heart: what *He* does is for ever. May not such cases illustrate this passage:—"We are made partakers of

Christ, if we *hold fast the beginning of our confidence* stedfast, and the rejoicing of *the Hope*, firm unto the end?" Heb. iii. 6, 14.

Her friend, Mr. S. Turner, was at her interment and preached her funeral sermon from Heb. ii. 14, 15, which he published with some account of her, but not satisfactory or explicit, the dates of all letters being withheld. As an Huntingtonian, he might not see, or like to say much respecting her peculiar case, which is full of instructive reflections as to the source and value of religious joys, and the danger of relying upon or idolizing great men. We regret to add that her end was dark, with the *faintest evidence of relief and peace.* She was buried in the same vault that contained Mr. H.'s remains, and those of Mr. Jenkins (to whom she was much attached) and of her daughter and husband. Mr. H. highly valued and wrote to him as an humble sincere Christian; and frequently preached to large numbers in his barn. (See original letter to him, page 105).

8. James Bourne,

The subject of note, p. 32, was one of Mr. Burrell's affectionate flock; also an artist, employed in several high families; he incurred Mr. H.'s resentment, in 1809, from unjust reports, carried by pretended friends, one of whom he had warned against marriage with a worldly person. He was minister at Pulverbach Salop, Hertford, and lastly at Sutton-Coldfield, near Birmingham, where he was much valued, and died June 11, 1854, aged 81: we have seen his grave there. His letters, published in 1861 evidence a rare gift of variety and force of expression, in deep solid experience, and practical godly wisdom.

CHAPTER XI.

His Last Days, Death, and Burial.

"But none of these things move me, neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus." *Acts* xx. 24.

THE closing scenes of an earthly career, are always regarded with interest;—to this important period Mr. H. made frequent reference during previous years, and looked forward thereto with holy anticipation, assured of his interest in Jesus, the Sinner's Friend. He sought no rest or relief from his beloved ministerial labors, on account of age and severe bodily infirmities, against which he struggled on with strength for his service, wherein the energy of his mind and continued zeal prevented his growing weakness being perceived by the people: as, in like manner, the happiness of his soul hid from his personal friends his outward decay. Who can but admire the holy devotion and perseverance of this honored servant, —faithful to the end, as well as sympathize with his sufferings as shown in many cheerful passages, such as the following; written *before* the destruction of the old Chapel, though without date:—

"My beloved Brother in the Lord. Yours came safe to hand, and I thanked God for it, as I am always glad to hear how the poor family of the Lord do. For my part, I am but poorly, with cold and rheumatism which try me not a little. A cough and shortness of breath renders my 'Cabin' almost unbearable; these infirmities make the camp and field of action irksome, and cause me to cringe and think of winter quarters,—dismission from service,—the King's letter,—or an honorable

pension. But instead of this, I am obliged to keep on, although I confess my heart at times sinks upon a Sunday morning, as soon as the drum beats, at the the thought of mounting guard, or doing duty at the Palace. However, the Captain of our salvation is always better to us than all our fears, and brings me sometimes through with such a high hand, as to make me a wonder to myself, when I thought I had scarcely strength, even to sit up on the baggage-wagon. With this timely, undeserved, divine, and much-needed assistance, I have gone on, as if in the first campaign; but no sooner is it over, than I think of the surgery or the hospital. Lately I have been erecting the King's Standard, and waving the banner, beating up for recruits, promising new clothes,—a large bounty,—present pay,—good quarters,—certain victory and *eternal honors*,— but half are missing at the roll-call. What do you think of such a soldier as me?"—W. H., S. S.—*G. V.* 154.

His self-denying devotion to the Lord's work has been shown to be characteristic of the whole course of his forty year's ministry, and continued with unabated zeal to the end. He thus casually referred at a former date to what might be a frequent occurrence, proving how God honored his diligence,—"out of weakness made him strong,"—and gave him cause with Paul, even to "glory in his infirmities, that the power of Christ might rest upon him."

"After preaching in the morning the doctor advised a blister, to which I submitted, and at night preached again, and God gave great testimony to the word of His grace. Both sides were in good earnest; I SPOKE FOR GOD, AND THE PEOPLE HEARD FOR ETERNITY. I am to preach every night. *All the time I can preach and write I shall live;* and I hope *God will take me out of the world, as soon as my work is done.*"

He thus alludes to the help he found supporting him against physical weakness, and also to the continuance of the reproach, and ridicule of which he had been made the subject for many years, as well by some professors of religion, as by the profane despisers and haters of all godliness. No wonder Satan stirred his agents to oppose, even by such feeble weapons, a ministry so evidently blessed to the deliverance of many from his kingdom of bondage, and try to bring contempt upon it, but being of God, such efforts were futile:—

"I feel that my last bodily affliction has left a sensible debility upon me, so that long sermons will soon prove too hard a task. My Sunday's labor enfeebles me for the whole of the following day, and my legs swell with standing so long; which while in the work I feel not, being sensibly more than myself;—though when I have done, nothing but self.

"Long, sharp, and hot has been my warfare; but hitherto I have kept the faith, though heart and flesh have often failed. I believe that at times there art not less than fifty pulpits in one day sending out warnings and cautions against the Antinomian. And thousands of hand-bills, large and small, are put up in the streets of London to inform the public that on a certain night, different subjects would be debated respecting the Coalheaver; the disputants being hired some *for*, and some *against* me, and the audience paying sixpence each for admission. Besides this, I have had the honor of introducing two or three newspapers into the world, of which I was to be the sole subject of preface, introduction, and contents. This work has, however, been carried on at the expense of my Master's honor; but faith tells me that the Lord God of recompenses will surely requite. In all this the devil has failed; which shows that rage and malice often hurry him on, to the injury of his own interest, for curiosity has occasionally led many to come and hear for themselves, whom Truth and Power have met and conquered. Satan with all his fancied wisdom is but a fool at best. He has stirred up even gospel ministers against me, his aim being, no doubt, to render me in my labors useless; but to no purpose. For I believe in my conscience that through the good hand of my God upon me, I have had more success in the Lord's work than any preacher in the nation. It is God's work, and who can let it? The more I have been opposed, the more have I been supported. This has so endeared my God to me, that I love Him,—adore Him,—bless Him,—praise Him,—cleave to Him, and follow after Him with all my heart, with all my soul, with all my mind, and with all my strength." *P. L.* 408.

While the new Chapel was building, he left Cricklewood and removed to a handsome house still standing at Hermes Hill, Pentonville, within an easy distance. He thus mentions this event, contrasting it with his former poverty, which is interesting as an expression of his feelings, in the retrospect of the great vicissitudes of his life, now drawing near its close,—his self abasement in outward prosperity,—and humble acknowledgement of the hand of God leading and preserving him through the various dangers and temptations of such extreme conditions:—

To Mr. Beeman, Cranbrook. March, 1811.

"Dear Isaac,—I have now a long and troublesome job in hand. Without a staff I left Cranbrook, but am now become two bands. I used to carry all my substance in a four-bushel sack. now I can fill eight wagons. Since God compelled me to seek His kingdom and the righteousness which He gives, all these things have been added to poor me. When I went to school in your churchyard, I envied every one the contents of his dinner-bag, and every good coat that appeared on the boys of a better sort. But surely the last are first: God has "exalted them of low degree." These things are wonderful, softening, and humbling to me. My God appears both within and without: and I am even in the lowest sense, far richer than all the fathers of those children, whose plenty and affluence I once envied; having all in the promise over and above the true riches; for God is my portion. His wisdom appears most surprising in suffering me at the beginning of my ministry to experience hunger, cold, and nakedness; by which things I have been led to watch and observe; and His kind dealings have made a deep and lasting impression. My beggary was sport for fools, and kept the polite and gay from my ministry; for who would think of looking for "the Heir of all things," in a Coalheaver covered with rags? But this was their mistake and became the fatal stumbling block of many. The wonders of God's grace, and His Fatherly care in providence are to be known and acknowledged by his children, to excite gratitude and to endear their God to them; and so the glory redounds to the source from whence 'all the goodness flows.' Isaac, God bless thee." W. H., S. S.

Within three months of the opening of the new Chapel he had to bear the shock of Brook's death, which he keenly felt, and he was often laid aside by illness: his country journies had of necessity been discontinued. In July, 1812, he published his last work, "LAMENTATIONS OF SATAN, OR THE MELANCHOLY EFFECTS OF ANTINOMIAN DOCTRINE," consisting chiefly of letters *to him* in acknowledgement of what God had done for the various writers by his ministry. When at all able, he continued his usual preaching, but had only *one* week-evening service, (on Wednesday), instead of three; his gifts of thought and energy of delivery continued unimpaired, and his popularity (judging from the crowds that attended) was as great as ever, but beyond that, equal if not more power and blessing rested on his ministry to the conversion and edification of numbers. He had often feared lest his gifts should decline, and he become stale and unprofitable, to prevent this, he felt it his duty to labor as assiduously as ever in spirit, and study of the word and prayer, so that there was life and freshness to the last. He thus refers to his successful resistance to barrenness and decay under the power and renewings of the Holy Spirit in his soul, by which, in his declining years, he was enabled to surmount the failure of faculties under the impairing inroads of age, and the dullness often manifest in long-continued labors in the same course:—

"My dear Friend,—Faith in Christ, brings all things in, overcomes all difficulties and obstacles, removes mountains of sin, *and exalts* the valley of the shadow of death. It secures natural, spiritual and everlasting life, and makes the kingdom of heaven sure. It gives all the glory of our salvation to God, and brings in every branch of salvation to us. Many, many years have I proved what I here write, and never was my most indulgent Parent so kind and bountiful as now in my old age, when many infirmities are pressing upon me. His providence is wonderful and He keeps my heart in full possession of all the truth, the mercy, and the grace *that He made known* to my distressed and miserable soul at first;—nothing is

taken *from* it, nor anything *human* added to it, and God has done it that I might fear before Him. I long imagined, feared, and dreaded that the time would come when my gift would get stale, and a sameness appear in my preaching, so that the people would wither,—that I should get dry and barren, and the congregation wearied with the ONE TALE SO OFTEN TOLD; this I knew had been the case with many, yea, with almost all that I have known, who were once the most popular, noted, and most eminent. But now I see the difference between head-knowledge and heart-felt experience—between light in the head and life in the soul—between *memory and unction*—between empty words and the power of God, and between speculative notions and a springing well. God still keeps my soul alive, nor does He suffer the flock to wither, die or decrease; this,—this I think would be death to me, *against* that *I labor with all my might*, and attend very much to this one thing, and make use of every scripture that I can find, against having only a *name* to live; and blessed be God, He turns not a deaf ear to my prayer. We have lost several lately by death, and *not one but enjoyed a good hope.* Trust in the Son of God, my dear friends, and let nothing move you from it. I have for some time intended to collect a few tithes and come and pay my old friend a visit, when the roads either by frost or drought become tolerable. Poor old J. and P. are quite worn out, and are coming home to me, for nothing but death must part us. God bless thee and thine."

THE COALHEAVER.

His letters prove the pain and prostration he had to bear, yet, highly-favored with spiritual enjoyment, he still persevered in his favorite employment and kind endeavors to teach, comfort, reprove or edify his beloved absent friends, and so spread the truth among those who could not hear it. By his epistles, many in succeeding years and to this day, share in the valuable and profitable lessons that were communicated from his divinely-instructed soul, in terms of such affectionate interest, beauty, and experimental power. They were continued as he was able, to the end, but (as writing became very difficult to him) were less frequent, and the change in his penmanship is very evident; he thus alludes to this infirmity, even in 1810:—

"Old age renders writing a task to me; my right hand has forgotten its cunning the nerves catch it up or draw it aside, so that it becomes disobedient and unmanageable, and a kind of weakness in the muscles turns my pen out of the way of duty. Still my tongue may be as the pen of a *ready writer*, when THE QUILL has finished that part of the ministry peculiar to itself; and though that work now goes heavily on with my shaking hand, yet, blessed be God, the hand of faith does neither shake nor tremble, totter nor faint, catch hold and then let go, as in former times. Neither does the new man of grace droop, bend, or crawl with infirmities, but is 'renewed day by day,' and of course grows younger; and can never lose the name of the *new man*, though older than the old man, and was in being before sin was born, or its parent formed."

We see this failure plainly in those of this date in our portfolio of his letters, and are glad to have an original one, not in his works, which we can give verbatim and without a single omission, very suitable for insertion here as it is but short, and so well indicates the state of his mind at this period. It shows with what cheerful anticipation he could "lay hold on eternal life," in the near prospect of natural death, and realize the blessings of the earnest thereof he had experienced within, and which, instead of declining with years, was *in him* as in all true believers, "a well of water springing up into everlasting life." John iv. 14. Moreover, this letter is the latest of his in our possession, written within *seven months* only of his decease, in a very trembling hand; the address by Lady S.:—

To Mr. Thomas Hooper, Lewes, Sussex. (No date) Post Mark, Pentonville, December 22nd, 1812.

"Dear Friend,—I have received a meat-offering, with its drink-offering, and for which I return you a thank-offering. Through mercy, I am better in health, and in hope, than I ever expected to be at my advanced age. The darling Son of God, who is the sinner's Friend, the true Witness, and faithful and true to his charge

to all the covenant characters and relations in which He stands to us, has of His infinite mercy lodged in our hearts, by His most Holy Spirit, a little treasure from His own infinite fulness—which treasure, *in our earthen vessels*, is so many parts of Himself, in every member, and constitutes the body of Christ mystical, in the whole Church I. Cor. xii. 12. This treasure is the Spirit's crop, it is God's husbandry; and under the Spirit's guardianship and operations it is preserved and kept. The choicest blessing in this treasure is DIVINE LIFE, hence called expressly 'THE GRACE OF LIFE:' I. Pet. iii. 7, and this *life* is coupled with every leading grace; repentance is unto *life*,—a *lively* hope,—a *living* faith, that works, feeds, and clothes the soul, by putting on the best robe; and you read of God's circumcising the heart to love him, that we may *live*. From this principle of *life* springs all our tender feelings,—all our craving appetites,—all fervour in prayer,—all our delight in devotion,—and all our praises to God; in this way, the *living* water springs up to its original source, and it will convey the *living* soul, and all its spiritual devotions, into a *life* of glory. This is not the religion of the present day; it is not understood nor taken any notice of, but rather despised; but our Lord says that without this, we have only 'a *name to live*, and are dead.' Christ 'came that we might have *life*, and that we might have it more abundantly:' and we know that the just man is to *live* by his faith. But it is a dead faith that brings nothing in,—and a poor hope that never anticipates,—and a cold love that never meets with the Beloved. *Life* in the soul must have bread, righteousness, power, comfort in God, and peace with him. It is *life* that brings us off from a dead form, from the killing dead letter, from husks, and from an empty profession. 'This is my comfort in my affliction, for the INCARNATE WORD hath *quickened* me.' Farewell! My love to Mary, and Dame joins with me. I fear you will not make this out,—my hand shakes."

W. H., S.S.

Pursuing our plan, we pass by other topics, to give particulars respecting the closing scenes of his life, that have either *not* appeared, or are now difficult of access. Miss F., who wrote the *only* published account, saw him after he left London, but for the two days just preceding his death. During the spring of 1813, he grew considerably weaker, and Lord's Day, June 6th, was his last Sabbath service on earth. He preached on that morning from I Cor. viii. 3. "But if any man love God, the same is known of Him,"—whereon he spake very fully and blessedly, and with deep feeling under many and various particulars, as was his custom. In the afternoon he preached from a temporary pulpit on the chapel floor, from I. Cor. x. 16. "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ, &c.," on which he sweetly entered into the institution, design, proper communicants, and benefit of the sacred ordinance of the Lord's Supper, which he afterwards administered himself; slowly taking round both elements to the large number present, 36 at a time. He had to sit down and rest twice, while they sang two verses of a hymn. Passing along he ceased not to speak as usual: alluded to his morning subject on the Love of God, often repeating the words, "God is Love! God is Love! God so loved the world that He gave His only Son Christ Jesus." He said how he had experienced this Love, and also Satan's temptations; yet after all, "Here I am, and the *religion I received from God is not worn out;* but I feel my work is almost done, my Master has told me so; but come life! come death! I am builded on the Rock—Christ." He spake cheerfully of his dissolution, and was remarkably happy and blessed in his soul. After all were served and a hymn sung, he stepped again into the pulpit and blessed and praised God for His mercies in Jesus, and for his favors to the people. His great weakness, when nearer to him, was more apparent to all. On Wednesday evening, 9th, he closed his long and honorable testimony below, by an able discourse from Rev. iii. 3, "Remember therefore how thou hast received and heard, and hold fast and repent, watch, &c." words very suitable *for a last discourse*, which nearly all present felt it to be, not merely on *account of his illness* (for it was of usual length, and delivered with energy),

but from its tone and subject. He ably reviewed the fundamental truths of his ministry, and solemnly warned his flock to stand fast by them. Near its close he said, "For my part I have always been determined to keep back nothing from you, but to declare unto you *the whole counsel of God*;" therefore, added he, with great emphasis (beating his hand upon the cushion, with him a very unusual action) "I AM CLEAR FROM THE BLOOD OF YOU ALL!"

On Sunday, 13th, he was unable to preach, Mr. Lock went into the pulpit, and spoke from these words, "It was now dark, and Jesus had not come," and alluded to the sorrow of churches at the sickness or death of their pastors, and told them how ill he was. He had felt better on Monday, and continued so till Friday, when, as was his custom, he arose at *four o'clock* to forward some subject then upon his mind; at seven he was taken much worse. None of his children were allowed to see him when they called, any more than other enquirers. His son Gad had one interview only, on the 10th. The constant calls respecting his health so annoyed Lady S., that she was determined to relieve him and herself from his London friends, and fixed on Tunbridge Wells. He left London, on Friday, 18th, at six o'clock in the morning, when he was so weak that it was with the greatest difficulty he could get into the carriage, his removal was undertaken at great risk, it was almost more than he could bear, and his return was hourly expected. On the way he intimated his conviction that he should *never return*, adding that he had begged of God before he quitted the house that he never might. He said, "he believed his work was finished, that he had labored hard for forty years, and been enabled constantly to declare the whole counsel of God." He nearly died during the first part of the journey. They were obliged to halt and stay that day and a night on the road; he recovered a little, and the next day, Saturday 19th, arrived at the house whence his spirit departed. This was at Mount Ephraim, next door to his Solicitors, Messrs. Morgan and Stone; one object in going there was to try and settle his worldly affairs, which had not been done. The burning of the Chapel had disturbed all his previous arrangements, and the new one stood only in his name, and had to be dealt with as private property. After giving, as well as he was able, some instructions relative to the Chapel, Mr. Stone said, "This is all very well, my dear Sir, provided you live *twelve months and one day*,—otherwise the law of mortmain renders all void." "Twelve months!" exclaimed the dying man, "I am certain that I shall not live *twelve days!* What can be done?" A will was prepared bequeathing the Chapel to Lady S. for *her* to settle on the congregation as will be seen; he was not satisfied with it, and put off the signing. On being reminded of this duty, even within two days of his death, he appeared reluctant about it, shifted the conversation and avoided the act; his reasons for this conduct are not clearly known. This Will, however, being non-cupative was afterwards proved, although the Lord Chancellor, when he read, it said, "It was such a will as ought never to be signed!"

From other authentic sources we are enabled to add further particulars respecting his end.—His complaints considerably increased, and he suffered much bodily pain; Lady S. at one time, expressing her concern on that account, he said, "I had worse pains once with a burning ague,—not a bed to lay on, and without an earthly comfort; but now I have every blessing in Providence to alleviate my sufferings." His heart overflowed with the goodness of God, so that he lamented he could not find epithets sufficiently expressive to describe to others the sense he had of it. He was frequently filled with self-abasement, contrition, and meekness. During the last days of his pilgrimage he had great calmness and quietude of soul, and evinced a most child-like spirit. But he did not wish to see many friends, as their presence interrupted his meditations, which were peculiarly sweet to him. He *once said*, "All lies straight before me; there are no 'ifs,' nor 'buts;'

I am as sure of Heaven as if I were in it." He enjoyed serenity of soul, and solid peace; but no rapturous frames. On Monday, 28th, he seemed sinking, and Lady S. sent for her daughter and Miss Falkland, who arrived on Tuesday. On Wednesday, 30th, Messrs. Bensley and Over saw him; and his children in London, (sadly distressed that they could get *no tidings* of his condition), determined that his two daughters and Mr. Blake should go down to Tunbridge Wells by the stage coach, and make an effort to see him *once more*, which they accomplished providentially on this, *the day only before his last* in this life. They arrived in the afternoon, when he received them very affectionately; some account by Mrs. Blake is in *G. V.* He surprised all by wishing to stay up that evening, and have some bread and cheese, saying, "I am heartily glad to see you. I will sit up and sup with you for the last time before I die. It will be the last time. I do love my children, and should have been glad to see them *all* here if they could have come to see me." He asked the usual blessing in a weak and trembling voice, but in a solemn and impressive manner. He was very cheerful, and discoursed about half an hour on the words, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord," not with ravishing sensations, but with stedfast hope. He spoke much of how God had upheld him in his ministry, in life, and now, was his *joy in death*. After returning thanks, as they had to leave early in the morning, he took a kind farewell, and retired to rest later than usual, at 11 o'clock, expressly saying, "This is the last time you will see me in this room." At two o'clock in the morning of Thursday, July 1st, he was taken worse, Mr. Morgan came early, and continued with him till his death. He lay sensible and with the greatest composure all that day, but seldom conversed, only, as Mr. M. moistened his lips, often said, "God bless you, Sir,—I thank you, and bless His Holy name." Towards the evening he appeared to feel great raptures, and repeated, "Oh! bless,—Oh! bless His precious name!" Once he said, "He tarries long! Why is his chariot so long in coming?" A short time before he died, he endeavored to raise himself up to address those around his bed, but finding he could not articulate, quietly laid himself down again. Soon after a heavy shower of hail fell, and he turned his head to listen. Mr. M. told him the noise was caused by the hail striking the windows, he then turned his head back, and soon after, by putting their ears near his mouth, he was heard to say again, "Bless His precious name," then sighed and died—departing without a struggle, at 20 minutes to 9, into everlasting rest and peace, aged 68 years and 5 months. His physician remarked that he never beheld a more serene and happy countenance; the immediate cause of his dissolution was found to be Diabetes. It was thought remarkable that on the same day two noted ministers of other denominations died—Rev. John Venn, Rector of Clapham, and Mr. Evans, Baptist minister, of Abingdon. The deep grief felt by his friends, especially in London, when the sad intelligence of his decease reached them, could not be expressed, while some of his enemies were not ashamed to utter their joy at his removal.

The funeral took place on the following Thursday, 8th: they left early and arrived at Godstone, where the friends from London joined the procession, which extended over a mile in length. It consisted of a hearse with six horses, seven mourning coaches, his carriage, and that of Lady S. and other friends, with vehicles of all kinds. So many had been hired in London that the dullness of the streets was generally noticed, and many that could not afford them, walked the whole distance. His children all followed as chief mourners. Lady S. with her daughter, and Miss F. went in her own carriage. Notwithstanding his orders that no funeral *ode* be sung: to relieve the monotony of so long a journey, hymns were occasionally sung as they went along. We knew some persons who remembered seeing and hearing this, as they crossed a common on the main road to Lewes, which was not reached until

near five o'clock. He had particularly ordered that *no words should be spoken at his grave*, so the body was deposited in the vault in perfect silence, according to his wish, as was his friend Jenkins. Singular in his life he was singular in his burial, and there was no funeral service of any kind. An immense concourse attended from all parts, so that supplies in the town were very scarce and dear; we know one who still laments what he had to pay for his dinner on *that day*, "the dearest in his life;" many had had but little all day, and the journey was over 50 miles from London. Perhaps there never was a more devotedly-attached multitude to attend a minister's interment. After the mourners had retired, two or three persons from the overflow of their feelings (and nothing having been said to give expression to them), commenced addressing those around them, much to the disapprobation of others, as being contrary to his wish. The same evening, Mr. Chamberlain, of Leicester, preached to a numerous but not crowded congregation in the Chapel, from Isa. lvii. 2. "He shall enter into peace, &c."

On the following Lord's-day, 11th, Providence Chapel was filled with his bereaved and sorrowing flock. Mr. C. preached a long sermon, from Psa. xcii. 13., "Those that be planted in the house of the Lord, &c.," not an appropriate text: and strange to say, *without one word* suitable to the occasion, for he *omitted all reference to the departed minister!* and said he was prohibited from referring to him. When *in* the pulpit who could have hindered him from giving expression to those commendable feelings of sorrow that oppressed every heart in that large assembly of real mourners, who had lost for ever from those walls so spiritual an instructor and guide. This was, no doubt, out of regard to his wish that no *funeral sermon should be preached for him;* but ought not to have been carried out, so as to exclude a proper regard to an event that concerned so many; nevertheless, several *other ministers did* refer to the great loss to the Church by his death. According to his wish his pulpit was not, as is usual, hung in black.

He had thirteen children by his first wife, of which number seven survived him,—four sons and three daughters. 1, Ruth, married to Mr. Blake, a leather seller; 2, Naomi, married to Mr. Wayte, a butcher, afterwards to Mr. Burrell, a minister; 3, Gad, a saddler, afterwards a minister; 4, Ebenezer, a bookseller, in Bloomsbury; 5, William; 6, Lois, married Mr. Clark, a cabinet-maker (ob. 1861); 7, Benjamin (was living in 1862).

Soon afterwards his singular Epitaph was known and freely discussed and criticised in all kinds of periodicals of the day. It first found vent in the columns of "The Sussex Weekly Advertiser," of July 12th, when its language was considered so strange, that its authenticity was questioned, but confirmed the succeeding week. Various have been the opinions respecting this production, even among his people: many object to it, as evincing a vain-glorious spirit. Some have called it "arrant nonsense." Indeed, all the Lord's people are "beloved of Him," I. John iii. 1, and Jesus told his Apostles "they *were* to be *hated* of all men for His Name's sake," Matt. x. 22. Mr. H. suffered not, as former faithful men have done in this land, for truth and conscience-sake, giving up home, provision, and comfort for imprisonment, privations, banishment, and death. On the other hand, he had enjoyed for many years much of what is reckoned the good things of this life, and if *abhorred* by some, few men had been by large numbers more devotedly *loved* and *honored* than was he. However, whether approved or not, his wishes were obeyed, and it was placed over him, and can still be seen. The language is better than the sentiment, but very unlike the self-abasement expressed in the last words of the indefatigable and apostolic Grimshaw, of Haworth—"Here goes an unprofitable servant!" while the Great Apostle *to himself* appeared the "chief of sinners, and *less* than the least of all saints." Though he seems to have objected to posthumous fame, his people erected

in the Chapel a handsome marble Tablet to his memory, at a cost of £200, whereon was the following well-written inscription, which, as it includes the Epitaph, is inserted here:—

"They that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars for ever and ever."

IN TOKEN OF GRATITUDE, TO THE LORD OF THE HARVEST,
AND IN TESTIMONY OF RESPECT TO A DEPARTED LABORER IN HIS VINEYARD,
THIS MONUMENT IS ERECTED TO THE MEMORY OF

THE REV. WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, S.S.

BY THE VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTIONS OF THE REMNANT OF HIS FLOCK.

This eminent Minister of CHRIST,
having faithfully served his generation for the space of forty years,
and lived to see his labors, both in preaching and writing,
crowned with abundant success, at length entered into the joy of his Lord,
ON THE 1ST OF JULY, 1813, IN THE 69TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.
He was interred in the burying ground belonging to Jireh Chapel,
at Lewes, in Sussex; where the following

EPITAPH,

DICTATED BY HIMSELF, A FEW DAYS BEFORE HIS DEATH,
is inscribed on his tomb:—

HERE LIES THE COALHEAVER; BELOVED OF HIS GOD, BUT ABHORRED OF MEN.
THE OMNISCIENT JUDGE, AT THE GRAND ASSIZE,
SHALL RATIFY AND CONFIRM THIS, TO THE CONFUSION OF MANY THOUSANDS;
FOR ENGLAND AND ITS METROPOLIS SHALL KNOW
"THAT THERE HATH BEEN A PROPHET AMONG THEM."

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed,
shall doubtless come again with rejoicing,
bringing his sheaves with him."

Thomas Bensley, Chris. Goulding, } Acting Trustees. Geo. Westmacott, Sculptor.

On the pediment was a star with rays of glory, and at each corner of the base, a sheaf of wheat well sculptured. This Tablet and his pulpit were removed when the Chapel was sold, and placed in a small place near, in Henry Street, where a few of his remaining people continued to meet for worship, generally reading his works. On its being given up, they were taken down and remained neglected in a mason's yard with useless lumber, and were once offered to some friends who refused to pay the owner's claim for rent thereon. We took much pains some years since in searching for them to try and get them re-fixed in a chapel; but found at last, to our regret, that on the builder's death they had been both sold for a mere trifle; the pulpit rotten, and the tablet cut up into slips for cheap marble mantle-pieces. So perished his carved fame, and monumental honors! "But his witness was in heaven, and his record was on high." Job. xvi. 19.

His effects were sold in Sept. and realized £1,800; extraordinary prices were paid by his people for some article to keep in memory of him, the chief being sixty guineas for *his chair alone*. His pair of Horses, £105; Coach, £49 7s.; Chariot, £47; Clock, £29; Coffee-pot, £16. His library realized £253.

His Wills were like himself, singular and eccentric, and each contain evidently much of his own dictation: as such they are interesting and worth preserving, as new and unpublished particulars respecting him, in *completion of the* history of his last days. The marriage giving him, as a

husband, power over Lady S.'s property, it was needful for her protection and to bar any claim from his own family, that it should thus be bequeathed back; but it is said that with all this appearance of wealth, he really *died in debt to her* for having advanced £1,200 on his works unsold, which were in Mr. Bensley's hands.

Among the strange incidents of his eventful career, this must be owned as almost unprecedented, that a man at one time a beggar, penniless and starving, should die having *Two Baronets* for his Executors; but how much more valuable and enduring was his deliverance from the service of sin, and Satan's bondage to the heirship of an eternal inheritance. Gal. iv. 7.

Extracts from Mr. Huntington's Will, dated 17th January, 1810.

The last Will and Testament of the Rev. William Huntington, a Servant of God in the gospel of His Son. I, W. H., being now in the 65th year of my age, and in my right mind and possessing an unimpaired memory do make and declare this my last Will. First,—I commit my soul into the hands of Christ Jesus, my Saviour and my God, who loved me and gave himself for me, and this, too, in the fullest assurance of my interest in his everlasting salvation; and it is my will and my wish, if God permit, for my remains to be laid as close as possible to the bones of my dear brother Jenkins, with whom my soul has been knit for a number of years, believing that neither death nor eternity will ever divide us. Whereas, by Indenture bearing date this Jan. 17th inst., made between me the said W. H. of the one part, and Thos. Bensley, of Bolt Court, Fleet Street, Printer; John Mason, of Fleet Street, Seedsman; John Over, of Fleet Market, Butcher; Edward Aldridge, of Aldersgate Street, Timber Merchant; and Christopher Goulding, Cheapside, Linen Draper; Ebenezer Huntington, of High Street, Bloomsbury, Bookseller; and James Blake, of Henrietta Street, Manchester Square, Leather Cutter, all in Middlesex, of the other part; I, the said testator, have for the consideration therein mentioned, assigned unto the said Trustees all that Chapel, with the land and appurtenances thereunto belonging, situate in Marylebone, upon certain trusts therein mentioned, for the benefit of the congregation of Protestant Dissenters attending Divine Worship therein; and whereas, I have expended considerable sums of money in building the said chapel, and in payment of the other expences attending the same, and after satisfaction by the said Trustees of the expences of the said chapel, there will probably remain a considerable surplus in their hands, which in pursuance of the trust contained in the said indenture, is to be applied by them for such charitable purposes as they shall deem proper. Now, I hereby request them in their discretion to apply annually, such a proportion of the surplus monies as they shall think equitable and just, by quarterly payments unto my daughter, N. Wayte, during the term of her natural life, in consideration of her being a proper object of charity, she being a widow and having a fatherless child, and immediately after her decease, unto my grand daughter, N. Wayte, and after her decease unto the youngest child of my son-in-law, James Blake and of his present wife Ruth Blake, my daughter: if they think it is right to comply with my wishes hereby signified to them, not otherwise. * * * Also, I give and bequeath unto my dearly beloved wife Elizabeth, Lady Sanderson, late the widow of the late Sir James Sanderson, Bart., the sum of £3,000 stock in the Navy 5 per cents., standing in the books of the Bank of England, in the joint names and description of me, the testator, the Rev. WILLIAM HUNT HUNTINGTON and my said dear wife Lady ELIZABETH HUNT HUNTINGTON; and also all other sums of money which may be standing in my name or in our names jointly, in the 3 per cent. consols. And as to the sum of £5,000, which the late Sir James Sanderson by his will gave and bequeathed to my said dear wife Elizabeth, to be paid to her on her second marriage, but *which sum of money or any part thereof I never would receive or take to my use and benefit*; if I have any disposing power over the same, I do hereby give and bequeath the said sum in whatever stock it may stand at my decease unto my dear wife; Also whatsoever linen, furniture, plate or books, &c. she may choose to take at my decease, without limitation or restriction. I give unto my daughter N. Wayte, that small house and premises in Riding House Lane, adjoining Providence Chapel, and the books, bed and furniture thereof, and of my vestry. Furthermore, *the little money I may be possessed of*, and the money arising from the sale of my effects after paying my debts, &c. I order and direct that the same be distributed and paid, thus:—I give my son William, £300; my son Ebenezer, £30; my son Benjamin, £5 for mourning; my son Gad, £70; my daughter Lois Clark, £100; my four grand children, £50 each, on their attaining the age of 21 years or day of marriage. *I give to John Fever, of Trowley, near Faversham, in Kent*, £30; and the rest of the said monies unto my daughter Lois Clark: and lastly, I appoint Mr. Thos. Morgan, of Catherine Street, Strand, Cabinet-maker, and my son-in-law, Mr. Jas. Blake, joint executors of this my will; in witness thereof I have set my hand and seal thereto, this 17th day of January, in the 50th year of the reign of King Geo. III., and in the year of our Lord, 1810.

WILLIAM HUNTINGTON, S.S.

Signed, sealed, &c., in our presence, who, at his request, witness the same. } Thos. Corderoy, Peter Springthorpe (his Coachman), J. Stone (Solicitor).

Copy of his last Will, June, 1813.

(A few abbreviations only, no omissions).

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN. I, William Huntington, being now in my right mind and memory, and not knowing the day of my death, do make and declare this my last Will and Testament. I leave my body and soul in the hands of my Saviour, in whom I have been enabled to believe, and in whom I am saved. All my gardening utensils, carriages, furniture of my house, &c., to my beloved wife, to be enjoyed by her as long as she shall live, so that no room shall be spoiled of its furniture, nor any study, nor bookcase shall be dismantled. The house which I have built in Gray's Inn Lane, on the leasehold ground demised to me by Lord Calthorpe, the rent of which is £70 per annum, these and the rents thereof, with the three ground rents of the houses (at £9 per annum each, for the erection of which I have granted building leases), I also give to my beloved wife. The little piece of ground which I purchased at Hasledown Wood, near Cranbrook, Kent, and known by the name of "My Lady's Cottage," for the benefit of three poor aged sisters of mine, and which cost me better than £500, I give and devise to my beloved wife to do as she pleases with, *after my said three sisters shall be dead.* I have received with my said wife £8600, viz., £3600 of Mr. Dyke, and £5000 from the Court of Chancery, being the sum her first husband, Sir James Sanderson left her upon her second marriage, this sum of £8600 I have not diminished, but rather *added to;* there are £7600 in the 5 per cent. Navy Stock, and there are £1100 lent on securities, the vouchers of which my said wife has by her, and as it is in good hands I would wish her not to call it in, except necessitated so to do; Also, there are a few hundred pounds more which my said wife knows of. Now these monies, my power over them, and all due to me at my death, whatsoever the amount, or wheresoever found, I give unto my said wife, absolutely; and as I have *gone as far as I can to make her life comfortable, I hope she will do her part in assisting the indigent of my family;* and at the death of my invaluable wife, I will that all my garden tools, my carriages and horses, furniture, books, and everything appertaining to me in my house (except what is strictly speaking Miss Sanderson's own) shall be sold, and the proceeds distributed thus, that is to say; my son Ebenezer, has ran through between two and £3000 with which he has done no good, being very desirous to live, but not to work; he has been a heavy burden to me in my old age, he has abilities sufficient not only to run through his own share, but the shares of all the rest, therefore I give him £10 and no more. My son Benjamin, has run through more than £500, therefore I give him £200, which I desire may be paid into the hands of Mr. E. Aldridge, for his use. My son Gad, has run through £300, therefore I give him £300 more: the residue of the money arising from such sale I give to be equally divided between my daughters, Naomi Burrell and Lois Clark, and my granddaughter Naomi Wayte, shares alike. Also the house which I built in Grays Inn Lane, after my said wife's decease, I give to my daughter N. Burrell, for her life; and at her death to devolve upon my grand-daughter N. Wayte and her heirs; also the three ground rents before-mentioned I give to my daughter Lois Clark, on the decease of my said wife.

And further, the copyright of my own Writings I give and bequeath jointly to Mr. T. Bensley and my son-in-law W. Clark; this I do, because I have no doubt, my son Ebenezer is determined to live without work; indeed, he would sell them into the hands of any man, whereby spurious works in my name might be attached to them, and the world be abused by such publications, to prevent which I have adopted this method; Mr. B. being fully able to detect anything of this sort, he having printed and published all my works. I do direct the whole of the printing and publishing my said works shall be under the management of the said T. Bensley. Moreover, I give and bequeath *unto my said wife, her executors, administrators, and assigns,* THE CHAPEL, with the vestry and appurtenances thereunto belonging, in Grays Inn Lane, for the remainder of the term therein; and it is my request, that my said wife shall settle the said Chapel and premises to, and for the use of Protestant Dissenters, assembling therein, and the minister who shall succeed me, in the same way and manner that I formerly settled the chapel *that was burnt down* in Titchfield Street; and it is my wish that the following, viz., Messrs. Bensley, Goulding, Holland, and Aldridge be Trustees for that purpose, and I give the profits arising from the said Chapel to my wife for her life, she paying thereout £200 per annum to Mr. Chamberlain, or whosoever it be that succeeds me in the ministry; and after my said wife's decease, I will and decree that the said Trustees shall pay to my son William and my son-in-law J. Blake and their heirs, to be equally divided between them, the sum of £200 per annum, clear of all tax as a rent for the said chapel, which they shall have no power to mortgage, or sell, nor to disturb the congregation therein. And I do appoint Sir WILLIAM HAY, Baronet, and Sir LUDLOW HARVEY joint Executors, of this my will, they having *been graciously pleased to express* that *they will perform the Executorship thereof;* as for me I stand Executor to no man's will, I am trustee to no place of worship, so that no troubles from these quarters can in any way fall to my Exors. I give my Cook, £10; my Coachman, P. Springthorpe, £10, if in my service when I die. I will that they bury me in the vault prepared for me at Lewes, and that they lay me as near as they can to my late friend, Mr. Jenkins. Let no *Pulpit be hung in mourning for me—let no Funeral Sermon be preached.—let no extempore Oration be delivered at my grave,—let no Funeral Ode be sung;—the Lord Jesus is my exceeding great reward—to this portion nothing can be added,* and from *this inheritance nothing can be taken away;* and I revoke all former wills by me at any time heretofore made. In witness whereof, I, the said Testator, have hereunto set my hand and seal, the day of June, 1813.

(Unsigned).

CHAPTER XII.

Sequel and Posthumous Influence.

"The sweet remembrance of the just,
Shall flourish when he sleeps in dust."

MEN'S works follow them; and labors so extensive and honored could not be without subsequent influence, which is still owned and felt; this shall be referred to, after some history of his Chapel, and then of his people after his decease. Although his Will mentions a successor, he had really made *no provision* for his large flock, which speedily began to scatter, as James Bourne stated, "to all winds, and many separated from the Truth and some have since died leaving no evidence of salvation." The congregation dwindled away often to about 60 persons in that large edifice, so that after a time they could not even pay the ground rent. His affairs under such a confused and incomplete disposal, became the subject of a tiresome Chancery suit, attended as all such proceedings are, with ill feelings and family strife. The eldest son, Gad, a good man and lover of peace (whom we once heard preach), would take *no part* in it; a friend sometimes urged him to answer some citations, which he hoped might be for his benefit and paid the expense of them, £40 at a time; with the usual delay of law, he did not receive his legacy till 20 years after his father's death. Other members of the family carried it on, till in 1835 the Chapel was sold under an Order of the Court, for about £4,000, and some negociations with the purchaser brought it into the possession of the Rev. Thos. Mortimer, B.D., by whom it was entirely altered, and converted into "The Episcopal Chapel," most of the interior was taken out, so that little beyond the walls, doors, and windows of the original building remained.

The Chapel was re-opened after much "renovation," on Sunday, April 2nd, 1837, when Mr. Mortimer preached: and in exceedingly bad taste and greater error took occasion to make a violent and uncalled-for attack on the ministry of his predecessor, from this text, Heb. v. 1—4. His arguments, pitifully weak, unjust, and unscriptural, and destitute of all Christian charity and wisdom, gave offence to others besides Mr. H.'s friends. The drift of his remarks may be judged from his reference to—

"The good but ignorant man, who once ministered in this place, *possessed* of considerable powers, which if properly improved by education, and placed under the direction of mild, but decisive ecclesiastical authority, might have produced much permanent good, but being so totally ignorant, he *could not by any possibility have been called to the work of the ministry.*" *(!!)*

Such assertions were presumptuously false, and did *not exalt* (if they were intended to do so) his own priestly position and academical learning. It was the more inconsistent in one who assumed sound evangelical principles, and was the author of some "Lectures on the work of the Holy Spirit." Among other indignant censures, it called forth a spirited rebuke from Mr. J. Eedes, one of Mr. H.'s former hearers, entitled "A Scriptural Reproof, in a letter to the Rev. T. M., B.D., occasioned by his unwarrantable attack on the ministerial character of the late Rev. W. H., as contained in his Sermons."

Mr. Mortimer died in 1851, and was buried at Madeley, Salop, where he had gone on a visit; this had been his first curacy, and was the honored scene of the labors of the heavenly-minded John Fletcher, its former Vicar. Mrs. M. was the authoress of those suitable and favorite books for children, "Far off," "Peep of Day," "Line upon Line," &c.

The Chapel is now St. Bartholomew's District Church, the ground-rent

bought or given up by Lord Calthorpe, and duly consecrated (?) The former glory departed, "Ichabod" might have been written upon it. To what a different purpose from its original design was it devoted, and how contrary to his own prayer, with such pathos, and thus eloquently expressed:—

"Let no dry formality ever be established in it! Let no ecclesiastical craftsman ever be heard there! Let no priestcraft ever prosper therein! Let no carnal inventions, however pleasing to flesh and blood; no human traditions, however ancient or highly esteemed; nor any doctrines of devils, however deep, be heard in it! But let Thy Truth be credited by that faith which is Thy own gift! Be thou ever addressed and supplicated in the language of *Thine own* most Holy Word—ever adored by Thy servants in the happy enjoyment of *Thine own* Eternal Love; ever admired in *Thine own* illustrious and most glorious light; and be Thou ever worshipped in *Thine own* Spirit! Amen and Amen."

Such was the lamentable sequel of the Chapel begun with such life and zeal, and ending in such dishonor; but perhaps the state of the Church and people was *more* grievous. The managers being men of position and influence, assumed authority, and attempted to carry out the former arbitrary rule, irrespective of the people's wishes, the certain consequences are not surprising—contention, confusion, and strife. No building together, nor submitting one to another, according to scripture rule. Some of the best at once left and attended Mr. Edward Robins or Mr. Burrell; others more attached to the place and cause, remained to their sorrow and wounding. With the prevailing spirit of disunion and discontent, they did not, like those in former days, "Continue stedfastly in the Apostles' doctrine and *fellowship*, in *breaking of bread and in prayers*," Acts ii. 42; for no members were added,—no prayer meetings held,—and the ordinance of the Lord's Supper was never observed. We lament a result, the record of which truth and duty require. His chapels in other places, more or less rapidly, but surely declined as the old members were gathered home, possessing so little element of growth, increase or stability. In some instances the downfall was arrested by the timely adoption of more enlarged and fruitful gospel principles. Numbers of his spiritual followers were among the brightest Christians in their various localities in that day, and adorned their profession to old age; they not only *enjoyed* but *lived* the truths they had heard of him, and had received *in their hearts*. But there were many painful instances of an opposite kind, shown by a false confidence in his name; some even on their death beds, have been known to cry out in distress, "Doctor, Doctor, save me!" to such an extent will creature trust mislead the soul from the only sure refuge, the Rock of Ages. This delusive reliance was observed and thus pointed out by a keen critic, during his day of popularity in 1809:—

"Opposition seems only to have lifted him into distinction, and the station he so conspicuously fills, notwithstanding many efforts to weaken his power, and many attempts to restrict his progress. He stands at the head of no small tribe who owe to him their birth and their rank, and who place *in him their fears and their hopes*."

Some had not shunned to confess openly that "his works were the only Gospel they had." In this blindness what a rejection of the Divine Lord for a fellow-sinner, though an anointed servant, and highly-favored son, for

"None but Jesus, Can do helpless sinners good,"

Sorrowful as are these reflections as to the fruit of human weakness and abuse of what is good, yet are they instructive too. His followers could not perpetuate the grace and light so freely bestowed on him, and in which for a season they rejoiced, neglecting the fresh anointings of the Holy Spirit, the leader into all Truth. They were much left to idolize him and his memory, giving glory to the man instead of to His master, from whom those valued gifts came down; by this they disparaged His grace in other ministers. *Solomon* teaches,—"A living dog is *better* than a DEAD LION," but they seemed

to think otherwise, and the result was internal strife, withering barrenness, and decay. The evil, resulting from this error and idolatry was so ably defined by that gracious Clergyman (from whose works our *first* testimony to the value of Mr. H.'s ministry was taken), that we feel bound to quote his true and wise remarks, as superior to any thing that has been said on this point. Dr. Cole, from association with his surviving followers, well discerned how much cause there was for such an admonition:—

"By an infirmity of natural affection, some of the best Christians are drawn aside into the unlawful partiality of setting up one of God's servants' 'line of things,' as a standard to judge of, and receive or reject all other ministrations by; whereas no two lines can be alike, nor are two to be found alike in all the Scriptures, nor in all the Church of Christ from the beginning down to our own age. Every testimony is ordained by God, and borne by the witness according to the natural formation of his gifts and faculties, as well as according to the instruction of God's Holy Spirit in his renewed heart; and God chooses and fits him for the testimony he has to bear both by nature and grace. Hence the Apostle wrote I. Cor. xii. as to spiritual gifts, of the same Lord. This partiality locks the saints up in their own spirit, wisdom, will, pride and self-inclination to some carnally-favored line of things, blinds them to a true and free Gospel discernment of the mystical body of the Son of God, separates them from unity with every other part of the divine plantation, and prevents them from acknowledging and receiving the sacred diversity of ministrations ordained and set therein by the same most Holy Spirit. Now these evils of infirmity destroy the Church's foundations of unity, communion and fellowship. 'Therefore, saith God, I have made you base and contemptible according as ye have not kept my ways, but have been partial in my law.' Mal. ii. 9. This evil has been seen in the over-honoring partiality to the person and testimony of that pre-eminent servant of God, the late Mr. Huntington, and no ministration in this land was more liable from its greatness and peculiar eminence, to lead the saints, through the deceitfulness of their carnal affections, into the same unlawful path, into which the Corinthians were betrayed. This ever-memorable servant of the Most High planted a noble vine indeed, but alas! how is it degenerated! 'How is the gold become dim! How is the most fine gold changed! The precious sons of Zion comparable to fine gold, how are they esteemed as earthen pitchers.' Lam. iv. 1, 2. And from what cause is this decay? The carnal honoring of the servant and his testimony! Calling themselves 'The temple of the Lord!' 'Glorying in the person and work of the planter, instead of its being supremely and alone in the adorable Person and Word of the Saviour that gave the increase;—by which the Majesty of the Most High is offended, and those who thus glory are left to their own wisdom and will, and to the sure consequences, self-spirited strife, contention and envy. This is a many edged sword of disunion, a many-fanged cause of throwing out of course the foundations of the Church of Christ."

Rev. H. COLE, D.D.

Extracted and abridged from his "British Zion's Watch Tower."

Yet, notwithstanding this carnal affection which prevailed even among his gracious adherents, Mr. H.'s work was well fulfilled, and was not in vain. Thousands since his death have had cause to bless God for his writings, and the clear light they have shown on the path of experience. In days of temporizing, flimsy, and fashionable religion, they maintain the hidden life, and the essential work of the Spirit upon the heart; while many mix error with truth, in various proportions, and put darkness for light, these give "no uncertain sound;" they were *not written to please men* but to glorify God, as the only and sole author and finisher of a sinner's salvation; *not of Him that willeth*, but "*of Him* that showeth mercy and to whom HE WILL." Often are they quoted and referred to as decisive on points of vital Truth, separating between flesh and spirit, uprooting fleshly profession and vain confidence, and as such will be ever valued by the Church. One author truly states that, "by his writings, the discriminating work that God enabled him to do will go on to the ends of the earth, and to the end of time."

Few traces now remain of the distinctive denomination which 50 years ago was widely known in various places as "HUNTINGTONIAN," but the truths he had promulgated, and the principles he had zealously and ably enforced, are still dear to many, both in the Establishment and in various ranks of Dissenters; they have held and still maintain that influence which a bold proclamation of Truth will ever bear in the minds of men seeking the way of life. May all such follow him *even* as he followed Christ. Many churches adhere to his principles, so far as they accord with the Gospel; and among numerous ministers, who, since his day have been highly honored and blest, we may without invidiousness here record with pleasure some it has been our privilege to know:—Tiptaft and Philpot from University ranks, and Gadsby and Kershaw from the unlearned, who with spiritual wisdom, divinely-taught, proclaimed for the profit of numbers, those vital truths that consistently accorded with the powerful and godly testimony of William Huntington.

Many mistakes charged upon *him*, arose from the weakness or ignorance of his followers, although he constantly admonished them *not* to build upon his grace, but to seek a religion from God. Few have equalled, and fewer surpassed his indefatigable devotion for nearly 40 years to the ministerial work; faithful through life, he was faithful unto death, surviving *but three weeks* his last public testimony. Verily, "to him to live was Christ;"—in His service he spent with little cessation or rest,—strength—and faculties—and life; and "he finished his course with joy," favored with a larger measure than many, of Divine communion, assurance and peace.

In closing this hearty and loving, yet feeble and defective endeavor to review his career, vindicate his character, and honor his memory, by preserving the numerous facts and scattered testimonies respecting him, recorded in these pages to complete his biography—what shall we say? We can join the thousands who with all their hearts have praised the God of Heaven, the King of Zion, for his wondrous mercy, in Himself equipping and sending forth so able a messenger, witness and teacher to His Church; and while lamenting the blemishes in the earthen vessel, adore and thank Him for the rich treasure so abundantly bestowed therein; owning, as he always did, that *all he was*, he was by Grace alone. Well did he love Zion, and such "shall *prosper*," whoever may condemn. How earnestly did he travail for souls, and, as a nurse, how gentle in cherishing, and diligent in feeding his numberless spiritual children! Though once so deplorably abased, yet was he exalted with the highest honor under heaven, that of being the instrument of turning many to righteousness, and guiding numbers into the paths of everlasting life and peace; and though to appearance and human judgment the sequel and result of so powerful a ministry was *not* such as would be hoped for and expected, yet nobly had he magnified his office—fought the good fight—and kept the faith; and God did thereby accomplish all His purposes, in that sphere to which He appointed him. What was *of man* was faulty and has come to nought, "that men should not glory in men," however gifted; yet what was in him so richly given *of God*, has all remained unshaken and firm, though many bitterly opposed it, and "haply were found to fight against God." Truth of whatever nature cannot be overthrown, for "the Word of the Lord endureth for ever, to the PRAISE of the GLORY of HIS GRACE."

"Rest from thy labor, rest,
Soul of the just, set free!
Blest be thy memory, and blest
Thy [holy teachings] be!

Thy toil and conflict o'er,—
Taken in heaven thy place,
Hast gone *as each* has gone before;
A SINNER SAVED by grace!"

THE END.